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KEPT BY

THOMAS RAIKES, ESQ.

FROM 1831 TO 1847:

COMPRISING

REMINISCENCES OF

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL LIFE IN LONDON AND PARIS

DURING THAT PERIOD.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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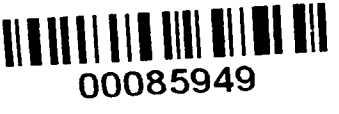
LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, & ROBERTS.

1857.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JOURNAL

&c.

1836.

Paris, Friday, 1st July, 1836.—The other day an officer with mustachios, who had just alighted from the diligence, was walking through a public street in Brussels, following the commissionaire who had taken charge of his baggage to the inn, when he passed by a broker's shop where an old picture was exposed to view on a chair. It was the object of remark to several bystanders, amongst whom was a painter of some celebrity in the city. "It is a bad copy," said the painter; "It is a mere daub," said another connoisseur; and every one found some additional defect in the painting, which seemed to be despised by all. The officer gave a cursory glance at the picture, walked into the shop, and demanded the price. "Not less than ten francs," said the broker.—"Here they are." The picture was bought, placed with the other baggage on the truck of the commissionaire, and the traveller moved on. The amateurs who had found such fault with the performance, surprised at seeing a traveller

burden himself with an object of such large dimensions and of so little value, inquired of him, ironically, how much he expected to gain by his bargain. "A mere trifle, gentlemen," replied the officer; "perhaps 15,000 francs." "How do you mean?" "Yes, I mean 15,000 francs, my connoisseurs, for this picture which you think so lightly of is a real Jordaens, and one of his very finest performances." The painter and his companions, struck by the confidence of his manner, retired with evident signs of vexation at having missed such an opportunity. The traveller was Capt. G——, of the Cuirassiers, not only a distinguished officer, but an excellent judge of paintings. On the following day the merit of the picture was formally acknowledged by the best amateurs of the capital as a *chef d'œuvre* of Jordaens. It contains eight figures, grouped as it were by magic; and the heads are so beautiful that they defy all competition. 10,000 francs have already been offered to Capt. G——, and refused.

I received the other day a letter from D'Orsay, in which he gives the following description of London society:—"Vous nous avez décidement abandonné, et pour peu que vous continuiez de la sorte, vous retrouverez la Vieille Angleterre cruellement métamorphosée. L'ancienne roche s'éteint à vue d'œil; il y a une invasion de gringollets affublés de titres, et de fortunes qu'ils ne savent pas dépenser, et qui occupent maintenant les fenêtres des clubs, et les corridors des spectacles. L'on voit encore par çà et par là, quelques fantômes de vieille renommée qui promènent leurs infirmités.

* * * * *

" Le viel —— se dépêche lentement de faire quatorze lieues dans quinze jours. —— pleure une femme qu'il n'a jamais aimé. —— grogne parceqqu'il a la goutte et des souliers trop serrés. —— s'imagine qu'il va se divorcer et pense après qu'il sera un morceau friand.

* * * * *

" Ce qui nous manque sont des gens gais, spirituels, bien instruits, et à la hauteur de la litérature du jour, et de chaque pays; des gens, enfin, qui jugent pour eux-mêmes, sans attendre que la tête de colonne des moutons de Panurge ait prisé la direction qu'ils doivent aveuglement suivre. N'est-il pas désolant de vivre dans un pays, où si par hazard vous disiez une grosse bétise, vous trouveriez des gens comme —— et autres, prêts à jurer que c'est extrêmement spirituel? Enfin, cher Raikes, je vous regrette, car j'ai toujours su vous rendre justice," &c.

An old officer of rank died lately in the Canton d'Harcourt dep. du Calvados, bequeathing a large fortune to his nephew, on condition that he married within twelve months, but not a young lady to whom he was known by the testator to be attached. The year was drawing near to a close, when the nephew took the expedient of marrying an old woman of eighty-five, with whom he does not live, but whose poverty he has converted into comparative affluence. The two lovers are waiting anxiously for the death of the good old woman.

Among the light trifles at the Théâtre Palais Royal, is a new piece called " Voltaire en Vacances,"

in which Madlle. Dejazet enacts the part of the young poet. It is written with taste and talent, and refers to the period when he was in love with Ninon; his wit, though in its infancy, was beginning to obtain applause, and one of his first efforts appears in a petition which he wrote for a deserving old soldier to the king, who rewarded it by a pension.

"Sire, vous possédez d'assez bons revenus,
Car vous avez dit-on cent millions de rente,
Exempts d'impôts et de patente,
Ce qui fait à peu près par jour cent mille écus,
Ou bien quatre mille par heure.
Moi, qui vous ai servi vingt ans,
Ne pourrois-je obtenir, Sire, avant que je meure,
Un quart d'heure de votre temps!"

Messrs. Villeneuve and Livry are named as the authors of the piece.

The English papers bring the debates in the House of Lords on Monday: the Irish Municipal Reform Bill, as sent back by the House of Commons, has been again rejected by a majority of ninety-seven.

The Académie de Médecine has been called upon to decide the important question of Phrenology. The discussion occupied four sittings. Dr. Broussais, who is at the head of the phrenological school, maintained the principles which he had laid down in his lectures. M. Gueneau de Massy had to sum up the arguments on both sides, and in conclusion gave an opinion that the system ought not at present to be adopted. The Academy concurred.

The evening was very sultry and hot. Lady Granville received a few people in the garden of the

Embassy, which was lighted up for the occasion, and furnished with chairs and sofa: the effect was very agreeable. Many of the English are gone, and the only new arrivals are the Miss Berry's and Frederick Byng, on his annual mission from the Foreign Office.

Saturday, 2nd. — The Porte seems to be acting under the influence of M. Boutenieff, the Russian Ambassador, and determined to resist the demands of Lord Ponsonby for satisfaction in the affair of Churchill.* Russian antipathy to the Whig Ministry, as expressed in Pozzo's declaration to me in 1833, is here fully developed.

Messrs. Peyre and Bremont, of Havre, have lately made some chemical experiments of distilling fresh water from that of the sea, which have met with complete success.

The French papers mention the following horrid act: "La commune de Masigny les Compiègne vient d'être le théâtre d'un double suicide. Après avoir dissipé une assez belle fortune, un artiste, M. L——, s'étoit rétiré au domaine de la Folie avec une jeune femme, la dâme A—— G—— épouse et mère. Le 24 Juin ils s'enfermèrent dans un pavillon, séparé de l'habitation; puis s'étant enduits d'essence de thérébenthine, ils se placèrent sur des fagots amon-

* Mr. Churchill, an English merchant, had received the bastinado, and been put into prison in irons, for accidentally wounding a Turkish boy while shooting in the neighbourhood of Scutari. Lord Ponsonby insisted on the dismissal of the Reis Effendi who had authorised this insult to the British Government; he was afterwards removed.

celés en cet endroit, et y mirent le feu. Lorsqu'on s'aperçut de l'incendie, on s'empressa d'accourir. La garnison de Compiègne se transporta sur les lieux, mais il étoit trop tard; sous les décombres on découvrit, nous ne dirons pas deux cadavres, mais deux morceaux de chair et d'ossemens carbonisés, ne présentant aucune forme humaine, et dont l'un pesoit à peine deux ou trois livres. Dans des testamens ils faisoient connoître que leur mort étoit volontaire."

Sunday, 3rd. — The heat continues to be intolerable. A duel was fought at Ghent, on the 29th ultimo, between a Captain Thevenot, formerly a cavalry officer under Napoleon, and an Englishman named Tyrwhit: at the first shot Mr. Tyrwhit was wounded in the neck, but he returned the fire and killed his adversary. The cause of the quarrel was an Italian lady, who was insulted by the Captain, and claimed the protection of the Englishman.

Monday, 4th. — Pozzo di Borgo is returned to Paris on his way to Aix in Savoye; he says the prosperity of England is unexampled, but her political situation embroiled beyond conception.

Thursday, 7th. — —— called upon me. We talked much of Lord Lauderdale, who is now seventy-seven and retired from public life. His opinion has always been that Lord Grey was ruled by others, in which opinion Charles Fox also coincided. In the year 1827 Lord Grey had nearly joined the Tory ranks; he used to meet the Duke of Wellington frequently at Lord Lauderdale's, and after the death of Lord Liverpool, was absolutely proposed to the King as Premier, the Duke remaining Secretary for

Foreign Affairs; but George IV. would not forget his personal antipathy to him, and sent for Canning. *Inde iræ!* In 1830, when the Duke's government resigned on the Civil List Question, Lord Grey became Prime Minister; he was then only an advocate for moderate reform, or, as Talleyrand said of him, only anxious to act consistently with what he had said in Parliament forty years ago; but here again he was overruled by —— and ——, who worked him up to that sweeping bill, which prevented him, and will prevent any other Government, from ruling the country again. The Whigs had been so long excluded from Office, and their constant defeats in the House of Commons upon every party question had so exasperated them against the Tories, that when once they got into place they determined to bring on a new order of things, which, if it did not maintain them in power, should at least for ever exclude their adversaries. Night after night I can remember the runners of the party coming up to Brookes's Club from the House after a division, and exulting in a few votes gained to their never-ceasing minority, while their idol, Thanet *, who was playing his rubber at whist, would give them a sarcastic smile, and quietly say, "I have been with them forty years, and have never seen them get a peg higher."

Had George IV. lived, or had the Duke of York succeeded him, we never should have seen the present changes in our Constitution. I am not discussing the merits of Reform; I am only tracing the

* The Earl of Thanet died in 1849. The title is extinct.

source from whence these measures came. I have lived much in the world, seen much of public men, and I shall go to the grave with the sincere conviction that a virulent party-spirit, and not one iota of patriotism or public feeling, has produced this extensive revolution. External circumstances have doubtless contributed to aid their machinations. That obstinate resistance of the Tories, even in the case of East Retford, which exasperated — and the concession of Emancipation, which gave fresh courage to the popular party, followed by the Revolution of July, and the insurrection in Belgium, which set men's minds in a ferment, opened a field of action, which was eagerly taken advantage of by this party to pull the other down. But the Whigs at Brookes's (I speak of former times) have always been reckoned the highest and proudest gentlemen in society; they styled themselves the pure aristocracy of the land; and they have no real intention to raise those who are below them. Your democrat is the same in every country.

"Ote-toi de là pour que je m'y mette."

Friday, 8th. — This morning the trial of Alibaud commenced with the usual formalities in the Court of Peers: there is every disposition to hurry over the ceremony, and give it as little public *éclat* as possible. Warned by the notoriety which Fieschi obtained, the Government has forbidden the exhibition of Alibaud's picture; the examination tends merely to the main points of the accusation; and it is thus hoped, by shortening the process, and giving little

scope for public discussion, to disappoint that hope of celebrity which is one of the chief excitements to the vanity of these republican conspirators. Alibaud criminates no one, has no accomplices, he owns himself a disciple of St. Just, and a sworn enemy to Louis-Philippe; his poverty disgusted him with life, and hesitating between suicide and crime, he preferred the latter, for which he felt no remorse. The Court broke up at five o'clock, and was adjourned till to-morrow.

It has just been discovered that the mineral water of a celebrated spring near Recoara, a few leagues from Vicenza, possesses the property of destroying the stone in the bladder without any operation. Dr. Brua has published a memoir on the subject.

The rich Anatole Demidoff has lately been attacked by a paralytic seizure, and lies in a dangerous state.

Saturday, 9th.—The trial of Alibaud was resumed this morning. In his defence he attempted to read a written paper, in which the opinions avowed by the prisoner were so violent, that the President would not allow him to proceed, and ordered it to be delivered up to the Registrar. At another time, when his counsel pleaded for mercy, Alibaud exclaimed that he would not receive it. The Court broke up at half-past two, having condemned the prisoner to the death of parricides.

M. De Caux said this afternoon to the Duc de Saulx, when he entered the Club, after attending the trial as a Peer of France, "Eh bien, avez vous condamné *cet intriguant?*"

Lord and Lady Granville left Paris for London on leave of absence for a few months.

Sunday, 10*th*.—Even the counsel of Alibaud are not permitted to visit him since his condemnation. A soldier who had seen him, on being asked how he had appeared to be since his sentence was made known to him, replied, "Just the same; he is made of iron."

Monday, 11*th*.—Yesterday morning Police officers repaired early to the offices of the different journals, prohibiting the publication of Alibaud's defence.

Alibaud was executed this morning at five o'clock. The whole ceremony on the scaffold did not occupy more than nine minutes; his demeanour was cool and resolute; he merely said, "Adieu, my brave fellows," and he was a corpse. There was an armed force of 30,000 men assembled round the Place St. Jaques, and but few spectators could get admittance within their ranks.

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One of Henry Fox's* jokes was that played off on the late Mrs. ——, who had a great fondness for making the acquaintance of foreigners. He first forged a letter of recommendation to her in favour of a German nobleman, the Baron von *Seidlitz Powdertz*, whose card was left at her door, and for whom a dinner was immediately planned by Mrs. ——, and an invitation sent in form. After waiting a considerable time no Baron appearing; the dinner was

* Henry Fox was the son of General Fox, uncle of the late Lord Holland, and brother of the Right Hon. Charles Fox. He was remarkable for his social and colloquial powers. He was Minister to the United States, and died at Washington, in October, 1846.

served; but during the second course a note was brought to the lady of the house, with excuses from the Baron, who was unexpectedly prevented from coming by the sudden death of his aunt, the Duchess von *Epzom Saltz*, which she read out to the company without any suspicion of the joke, and to the entertainment of her guests, among whom was the facetious author.

Friday, 15*th*. — There is much discontent in the legion of mercenaries commanded by Evans: officers and men are anxious to resign, and severe measures are adopted to prevent desertion. No great action has taken place between the Carlists and Christinos, but in the late skirmishes the former have evidently been successful.

Monday, 18*th*. — The horrid ceremony of the *ferrage des forçats*, or rivetting the convicts to the chain who are departing to the Bagne at Toulon, took place this morning at the Bicêtre: they are brought out into the court of the prison, and manacled two and two, while a long chain connects them all together, each cordon being composed of twenty-eight convicts; they are then placed in waggons, and, guarded by troops and gendarmes, proceed to their destination. A M. Champion, more generally known by the name of the Man with a Blue Cloak, always assists at this ceremony from motives of charity, and distributes a quantity of snuff and tobacco amongst the sufferers. To-day the chain was composed of 171 culprits convicted of different crimes, who are sentenced to various terms of labour at the Galleys. They are chiefly of the lower orders,

and of the most infamous characters, but on the present occasion a clergyman, the Abbé Delacollange, who was convicted of the murder of a milliner whom he had seduced, formed part of the wretched gang. There were above 100,000 people assembled on the road to see this procession pass, among whom were several well-dressed ladies in carriages. The conduct of the prisoners generally was hardened, noisy, and abandoned; they sang in chorus different couplets composed for the occasion, in which they blended revolutionary feelings with complaints on their fate. One of the least exceptionable was the following: —

"Regardez nous, et contemplez nos rangs,
En est-il un qui repande des larmes?
Nous de Paris nous sommes tous enfans,
Notre douleur pour vous auroit des charmes.
Adieu! car nous bravons et vos fers et vos lois,
Nous saurons endurer le sort qu'on nous prépare,
Et moins que vous, barbares!
Le temps saura nous rendre et nos noms, et nos droits,
Et la renommée!"

Wednesday, 20th. — Sir M. W. Ridley died on Friday last at Richmond of apoplexy.

Motteux, who has been making a short stay at Valencay, is in Paris, and says that M. de Talleyrand is in very good health, notwithstanding the reports here to the contrary.

During the heat of the Great Revolution, when the populace rushed into the château of the Tuileries on the 20th June, two individuals were observed walking arm in arm on the *terrasse* near the river, engaged in conversation. One was dressed in the

uniform of the Royal Artillery rather the worse for wear, and the other was in plain clothes. The artilleryman was heard to say to his companion, "Viens du côté des bassins, et suivons les mouvemens de cette canaille."

When they arrived in the middle of the garden, the officer appeared to be fired with indignation on seeing the disorders committed in the palace, and particularly when Louis XVIII. was forced to appear at the window, with a bonnet rouge on his head; he then exclaimed to his friend, "Che Coglione, comment a-t-on pu laisser entrer cette canaille? Il falloit en balayer quatre ou cinq cens avec du canon, le reste courrait bien vîte."

This indignant speaker was Napoleon Bonaparte; had he then been overheard by the mob, the future destinies of Europe would have been altered, and France would have been deprived of a great name in her history.

Thursday, 21*st*. — I went with B—— to look at the works going on at Bagatelle. He could not conceal his apprehensions that the Ministry would resign; they have declared that they would stand or fall by the Appropriation Clause in the Irish Church Bill, which will never be carried in the Lords; and as many of their own party think it not of sufficient importance to be so rashly adhered to, they will be left in the lurch.

Charles X. and his family have removed to the Château of Erla, a quarter of a league from Schonbrunn, lately purchased by the Duke de Blacas, it is supposed, for the Duchess d'Angoulême. The

King of Naples went to visit him, as well as the Archdukes.

Friday, 22*nd*. — Last week died Sir Francis Freeling, for many years Secretary to the General Post Office in London, in the regulation of which he effected great improvements.

Saturday, 23*rd*. — A trait is cited of the famous counsel, M. Berryer, which reflects the greatest credit on his liberality and goodness of heart. During the circuit, which he has attended this month in the provinces, he was retained as counsel, and defended the cause of a M. Dehors, who had already been condemned in another court (from which judgment he appealed) on a charge of arson, the witnesses of which were of a suspicious character. M. Berryer, on investigation, having convinced himself of the innocence of his client, exerted himself with so much zeal and so much eloquence on his behalf, that he not only obtained a complete acquittal of the charge, but also the reversal of the preceding judgment.

On the following day M. Dehors, accompanied by his family, paid a visit of gratitude to his eloquent defender; and acknowledging himself unequal ever to repay a service which had preserved to him his fortune, his honour, and his life, begged, although contrary to the general usage, to present in person a slight tribute of gratitude and respect to his benefactor; saying which, he laid upon the table a purse containing a large sum of money. M. Berryer immediately took up this purse, and, dividing its contents in two equal parts, said first to

Madlle. Dehors, "I beg that I may add this sum to your marriage portion." Then turning to the young Dehors, he addressed him thus, "Young man, the misfortunes of your father have forced you to suspend during two long years your usual occupations; allow me in some degree to make you a reparation for the time which you have lost." And when Mr. Dehors, in a voice interrupted by sobs, wished to prevent this generous intention, M. Berryer concluded by saying, "Let us drop this subject: nothing can alter my determined resolution. Your children have shown the most admirable devotion and filial affection. I have a clear right to give them this proof of my esteem, and this compensation for the sacrifices which they have undergone."

Sunday, 24th.—Preparatory to the anniversary of the three days in July, workmen have been for a long time occupied in erecting a spacious scaffolding around the triumphal arch at the Barrière de l'Etoile for the accommodation of the public during the pageant which was destined to celebrate the opening of this monument. The "Moniteur" of last night announces that a Cabinet Council was held in the morning at Neuilly before the King, at which all the Ministers attended, and in consequence of their decision the intended review of the National Guard and the troops on the 29th is countermanded.

The workmen are now employed in demolishing the scaffolding, which they had just erected.

Yesterday and the day before domiciliary visits have been made in various parts of Paris, and the police have arrested above one hundred and fifty in-

dividuals, some of whom were in possession of arms, cartouches, and seditious papers, which have been conveyed to the Hôtel de la Préfecture.

Some information of a very serious nature has, it is said, produced this sudden resolution of the Government.

It is now six years since Louis-Philippe ascended the throne of this country; and though his power may be more consolidated, his crown and his life seem to be held by a more precarious tenure than ever.

The Carlist malcontents, though numerous, are completely absolved from all suspicion of plotting. The Republicans, though few, are alone the reckless instigators.

Louis-Philippe has thrown down the gauntlet manfully, if not wisely. He will hear of no conciliation, and he meets resistance with severity: but whole armies may be foiled by one cowardly assassin.

A duel took place on Thursday morning between M. Armand Carrel, editor of the "National," and M. Emile Girardin, likewise *homme de lettres.* The latter was wounded in the thigh, but the former received a ball in the abdomen, which in a few hours brought on violent inflammation, and terminated his existence yesterday morning.

Monday, 25th.—The arrests still continue, and the passports of all travellers are rigidly examined.

The weather is become cold and rainy, like the month of November.

Talleyrand is unexpectedly arrived in Paris, and went immediately to the King. The events of this

world interest him as deeply as if he had still several years to live.

The funeral of M. Carrel took place this day. It was attended by numerous friends; but the anxiety of the Government was clearly demonstrated by the peculiar precautions taken to preserve order on the occasion. The posts of the *gendarmerie* and national guard were doubled at all the barriers, and parties of troops and *sergens de ville* were seen patrolling in all directions near the spot. There was not the least attempt at disturbance.

It appears that M. Carrel had a strong presentiment of his fate. He was so deeply impressed with a dream he had on Tuesday night, that, although he never before thought of making his will, even when he was going to fight a duel, he passed the greater part of Wednesday night in making his will and settling all his worldly affairs.

Thiers, the Minister, and Mignet, the historian, were both editors of the "National" with Carrel.

Tuesday, 26th. — The dilemma of the Whig Ministry seems to increase; their Radical supporters are incensed at the *lenity* of the English Church Bill; and at a meeting of members at the Foreign Office on Friday morning, O'Connell stood up as a mediator between Lord John Russell and the Hume party, fearing that this schism on an English question might prejudice his selfish views of revolution in Ireland. The meeting broke up amidst such general dissatisfaction, that though this weighty question was to come on that night, the Ministers were un-

able or unwilling to make a house. Threats of resignation were held out and met with derision.

Wednesday, 27th.—Having alluded to the chain of convicts which departed lately from the Bicêtre to the *bagne* at Toulon, it may be well to notice a peculiarity in the jurisdiction of those prisons, which allows them a private court, with power of life and death, for the trial of all convicts within their own walls who, by fresh crimes, may have rendered themselves liable to further punishment. In the *bagne* at Rochfort, a criminal named Jaquemard was accused of an attempt to murder a fellow-prisoner with a bar of iron. This Jaquemard was only twenty-three years old when he was condemned, in 1820, to *travaux forcés à perpétuité* for the crime of murdering his father-in-law.

What is called a maritime tribunal was assembled to judge this fresh delinquency; and the prisoner, being found guilty, was sentenced to lose his head.

In consequence the interior of the *bagne* was occupied by detachments of artillery and marines, by detachments of the *gardes chiourmes*, and the maritime gensdarmes. The prisoners were ranged in a row opposite the soldiers, whose pieces were loaded, and the artillerymen with lighted matches and loaded cannon.

An awful silence pervaded the prison, when the sound of a whistle announced the commencement of the fearful ceremony. An adjutant ordered the assembled convicts, who were alone present on the occasion, to take off their caps and place themselves on their knees. All obeyed but one, who exclaimed,

"*Je suis au bagne depuis vingt ans; tout le monde sait que je suis ici le plus grand criminel; je demande qu'on me mette à la place de Jaquemard.*"

The guards enjoined him to be silent, and compelled him to kneel with the others, at the same time taking his number, with a view to future correction.

Jaquemard at length appeared, supported by two priests. He was firm and composed: two other convicts followed in his train, destined to act as his executioners, as the *bourreau* of the department had declined the office, not being compelled to execute any sentence which was not awarded by the regular Assize Courts.

Jaquemard addressed his comrades in a penitent mood, and received absolution from his confessor, who fainted as soon as the head dropped into the basket.

The convicts, whom it was intended to awe by this example, then returned to their accustomed labours.

The celebration of the fêtes began to-day, and created no interest. The slight to the National Guard, in countermanding their review, will not be forgotten, while a smile is created by the inconsistent attempt of courting popularity for the present reign, by connecting it with that of Napoleon. A medal is struck to commemorate the opening of the *Arc de Triomphe*, on which the profiles of Napoleon and Louis-Philippe appear together. The farce of celebrating yearly the last revolution must soon be abandoned, as while the authors of it who died are honoured with funeral rites, those who have survived

are either languishing in prison, or the objects of constant suspicion and persecution.

Thursday, 28*th*.—The Appropriation Clause in the Irish Church Bill was rejected in the House of Lords on the 25th instant, by a majority of 138 against 47. Lord Melbourne said, that he should wash his hands of the Bill, but that he would not resign, as long as he had a majority in the other house. The 1st of August will be an important day in that house.

The fêtes consist merely of the usual junkettings in the Champs Elysées.

Friday, 29*th*.—The last of the three days, and a bitter day it must have been to Louis-Philippe. While all the town has been celebrating the principles which placed him on the throne, neither he nor any of his family have dared to show their faces in public. What a satire on revolutions! The illuminations at the Arc de Triomphe, which was opened to the public, those in the Champs Elysées, and the fireworks on the Pont de Louis XVI., would have been very fine, if an almost unceasing heavy rain had not destroyed all the effect. It seems to be the general feeling, that whatever danger might have been apprehended by the Government,—and the public know nothing,—the King ought to have braved it, as independent of the obloquy which it occasions at home, this conduct must impress the foreign Powers with a full conviction of the instability of everything in this country.

Saturday, 30*th*.—It is said that the Queen, full of apprehension and anxiety, was still an advocate

for the King appearing at the review, but M. Thiers, who knew that as Minister he must accompany him, who is moreover a very bad horseman, and was afraid of the double danger, carried his point. Three different newspapers, "Le National," "La France," and "Le Bon Sens," were tried yesterday before the Cour d'Assises, for publishing articles considered too favourable to Alibaud; the editors have all been condemned to fines and imprisonment. King Leopold and his consort are returned to Brussels.

Sunday, 31*st*.—Walked to the Hôtel des Invalides to see the chapel which had been hung with mourning attributes, in commemoration of those who were killed last year by the infernal machine. The catafalque with the names of the deceased was placed in the centre aisle, the coffins are deposited in the vaults below. One thing struck me in the great quadrangle of the hospital:—which was a large statue of Napoleon, while no trace of the real founder, Louis XIV., was to be seen.

Young Augustus Craven, who was married three years ago to Miss Smith, died the other day, after a very short illness, at the age of twenty-seven.

The Lords have again amended the Irish Church Bill, and returned it to the Commons, who are to take it into consideration on Tuesday the 2nd of next month, and their majority on the Appropriation Clause is to decide the duration of the present Ministry. Belfast bets me that they have more than 30.

The operations under Captain Chesney to effect a steam passage to India on the river Euphrates, have met with a serious impediment in the loss of one of

the two steam boats, which foundered during a storm in navigating that river, and above fifteen lives were lost.

Monday, August 1st.—On the 28th ultimo died at Frankfort our great *millionnaire* in London, Nathan Meyer Rothschild: he had visited that place to witness the marriage of his son with one of his nieces, and was attacked with a painful complaint, which in a few days carried him away from his treasures: he was not an old man, certainly under sixty; but he has laboured all his life to one point, which has been crowned with great success, though short has been the time allowed for its enjoyment. The letters from Frankfort state that he died worth above four millions sterling.

Thursday, 4th.—The cholera is still raging in Italy. At Milan the cases are 50 to 60 per day. Cruvelli the famous singer is dead of it.

The King of England on hearing that the Duke of Bedford had subscribed to assist O'Connell, ordered his bust in the gallery of Windsor Castle to be taken down and sent to the limekilns. If Louis XIV. had done the same to a Noailles or a Tremouille, they would have died of grief, John of Bedford will probably laugh.

We drove this evening to view the triumphal arch at the Barrière de l'Etoile: it is a magnificent pile, but the colossal sculptures are mostly ill-executed as works of art. In the long list of victories obtained by the French armies, the King has taken care to introduce the two little scenes in which he himself was present at Valmy and Jemappes. Passing the gates

of the château, at Neuilly and about the grounds, we observed a most unusual number of guards, police, gensdarmes, and mouchards of every description.

Friday, 5th.—The Amended Irish Church Bill was rejected by the Commons with a small majority of 29, and laid on the shelf for the present: thus Ireland is deprived of the proposed relief for another twelvemonth, to keep the Whigs in place.

Madame Visconti, the mother of Princess Belgiojoso, who came here six months ago to avoid the cholera, died the other day of a casual fever. She had for many years been the *chère amie* of Cannizzaro at Florence. The old Marchioness of Downshire died last week; her second son, Lord Arthur Hill, becomes Baron Sandys, with a good estate.

The King of Naples arrived yesterday in Paris, and is lodged at the Elysée Bourbon.

The Carlists have made an irruption into Castille, and on a report that a corps had pushed within five leagues of San Ildefonso, where the queen's fête had attracted a great concourse of people, all were seized with a panic, and retreated in confusion back to Madrid.

Saturday, 6th.—Accounts from Constantinople state that Lord Ponsonby's tenacity for the removal of the Reis Effendi has very much cooled the Sultan's feelings towards England; he has, indeed, been dismissed under the plea of ill-health, but Russian influence will gain by the misunderstanding.

General Bugeaud*, who was sent lately from the

* Afterwards Marshal, and Duke of Isly, died in 1849.

Tuileries to Algiers, has gained a victory over Abd el Kader, and taken several prisoners, who are on their way to Paris, to be exhibited as a trophy to the idlers and grisettes in the Champs Elysées.

Sunday, 7th. — On the 17th of March a young man named Virges, in the neighbourhood of Agen, watched his opportunity, while the Curé of the parish was absent, to make his way into the vestry, and dressing himself in the robes of the priest, took his place in one of the confessionals of the church to hear penitents. A young girl soon made her appearance, and deceived by the dress of the impostor, made to him a full and entire confession of her sins. As soon as the ceremony was finished, he went into the public square and openly boasted that he had confessed the prettiest girl in the place. The officers of justice soon apprehended him, and he will be tried before the Court of Assizes for a misdemeanour; but what would have been his fate seventy years ago? In the year 1766 the Chevalier De la Barre, a youth only seventeen years of age, was accused before the Tribunal of Abbeville, "*d'être véhémentement soupçonné d'avoir brisé le Crucifix,*" and was condemned to lose his head, having first undergone the torture and the amputation of his right hand, which sentence was confirmed by the Parliament, and duly executed.

Monday, 8th. — Forrester, the Russian broker in London, who arrived in France with a large sum, has been sent to prison for six months, as the penalty of using a passport with a false name.

Wednesday, 9th. — Several robberies and murders

have been committed in Paris lately. On Monday night, between eleven and twelve, Mr. Nagle, of Cork, son of Sir Richard Nagle, was attacked in the Rue de Varennes by two men, who wounded him so dreadfully with a knife that he died the next morning. The inefficacy of the police is a subject of general complaint; and as if to excuse their negligence in preventing mischief, they arrest every one who comes in their way when the alarm is given. It is not very safe in such cases to offer assistance: a friend of mine, some time back, was induced to assist a dying man on the boulevard, the police arrived, and arrested him as the murderer. While life is thus threatened in the open street, all means of defence are prohibited by the new laws, which subject the bearer even of a loaded stick, or a sword cane, to an immediate fine.

At Malaga and other towns of Spain the constitution of 1812 has been declared, and several murders committed. Orders have been given here to increase the French Legion in that country to a considerable extent.

Thursday, 11*th*.—The news from Spain is more alarming: Cadiz, Seville, Cordova, and other cities, have simultaneously proclaimed the Constitution, and great uproar has ensued in Madrid.

There is a particular colour in France named Isabelle: a yellow dun horse is called a *cheval Isabelle*. The origin of the term is said to be derived from the following incident:—"Dans les guerres d'Espagne la Reine Isabelle s'engagea par un vœu à la Sainte Vierge à ne pas changer de linge jusqu'au

jour où la ville de Granade assiégée seroit prise; les chroniques assurent que la longueur du siége ayant depassé de beaucoup les calculs de la Reine, sa chemise, quand elle put la quitter, sans enfreindre son vœu, avoit contracté par un trop long usage cette teinte, qu'on a nommé depuis la couleur Isabelle."

Friday, 12*th*.—I had a letter from Wiltshire this morning at Leghorn; he says the cholera is all over the north of Italy, and the quarantine regulations most vexatious to all travellers.

Saturday, 13*th*.—C. Greville writes to me from London: "Parliament will be up in a fortnight: things always go on well in the recess; and as every thing flourishes to the greatest degree, our prosperity will probably only march with an accelerated pace. While the revenue presents an excess of two millions, and there is ample employment for everybody, and no distress in any quarter, there is no possibility of stirring up people to any thing like excitement, scarcely to any interest about abstract political questions. Ireland is a subject by itself. It is dreadful to think of the disease which appears to pervade society in France, and of the danger to which the valuable life of your King is exposed, while our monarch lives in perfect security."

Sunday, 14*th*.—Both Sir Brook Taylor and I, who dined with Stopford at the Hôtel des Princes to-day, are much struck with the alteration in his looks. He is seriously broken by his late illness. His shrunk figure and his glassy eye give great cause for apprehension.

A free conference has taken place between the Lords and the Commons on the subjects in dispute, without effecting any conciliation.

Tuesday, 16*th*. — M. Thiers has got into a scrape; he insists on a further increase of the auxiliary Legion in Spain, and the King, who had consented to 10,000, will not permit the number to be exceeded, and this difference of opinion may possibly lead to a change in the Ministry. Thiers shows about a letter from General Harispe, the commander at Bayonne, in which he says, that if the French Legion, Evans's band, and the Portuguese troops were all placed under one distinct command, he would answer for their complete success in defeating and expelling Don Carlos from Spain. Another source of disagreement is, that M. Thiers wishes to give the command of the Legion to General Bugeaud, who is just returned from Algiers, and the King is violently opposed to it.

Wednesday, 17*th*. — The following telegraphic dispatches have been received this morning: —

"S. Ildefonso, 13th August. — A military insurrection compelled the Queen Regent to accept the Constitution of 1812 this morning. Everything is tranquil.

"Madrid, 13th August. — The news of S. Ildefonso begins to be spread at Madrid. The Council of Ministers is assembled. Thus affairs become daily more intricate; and the Spanish funds, which a month ago were at forty-two, have fallen to thirty-one."

Thursday, 18*th*. — As soon as the above dis-

patches were known, an end was put to the discussions in the Cabinet, an order was sent to Bayonne by telegraph to defer the entrance into Spain of the reinforcements destined for the Foreign Legion. Another circumstance may have had some weight in this decision: Lord Palmerston has declared in the House of Commons that the English forces should not fight against the Constitutionalists, whom, of all the three parties, Louis-Philippe in his heart would be most anxious to put down.

Saturday, 20th.—The news from Madrid is confirmed; the Isturitz Cabinet is dissolved, Rodil is commander-in-chief of the army; but all is doubt and anxiety for the future.

Monday, 22nd.—The King's speech arrived. Parliament was prorogued on Saturday.

Tuesday, 23rd.—The populace at Madrid have murdered General Quesada, who had escaped from the palace in disguise.

Thursday, 25th.—In consequence of the late dissensions in the Cabinet, M. Thiers and his colleagues gave in their resignations to the King this day.

General Alava, the Spanish ambassador, has refused to swear to the Constitution of 1812, and has resigned his post. He was a great friend of the Duke of Wellington; attended him through his Spanish campaigns till 1814; then lived as his guest in Apsley House for many years in London. On the death of Ferdinand, by whom he was banished, he returned to Spain, was sent by the Government of Isabella as ambassador to London, then to Paris,

and will now probably return to Tours, where his family still resides.

Lord Lyndhurst's speech at the close of Parliament contained the most sarcastic reflections on the system of the present Whig Government, conveyed in the most eloquent language; the reply of Lord Melbourne, and the testy manner of Lord Holland, proved how severely it was felt.

Friday, 26*th*. — The election for Warwick is another blow to the Radical party. Mr. Canning*, a young man, the son of the late Premier, and a strong Conservative, has signally defeated Mr. Hobhouse, brother of Sir J. C. Hobhouse the Minister. The Whigs had formed great hopes of success in this borough.

Saturday, 27*th*. — The open manner in which the Carlists at the Club express their opinion of Louis-Philippe is very remarkable. No Ministry is as yet appointed, but Count Molé is talked of as President. The King of Naples has taken his departure without making any proposal of marriage to a French princess; he is a fat young man, neither intelligent in countenance nor graceful in his manners.

Sunday, 28*th*. — The Duke de Gramont, formerly captain of the body guards to Louis XVI., and afterwards to Charles X., died this day at the age of eighty-one years. He was one of the few remnants of the old school, and abounded in anecdotes of that

* Now Lord Canning, Governor-General of India, married to the eldest daughter of the late Lord Stuart de Rothsay.

period. He has not left much property, though formerly his appointments under the Bourbons were very splendid. It will be divided between his children,—the Duc de Guiche, Lady Tankerville, and Madame Sebastiani.

A very curious trial has just taken place before the Court of Assize in Paris on the occasion of a duel which took place between a M. Sirey, a lawyer, and a M. Daupain, in which the latter was killed. The counsel for the prosecution insisted that the two parties had not an equal chance as to the weapons, and that the duel was provoked by the survivor for the underhand purpose of avoiding a lawsuit for money transactions, by killing his antagonist. The suit was maintained with great talent on both sides by the counsel, M. Chaix d'Estange for the widow, and M. Cremieux for Sirey, assisted by all the stage effect of introducing relations and children to work upon the feelings of the jury and the spectators. The proofs were very strong against the accused, but ultimately the testimony of the seconds seemed to allow that the combat was legally conducted, and the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal; but on the demand of the widow of the deceased for damages on behalf of her daughter, the Court sentenced Sirey to pay to her 10,000 francs, and the costs of the proceedings.

This is looked upon as the precedent for some new law to restrain the frequency of duels, by imposing heavy damages on the survivor.

Monday, 29*th*.—I met Prince Paul of Wirtemberg to-day, who is lately returned from a tour to

the Rhine, &c.: he told me that a serious dispute had occurred at dinner at Neuilly between the King of Naples and the Duke of Orleans on the subject of the Duchess of Berry; words ran so high that the King was going to rise from table and retire, when Louis-Philippe ordered his son to leave the room, and go to his own apartment; the next day he was sent to the camp at Compiègne.

Lord Kerry, the eldest son of the Marquis of Lansdowne, died last week of atrophy, aged only twenty-three.

Tuesday, 30th. — There is no Ministry appointed. The King of Naples met his brother, the Prince of Capua, at Lyons, but refused to see him.

Talleyrand is sent for to Paris, but has excused himself from ill-health.

Monday, Sept. 5th. — Last night the troops were under arms at the barracks, and the guards at the different posts doubled. It is asserted that a plot had been laid for surrounding the prefecture of police, and making an attack on the palace at Neuilly,— one thing is certain, that several arrests have taken place this morning, and some arms have been found and confiscated.

Tuesday, 6th. — After thirteen days' interval a new Ministry has been declared. Count Molé is President and Minister for Foreign Affairs, Guizot, of Public Instruction, Persil Keeper of the Seals, Admiral Roussel Marine, and War Department also, *ad interim*, till Marshal Soult's answer is received.

It is a medley of *doctrinaire* and restoration sys-

tem, which, it is said, will take a more decided foreign policy, and be less agreeable to Lord Palmerston.

Thursday, 8th.—The Duke of Orleans is returned from the camp at Compiègne: it is rumoured that some instances of disaffection have been shown by the troops. Affairs in Spain are at a stand; the new government seems undecided how to act, till the Cortes are assembled; but the best proof of the ascendancy of the Radical party is the constant emigration of families of fortune, which is going on from Spain to France.

Friday, 9th.—An event has occurred in London that causes the utmost dismay in society. *

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The first intimation which I had of it was in a letter shown to me by Lord Lowther from Croker, in which he says, —— has levanted and gone abroad.

* * * * *

After winning considerable sums of money at whist from Mr. —— and others, he has been detected in playing with marked cards at Graham's Club, and is disgraced for ever.

* * * * *

Baron Fain, Chief Secretary of the Cabinet to Louis-Philippe, died this morning at eight o'clock; he held the same office for many years under Napoleon, who esteemed him highly.

Thursday, 15th.—The Duc de C——, whom I saw this morning, expressed great anxiety about the affairs in Spain, which he considered as fearfully implicating the peace of Europe. I could not imagine why he should dwell on this subject with so much

interest, till in a few hours afterwards I learnt that the Embassy to Madrid had been offered to him, and he could not make up his mind as yet whether he should refuse or accept it.

Marshal Soult has positively declined the Ministry at War: there seems much difficulty in filling up this appointment. Evans's troops have made an attack upon the Carlists at Laserta, and have been driven back with loss.

Saturday, 17*th*.—We went to the Jardin des Plantes, which is now much inferior to our Zoological Gardens, though the grounds are more extensive. The principal objects of curiosity were two elephants, a giraffe, and an ourang-outang. The latter remained invisible all the day, and declined coming out of his den, though a crowd of people were attending his *levée* with great impatience.

Sunday, 18*th*.—Lord Graham is to marry Miss Beresford.

Monday, 19*th*.—A revolution has taken place in Portugal, and the same scene which has been acted in Spain revived in Lisbon. The Queen has been forced to swear to the constitution of 1820, and while the patriots were parading before the palace with white hats, she and the young Prince, her husband, appeared in the balcony pale and motionless as marble.

The Ministry has been dismissed by the leaders of the people; Carvalho has been denounced, and both he and his colleagues are gone into concealment, expecting the fate of Quesada at Madrid, as the Clubs were undecided whether they should be assas-

sinated or not. Here is another perplexity for the famed Quadrupartite Treaty, and a fresh instance of the benefit accruing from English interference in the affairs of the Peninsula. Our Whig Government imagines that they can obtain all the popularity of advocating revolutionary principles, and yet establish a *medium point*, beyond which they shall not pass. They have now failed in Spain and Portugal,—will they succeed in England?

Tuesday, 20*th*.—I went to the Variétés to see a new piece by Alex. Dumas, called "Kean." Our late actor is represented as the most intimate friend of George Prince of Wales, and his rival in the affections of the ladies of the Court. There are interesting scenes produced by the circumstances of the piece; but it is a strange fault in a clever author to have evinced such profound ignorance of the usages of the country he delineates.

Wednesday, 21*st*.—General Bernard is named Minister at War. "La Fille du Danube," the new ballet which we saw to-night, would be dull without Taglioni's dancing. The Queen and the two Princesses sat in a conspicuous centre box, without any state, attended by three ladies and one gentleman only. To say that they were received with indifference is not the term; the house was crowded in all parts, but not an eye was turned towards the Royal box, not one token of respect or even attention was paid to the party. The Queen of the French attracted no more notice on entering and retiring from the house than the commonest *bourgeoise* of the Rue St. Denis. She was looking very ill and emaciated.

Thursday, 22*nd*.—The Coronation of the Emperor of Austria took place on the 7th inst., at Prague, with great pomp. Very few English were present: the Jerseys, the Wicklows, and Lord Alvanley. Lady Jersey was received with much attention by the Imperial family.

The affairs of Spain become daily more complicated; the Republic has been declared in Valencia and Tortosa. Mendizabal is again made Minister of Finance, and it is suspected that his agency has contributed to produce the two sudden revolutions proclaimed in the Peninsula.

Friday, 23*rd*.—A good deal of political conversation this evening at the Comtesse de Girardin's, but nothing new. She is one of the very clever and agreeable women of the old *régime* in France, belonging to the society called Le Petit Château. She was a Vintimille, and is sister to Madame Greffulhe, since married to the Comte de Ségur. General Girardin served under Napoleon, but adhered to the Bourbons at the Restoration, and was made *Grand Veneur* to Louis XVIII.

Saturday, 24*th*.—The Spanish and Portuguese funds have had another serious fall. The 5 per cents of the former have been as low as 17. The whole fabric of Spanish finance suggested by Mendizabal has crumbled to the dust.

Monday, 26*th*.—Lord Lichfield has won the St. Leger. His horse Elis was brought to Doncaster in a caravan drawn by post-horses.

Tuesday, 27*th*.—Sir R. and Lady Peel are gone on a visit to Prince Talleyrand at Valençay.

There is nothing, perhaps, which strikes a foreigner in England more forcibly than the beauty of the horses, and the skilfulness of our coachmen, when compared with those of other countries; but a French author, M. Loéve Veimar, has expressed his admiration in terms which might flatter the vanity of every English coachman.

"C'étoit un plaisir que de voir les bondissemens et l'ardeur presque sauvage des chevaux, contenus sans efforts par la main calme et prudente du cocher flegmatiquement assis sur son siége, le manche de son fouet appuyé sur sa cuisse droite, et soulevant de sa main gauche les longues rênes, dont la blancheur éclatoit sous un brillant et rare éclair du soleil Britannique. Napoléon commandant son portrait équestre à son peintre David, lui disoit de le représenter calme sur un cheval fougueux; il vouloit ainsi caracteriser la puissance et la force. A ce compte il n'est pas de cocher Anglais, assis sur sa housse galonnée, qui n'ait l'attitude d'un conquérant."

Wednesday, 28th.—The musical world has lost one of its most distinguished vocalists. Mme. Malibran, who was engaged at the Manchester Music Meeting, was suddenly taken ill, and died in that town, after an illness of a few days, on Friday last. She was the daughter of Garcia, well known formerly on the Italian stage in London, and brought up in England, but her talents have since obtained celebrity not only in Europe, but in America, where she contracted her first marriage with a French merchant, M. Malibran. At the time of her death she was married to M. de Bériot.

Friday, 30*th*. — General Lagrange told me that he had just paid a visit to Napoleon's sister, the Countess de Lipano, who has obtained leave to come to Paris for a month, and is now residing at the corner of the Rue Royale. He described her as very much affected at visiting the Column in the Place Vendôme, and the remembrance of past times. She is very little altered, and still retains the traces of her past beauty when Madame Murat. The recollection of former intimacies and former benefits has rendered many of the individuals of that family objects of strong attachment to those who flourished in the time of the Empire.

Monday, October 3*rd*. — My birthday; formerly a day of congratulation with my family and friends, but now only remembered in private by myself, as a point in the year which marks a continuation of misfortune and an advance to the grave. I have likewise remarked that of late years some bad news is received, or some disappointment or cross event occurs, upon that day, as a sort of prelude to the coming year.

Tuesday, 4*th*.—Count Sablenski mentioned to-day that he had received news of Demidoff, who is at Florence, in a shattered state of mind and body from his late paralytic attack, which precludes all the enjoyment of his immense fortune. As no one is doomed to be completely happy in this world, such dispensations make me ashamed of repining at my pecuniary losses, while I have still health and other blessings demanding unfeigned gratitude.

Wednesday, 5th.— Sir R. Peel has been received with great attention by the King and by all the Ministers, who seem very anxious to show civility to every English *notability*, whether Whig or Tory. The King is anxious to conciliate the former as partisans of the British Ministry, and the latter from secret sympathy with their political feelings. The long-brewing dissensions with the Swiss cantons, in which the French Minister, the Duc de Montebello, has shown little prudence, have at length broken out into an open rupture, and the relations between the two countries have been broken off. The French Government, which truckles to the strong and bullies the weak, has taken the matter up with a high hand, and the respective ministers have been recalled. It will cause much inconvenience to travellers, prove a hindrance to commerce for the moment, but no ways implicate the peace of Europe.

Thursday, 6th.—This morning I heard, from what might appear to be good authority, that the prisoners at Ham will be immediately released by order of the Government. Prince Esterhazy and his son came in the evening, from Neuilly, to Lord Canterbury's, where I had dined, and he seemed to confirm the above.

He told me that he was going to resume his post at St. James's for a few months, and should then return to Austria to superintend his own private property, which in itself is a concern of great magnitude. I called upon Lord Lyndhurst, who is just arrived in Paris, and who, I think, does not anticipate the return of the Tories to power so soon as some

others in London. This morning came my old friend Rokeby from Baden.

The spirit of emigration is not confined to England. Independent of the families which have flocked from hence to Algiers, there lately set out from Nancy for Egypt a little agricultural colony, destined to establish in the environs of Cairo an experimental farm upon the plan of that at Roville, under the protection of the Pacha.

Sunday, 9th. — This morning's "Moniteur" contains the proclamation of an amnesty for about sixty prisoners confined for political offences whose sentence would have lasted for five or eight years longer: it is hoped to be a prelude to that of the ministers at Ham. It is the commencement of a wise measure, which, if earlier adopted, would have prevented much of the disorders which we have lately witnessed.

Monday, 10th. — The wet weather has been very prejudicial to the vineyards in France; it is supposed that the wines of this year, if not deficient in quantity, will be of a very inferior quality. The Place de Louis XV. has been encumbered for the last six months with scaffoldings, masonry work, and steam-engines to convey the Egyptian pillar, called Cleopatra's Needle, from the quay to the pedestal on which it is to be placed. This stupendous work is at length achieved, and the pillar will be raised on its base in a few days; the result will be to place a very unsightly object, at a most enormous expense, in the most prominent part of Paris.

Tuesday, 11th.—Lord Lyndhurst called upon me

this morning; he said there was no public news nor any change likely to take place at present. Nobody takes a more just and sagacious view of affairs. M. Gabriel Delessert is named Prefet de Paris in the room of M. Guisquet. Some idea may be formed of the emoluments of this place by the fact that the latter, who was appointed only four years ago to this situation by Casimir Perier, was then not only a ruined man, but overwhelmed with debt, whereas he is now clear of the world, and has made a fortune of two millions of francs. Some time back, when it was in agitation to rescind the charter of the butchers of Paris, which gives them great immunities, the prefect, every morning when he went to his office, found upon his desk a bank note for 1000 francs, which offering was continued during several weeks, till they gained their point.

Torreno, the Spanish liberal and minister of Christina, is now in Paris, where he will probably remain, as his return to power at Madrid is next to impossible. The short interval of his prosperity has been scrupulously employed in amassing a considerable fortune by every means, direct and indirect, which his official situation could offer to him. After a long stay in this city, during the latter part of which he lived entirely with the celebrated Madelle. Bourgouin, the actress, when the liberal ideas last broke out in Spain, he returned to his native country, but his finances were then in so exhausted a state, that he was indebted to his liberal mistress for the means of appearing with respectability in the world; it is said that she gave him a considerable

sum of money. She is now dead; but he has returned with a fortune of six millions, most rapidly accumulated, which he has settled upon a son whom she had before he knew her.

Louis-Philippe has received Sir R. Peel with great apparent confidence, and has professed Tory principles to him with as much sincerity as he professed Radical principles to Edward Ellice. His maxim is to sympathise with all. He listens with approbation to every sentiment and opinion, while his actions are suited only to his own immediate interest.

Wednesday, 12*th*.—I walked this morning with Prince Esterhazy, who was very anxious to know the particulars of the late news from England, which, he told me, had made its way all over Germany, as the Princess of Homburg had received the account in her letters from England.

A great feeling of pity is entertained for Mrs. ——, whose husband, not content with having dragged her before the public for his own purposes without success, now wreaks his petty vengeance on a defenceless woman, by denying her the very necessaries of life, while he himself remains in the enjoyment of a lucrative post, which he obtained from the very person whose name he has made use of to compromise her. The accounts from Spain are unfavourable; the new commander-in-chief, Rodil, has taken the field without any success.

Friday, 14*th*.—Met at Mr. Lyon's, where I dined, Lowther, Lord Reay, and Sir W. Keir Grant. Lord Reay is an old Scotchman, who inherited an immense and trackless estate in Scotland, which he sold

to the Duke of Sutherland for 300,000*l.* Sir W. K. Grant is a general officer, who, in the year 1794, when serving with Sir Robert Wilson in the 15th Light Dragoons in Germany, obtained the Cross of Maria Theresa from the Emperor, for a fortunate charge which prevented his Imperial Majesty from being taken prisoner. He lost his arm in a duel on some occasion early in life, and was himself second to poor Bob Montgomery above thirty years ago, who was killed in a duel with Capt. Macnamara at Chalk Farm.

Sunday, 16*th.*—There is a curious letter in the "Gazette des Tribunaux" this morning, written by Lord Abinger to the General la Ronciere, father of the young man whose trial created so much sensation last year, in which his lordship does not hesitate to condemn the verdict of the jury, and to acknowledge his conviction, from the proofs before the public, of the young culprit's innocence. He rests his opinion on the specimens of the handwriting in the anonymous letters.*

Tuesday 18*th.*—The "Moniteur" contains the announcement that Messrs. Peyronet and Chanteleauze are released from the castle of Ham and allowed to

* The case of La Ronciére was omitted in the former part of the "Diary," where, from the reports flying about at the moment, it appeared to be erroneously stated.

Lord Abinger's opinion has been so far verified that, at the request of the Morell family, as well as of the President, M. Fercy, who held the Tribunal by which Monsieur de la Ronciére had been condemned, he was liberated from his imprisonment long before the term expired.

reside, the former in the department of the Gironde, the latter in that of the Loire. No mention is made of Prince Polignac or M. Guernon de Ranville, who, it appears, have not chosen to solicit a government which they do not recognise.

After great manœuvres on the part of certain individuals connected with the Spanish funds, it is officially announced that the dividends will not be paid, and the confiding stockholders have been duped in a most shameless manner with a proffer of security in the Island of Cuba.

Wednesday, 19th.—Lord Fitzgerald made us laugh at dinner to-day with a story about C——, whose pertinacity of opinion is well known: he was laying down the law after dinner to the Duke of Wellington, and according to custom asserting the superiority of his own information on all subjects, having even flatly contradicted the Duke, who had mentioned some incident that took place at the battle of Waterloo. At last the conversation turned upon the use of percussion caps for the muskets of the army, when C—— again maintained a directly opposite opinion to that which was urged by the Duke, who at last good-humouredly said to him, "My dear C——, I can yield to your superior information on most points, and you may perhaps know a great deal more of what passed at Waterloo than myself, but as a sportsman, I will maintain my point about the percussion caps." C——'s view of politics has now for some years been of the most gloomy cast, and so far does his wish for infallibility supersede his patriotism, that he absolutely seems to rejoice at

any partial fulfilment of his prophecies, though it may thwart his own views and that of his party. Fitzgerald once said to Lord Wellesley at the castle, "I have had a very melancholy letter from C—— this morning." "Aye!" said Lord Wellesley, "written, I suppose, in a strain of the most sanguine despondency."

Thursday, 20th. — The news from Spain is favourable to the Carlist cause: Gomez has defeated Escalante near Malaga and has taken and plundered Cordova; all diplomatic relations between the Court of Austria and the Cabinet of Madrid have ceased, and the respective agents have quitted their posts.

Saturday, 22nd. — Saw at the Français "Marie ou les Trois Epoques," in which Madelle. Mars, though now at least sixty-five years old, affected the whole audience. The English papers state that the members of the Stock Exchange in London are so indignant at the early information obtained in certain quarters by pigeon-expresses from Paris, that they have collected a certain number of hawks, falcons, and other birds of prey on the Kentish coast to waylay these carriers. It has not, however, wholly put a stop to the practice.

Lord Lyndhurst and Yarmouth at dinner at Lord Hertford's in high force and very jocular. Sir R. W—— was also of the party.

Sir R. W—— is a character who has made some noise in the world. He must now be near his grand climacteric. He entered early into the army, and was made a knight by the Emperor of Austria, as I have lately mentioned, in 1794, when serving in the

15th Light Dragoons. He is a man of unquestionable courage, but his name is not prominent in any of our great national victories, as he rather sought the camp of the partisan, or the staff of foreign princes. In his political life he has been alternately Whig, Radical, Bonapartist, and ultra-Tory, not in shades, but in extremes.

He began by paying great court to George, Prince of Wales, who never gave him much encouragement; he then set up as one of his Whig opposers at Brookes's, and when he came to the throne he continued his animosity by espousing the part of Queen Caroline, till his conduct in exciting the mob to violence at her funeral became a matter of public investigation, and ended in his losing his rank in the service. He outdid his friends the Whigs in violent opposition to the Tory Government, he became the Radical member for Southwark, and when from a misplaced generosity a subscription was raised at that club to indemnify him for his losses in the cause, he pocketed the 10,000*l.* and is now gone over to his adversaries.

In 1814 he came over to Paris, and was a warm advocate of Napoleon, although he was then just arrived from the head-quarters of the Austrian army in Italy, and during the preceding campaigns in 1812 and 1813 had been attached to the staff of the Emperor of Russia, with whom he was present at the battle of Dresden, and was actually engaged in conversation with General Moreau at the moment when that ill-fated officer received his death wound.

In 1815, and particularly during the 100 days, he

was the bird of ill-omen at Brookes's, the constant harbinger of bad news, which he propagated as coming from the most undeniable authority of his private correspondents abroad. How unfounded they were, and sometimes prejudicial to his own interest, may be inferred from the following anecdote, of which I was myself an eye-witness:—On the day of that evening, when we received the news of the great victory at Waterloo, I dined with the present Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby in Piccadilly: there was a large party, among whom I remember Miss Mercer (now Madame de Flahault), Sir H. Cooke, and Sir R. W——, who entered the room with a grave portentous countenance, as if he knew more than he was willing to communicate. Every one at that time was in breathless impatience for the result, and as we proceeded to the dining-room Miss Mercer inquired of me in a whisper if I had heard any news, adding that she feared from Sir R. W——'s manner that some misfortune had occurred. I felt little alarm at his prognostics, as I had heard that Rothschild was purchasing stock largely, and that the funds had risen two per cent.

When the ladies had retired and the wine had opened Sir R. W——s heart, he condescended to inform the company, that he had received a private dispatch from Brussels, announcing the total defeat of the Anglo-Prussian army by the French, with the additional circumstance that Napoleon, after his decided victory, had supped with the Prince d'Aremberg at his palace in that city. On doubts being expressed as to the correctness of his information, he offered

readily to bet any sum on the strength of his dispatches. We took him at his word: I betted with him 400*l.* or 500*l.*, and others did the same to the amount of above 1000*l.*

There was a ball that night at Sir George Talbot's; and when I arrived there about eleven o'clock, I found the whole house in confusion and dismay; ladies calling for their carriages, and others fainting in the anteroom, particularly the Ladies Paget, who seemed in the utmost distress. The mystery, however, was soon cleared up: Lady Castlereagh had just made her appearance in the ball-room, with the official account of the battle, and a partial list of the killed and wounded, which had caused so much distress among the various relatives of the sufferers. She had been at a grand dinner given by Mrs. Bochm in St. James's Square, to the Prince Regent, during which Colonel Percy, having first driven to Carlton House, had arrived in a chaise and four at the house, and presented to his royal highness at table, the official dispatches from the Duke of Wellington (recounting his victory), as well as the French eagles, which he had brought as trophies with him in the carriage.

Always meddling in some *tripotage*, we find Sir R. W—— afterwards in Paris, combining with Captain Hutchinson to effect the escape of General Lavallette from prison, which, however chivalrous he might deem the act, was still an improper interference in a foreigner, against the laws of a country which granted him protection. In the same wrong-headed manner he afterwards courted notoriety by

agitation on behalf of Queen Caroline, still becoming more Radical in his political creed; but ruined in fortune, deprived of his military rank, and little respected by his old Whig associates. At length he turned short round, worshipped the Duke of Wellington and became an ultra-Tory, and, strange as it may appear, the tide of his fortune has turned with his politics, though a deserter from the party which then came into power.

Whether from old recollections on the part of the Whigs, or from the new support of the Duke, whose interest at the Horse Guards is always powerful, he has not only been restored to his rank in the army, which was in fact an act of justice, but he has also been presented with a regiment of Light Dragoons, which he had very little right to expect.

He is prosy in conversation, dogmatic in his manner, constantly in search of news, and the most regular *gobe mouche* that was ever seen.

Tuesday, 25th.—This morning the Egyptian obelisk was successfully placed on its pedestal, the Royal Family presiding over a crowd so numerous, that a stranger would have conceived that it was some great national festival. It was also rather amusing to hear the exclamations against the English, on the supposition of the envy which we must feel at this surprising national effort. "*Comme ces sacrés Anglais vont tirer la langue; comme ils vont serrer les dents.*" They even went so far as to assert that we had attempted to cut the ropes of the machinery in the night, to mar the success of the undertaking!

Don Pio Elisaldi, whom Don Carlos had appointed

his Commissioner to resume the loan opened by Ouvrard, died on Tuesday, in a fortnight after his arrival in Paris. The police have seized all his papers, as we are in a *country* of *liberty*.

Friday, 28*th*.—Rogers the poet is here, and a regular attendant at all the theatres.

Saturday, 29*th*.—The news from Spain is alarming. The Republican party is becoming more violent. They exclaim against the listlessness of the Government in putting down the Carlist cause. They talk of an appeal to the energies of the nation, and the establishment of a Reign of Terror similar to that in France in 1793.

I am come to a late but profound conviction that Horace was right,—

"Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."

Sunday, 30*th*.—On Wednesday, the 26th, died Countess Howe at Penn House, in her thirty-seventh year, leaving a large family of children. She was the daughter of Earl Cardigan, and one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber to the Queen. She was an example of virtue and piety, and her death is an irreparable loss to society.

Dined, for the last time, with Lord Hertford, who leaves Paris to-morrow morning for Milan, Yarmouth, Lord Lyndhurst, and Lowther were of the party.

Edward Ellice is returned from Canada to England.

Monday, 31*st*.—It is now about a year or more that a young man, son of the Duc de la R——, on-

quitting the Ecole Polytechnique, got into some pecuniary difficulties which brought on a quarrel with his family. Being of a high spirit, and unable to overcome his annoyance at what had passed on this untoward occasion, the young man quitted Paris and his family, determined to seek his fortune abroad. He went to Spain, joined the army of Don Carlos, and in this short period, when only twenty years of age, he is become Commander-in-chief of the Artillery under that Prince.

Tuesday, Nov. 1*st.*—An attempt at insurrection has been made at Strasbourg, by the son of Louis Bonaparte, ex-King of Holland, assisted by some officers of the 4th regiment of Artillery. This outbreak, the leaders of which were made prisoners, will give Louis-Philippe a pretext for a continued exclusion of that family from France, and will render the stay of Madame Murat in Paris, who had obtained permission for six months, unpleasant and precarious.

Wednesday, 2*nd.*—Another attempt at a military insurrection has been made at Vendôme, by a few privates of the 1st regiment of hussars, in garrison at that place, headed by a brigadier named Bruyant, who shot a quarter-master through the head, and then surrendered. It is only remarkable as occurring simultaneously with the other, and proving that disaffection exists in the army.

The late Countess Howe has left a large family of children, of which the youngest is only five weeks old. Her religious principles were very strict: she never accepted any invitation on a Sunday, but always devoted that day to her serious duties. On one occasion

at Windsor, when she was in attendance on the Queen, some party was proposed by the King on a Sunday, at which he was very anxious that she should be present, but was unable to induce her to deviate from her fixed plans of seclusion on that day. The Queen, who was a witness of the discussion, and was surprised at her firmness, could not help saying afterwards to her, "I wonder at your resolution. I am sure if the King had been so urgent with me, I could not have refused." Lady Howe replied, "Madam, his Majesty is *your* husband."

She was very handsome, and remarkably tall. Before her marriage she was one of the beauties at the balls which the late Earl of Winchilsea used to give at Burleigh on the Hill every Christmas, where for several years I was in the habit of joining a large party at that hospitable mansion; consisting of the Fieldings, Cardigans, Aboynes, Lord George Seymour, Sir Jos. Copley, General Bligh, Ambassador Hale, &c. I am referring to the period when Lord Winchilsea kept open house, and as in those good old times the horses and even the stable servants of the guests were hospitably received, I have seen three or four families staying in the house, each bringing six or eight horses in their suite, and none, as in the present day, sent to the neighbouring public house. Lord Winchilsea was a nobleman of the old school, and a high-bred gentleman in his manners to all; in his early youth he was an expert cricketer, and always retained a great partiality for that game, as well as all manly exercises. He never married, but had two natural children, a son and a daughter, to

whom he was much attached, and as the chief part of his property was unentailed and at his own disposal, while the title at his decease reverted to Mr. Finch Hatton, he bequeathed his noble seat of Burleigh on the Hill, with a large fortune, to his son Mr. Finch. He was a favourite of George III., by whom he was made a Knight of the Garter, but having consented to be second to General Lennox (afterwards Duke of Richmond) in his duel with the Duke of York, he incurred the displeasure of the Prince of Wales, who never forgave him; and after the old king's death he seldom or never made his appearance at Court. In justice to the Duke of York, I should add, that the prejudices of his brother only rendered him the more courteous to Lord Winchilsea; and when, soon after the duel, at a ball at Court, the Prince of Wales indignantly left the room on seeing Lord Winchilsea dancing in the same set, the Duke did everything in his power to palliate the insult.

The Duke had always a great esteem for his character, and though from their different modes of life they did not often meet, he never failed to express it. In those days, when H. R. H. was in the habit of dining frequently with me in Town, I once asked Lord Winchilsea to meet him, and I was struck by the cordiality with which he greeted him. The duel itself, though it originated in the most trivial circumstance, had well nigh proved fatal, as the ball of General Lennox carried away one of the curls of the Duke. Few men, indeed, possessed greater courage or a kinder heart than the late Duke of York, or was a more feeling and amiable friend. I

remember calling upon him when we had heard of the death of his Aide-de-camp, Col. Berkeley: he was not at home, but as I was going away he drove up to the door in his curricle, and beckoned me to come back. I think I see him now,—so agitated that in getting out of the curricle he entangled the braiding of his pelisse in the hook of the dashing leather, and if I had not been in time to help him, would have fallen to the ground. When he got into the library and tried to ask me about it, he burst into tears. If he had lived to come to the throne, I should never have been where I am.

Friday, 4th.—Sir W. Knighton died lately in London. He was originally placed by his parents, who were of humble origin, as apprentice to an apothecary at Tavistock, and afterwards practised obscurely in London. In 1810 he accompanied Lord Wellesley to Spain, who on his return from that mission requested his Majesty, the late King, then Prince of Wales, to appoint Knighton one of his physicians. In this capacity he became very intimate with Col. Macmahon, and was finally named his executor. Among the papers which thus came into his possession were some of a very delicate nature relating to the private affairs of George IV., particularly about Queen Caroline and the late Lady Jersey. He instantly carried these documents to Carlton House, and placed them at once, without comment or condition, in the hands of the rightful owner. The Prince Regent, struck with the importance of the benefit, appointed Knighton to an important office in the

Duchy of Cornwall, afterwards made him a Baronet, and then Grand Cross of the Guelph.

The full tide of prosperity now opened upon him, and after Sir B. Bloomfield had been raised to the Peerage, and sent as Minister to Sweden, he succeeded him as private secretary and privy purse, appointments which he retained till the death of George IV. He was a constant inmate of Carlton House and of Windsor Castle, possessing the entire confidence of his Sovereign, who latterly lived in great privacy, surrounded by his household, and only a few occasional visitors. He was, as might be expected, the devoted friend of Lady ——, and though never suspected of having used his interest at Court for any great objects of personal aggrandisement, he was believed privy to that extraordinary appropriation of above 300,000*l.*, which was sold out of the Stocks a very few days before the death of his Royal Master. It was always supposed that this sum had been given at once to that lady, but the fact of the sale was currently known at the time, and no trace of the money afterwards appeared. I have myself heard the Duke of Wellington say, that when sent for by express on the demise of the King, he, in quality of executor, inspected all the papers, &c. at Windsor, and did not find sufficient money in the Royal escrutoire even to pay the post-horses of the different expresses. Sir W. Knighton died possessed of a very large fortune, partly acquired by his original profession, and partly perhaps by that political information, which had been used for the same purpose by his predecessor Macmahon.

George IV. never had any private friends: he selected his confidants from his minions. Macmahon was an Irishman of low birth and obsequious manners; he was a little man, his face red, covered with pimples, always dressed in the blue and buff uniform, with his hat on one side, copying the air of his master, to whom he was a prodigious foil, and ready to execute any commissions, which in those days were somewhat complicated.

Bloomfield was a handsome man, and owed his introduction at Court to his musical talents; he was a Lieutenant in the Artillery, and by chance quartered with his regiment at Brighton. The Prince, who was always fond of music, then gave frequent concerts at the Pavilion: some one happened to mention that a young officer of Artillery was a proficient on the violoncello; an invitation was sent, the Royal amateur was pleased, the visits became more frequent, a predilection ensued, and the fortune of the young Lieutenant was assured.

George Lee had also a long run of favouritism in those days, but his confidences were limited to the turf, and his influence never extended beyond the stable.

The Prince was at one time a great supporter of Newmarket; an untoward event, which made great noise at the time, abated his ardour for that pursuit. His debts of all sorts were very great. Vulliamy's bill (a French jeweller in Pall Mall, who served the Court, and was employed by H.R.H.) amounted to a large sum, for which he could never obtain payment. In vain did he apply at Carlton House; he

met with nothing but vague promises, which were never realised. At length the jeweller's affairs got so embarrassed, that he determined to make a personal application to the Prince, and went down to Brighton. The doors of the Pavilion, however, being locked against all intruders of that sort, he watched his opportunity when the Prince's carriage drove into the court, and, gliding in unobserved, hid himself behind one of the pillars of the colonnade. As the Prince came out, and had got one foot on the step, Vulliamy rushed forward, and, falling on his knees, cried out, "Sare, Your Royal Highness, pray stop one minute." The Prince looked round, and said, rather impatiently, "Vulliamy, what do you want?" "Oh Sare, by God, if your Royal Highness not pay my bill, I shall be in your *father's* bench to-morrow." The Prince laughed and got into his carriage, but the debt was left unpaid till Parliament furnished the means.

He once fancied that he was very fond of hunting, and took a place in Hampshire for that purpose, called the Grange*; but he soon wearied of it, and relapsed into his usual mode of indolent existence. For years even before he came to the throne, he very seldom appeared in public, or went anywhere, but to Manchester House, where his visits were as regular as clockwork. At four o'clock the gates of Carlton House were opened daily, and the plain *vis-à-vis* with the grey liveries, and the purple blinds down, was to be seen wending its way through the

* Now belonging to Lord Ashburton.

crowd to its usual destination, unremarked by any but the experienced eye, which knew the royal incognito, and the superb bay horses unequalled in London.

In the latter days of his reign, and before his health had rendered it necessary, he very seldom went out, even in his favourite low phaeton and ponies, at Windsor; his more general habit was to remain in his *robe de chambre* all the morning, and never dress till the hour of dinner. In this *dishabille* he received his ministers, inspected the arrangement of all the curiosities which now adorn the gallery in the Castle, and are standing monuments of his good taste, amused himself with mimicking Jack Radford, the stud groom, who came to receive orders, or lectured Davison, the tailor, on the cut of the last new coat. His dress was an object of the greatest attention to the last; and, incredible as it may appear, I have been told by those about him, and by Bachelor, who, on the death of the Duke of York, entered his service as *valet de chambre*, that a plain coat, from its repeated alterations, would often cost 300*l.* before it met his approbation. This, of course, included the several journies of the master and his men backwards and forwards to Windsor, as they almost lived on the road. George IV. was not only a man of refined manners and classical taste, but he was endowed by nature with a very good understanding; still there is no doubt that for several years before his death, whether from early indulgence in luxury, or from a malady inherent in his family, his mind would occasionally wander, and

many anecdotes have been current of the unfortunate impressions under which he laboured. After the glorious termination of the long Continental War in 1815 by the battle of Waterloo, it would not perhaps be unpardonable vanity in him to have thought that the English nation had mainly contributed to this great event; but he certainly at times in conversation arrogated to himself, personally, the glory of subduing Napoleon's power, and giving peace to the world. It was upon one of these assumptions being reported to the sarcastic Sheridan, that he archly remarked, "That is all well enough, but what he particularly piques himself upon is the last productive harvest."

When a clergyman was once preaching upon death before Louis XIV. and his Court at Versailles, at a particular part of his sermon he addressed his audience in the following words, "Nous mourrons tous," and then turning to the King, added, "*presque* tous." That monarch afterwards reproved him for his senseless sycophancy. It might have been more palateable at Windsor. No man clung to life with greater eagerness than George IV., or was more unwilling to hear from those about him any hint or suspicion of his apparent decay. When confined to his room, and his case had become evidently hopeless, he still felt the vital stamina so strong in him, that he would not believe his own danger; he talked of preparations for the approaching Ascot Races, which he would attend in person, and showed a confidence in his recovery, which all around him knew to be impossible.

On the 27th of May, 1830, prayers were ordered to be read in the churches for the restoration of the King's health; and though the work of death was gradually approaching, the most contradictory accounts were constantly circulated of his real state. At length the awful moment arrived. He went to bed, without any particular symptom, on the night of the 25th of June, but at three o'clock in the morning he seemed to awake in great agitation, and called for assistance. Sir Wathen Waller, who was in attendance, came to his bedside, and at his request helped to raise him from his bed. He then exclaimed, "Watty, what is this? It is death! They have deceived me!" and in that situation, without a struggle, expired.

The temptations in his exalted situation to a life of indulgence were numerous; but he was not without a proper sense of religious feeling, as may be inferred from the following anecdote. Some years previously to his own death an old housekeeper at Windsor Castle, who had held that situation for near half a century, died very much regretted by the Royal Family and the whole establishment. On that occasion he sent for his chaplain, Sumner, now Bishop of Winchester, and urged him to improve the feeling excited in the household by the occurrence into a religious admonition: he concluded by saying that he wished him to preach an appropriate sermon in the chapel on the following Sunday, and requested that he would take the following text, "Be ye also ready." The sermon was preached accordingly.

Saturday, 5th.—The reception of Lord and Lady Londonderry by the Emperor of Russia at St. Petersburg and at Moscow has been of a very marked character, and studiously made independent of the usual introduction through the English Ambassador. Nicholas has wished to show that the nomination of Lord Londonderry by the Duke's Government would have been highly agreeable to him, though countermanded by the Whigs; and without doing anything that could give offence to Lord Durham, he has openly shown as much firmness and decision in the reception of the Marquis as he did in the rejection of Sir S. Canning.

Sunday, 6th.—The mutineers at Strasbourg are to be tried by the Cour d'Assises. It will be thought politic to allow the young Prince Bonaparte to escape any serious punishment. It is amusing to remark the different ways in which the different parties in France pretend to interpret this affair according to their own feelings. The Carlists look upon it as arising from the confusion of ideas produced by the Revolution of 1830, and will not allow of any comparison between the position of the Duchess de Berry and that of Louis Napoleon. The Republicans see in it an evident demonstration that, sooner or later, their hopes will be realised; and the *doctrinaires*, with some plausibility on their side, hail the result as a proof of the solidity of their government.

Parties, however, can learn nothing: the march of events finds them motionless and insensible to the changes which pass around them. Mankind is always

the same; and history, though useful as a record, has been written in vain as a lesson.

Monday, 7th. — The Court of Cassation was opened to-day after the recess, and a very interesting speech was made by the Procureur-General, Dupin, in which he alludes to the honourable life of their predecessor the Chancelier de l'Hôpital, who was born under the reign of Louis XII., and finished his mortal career under that of Charles IX., the year after the St. Bartholomew, 1573, having left an example of piety, simplicity, and honourable conduct as magistrate, which has never been surpassed and seldom imitated. The description of the Chancellor's pursuits in his modest retirement at Vigny, his classical studies, and his literary correspondence, were touched with great effect, and the purity of his mind was proved by quotations from his Latin epistles to the Cardinal Jurone.

> "Sed mihi nulla sacris conferri scripta videntur
> Posse libris, non est ubi mens humana quiescat
> Suavius, et portum inveniat secura malorum."

Then, again, the simplicity of his country establishment,—

> "Cultus erit mensæ non rusticus; urbe salinum
> Argento factum, veniens huc extulit uxor,
> Et secum referet."

And when he looks back to his early days of study in the law, before the more weighty cares of state oppressed his mind,

> "Scilicet ex quo
> Publica jampridem tractare negotia cœpi
> His mihi sum visus solis vixisse diebus."

This Court of Cassation is an institution which

we do not possess in England. It receives appeals from judgments in the other Courts, and either confirms or annuls the sentence, as it appears conformable to the spirit of the Code, without any reference to the facts of the evidence.

Tuesday, 8th.—The troops of Don Carlos have laid siege to Bilbao; but it is reported that young La Rochefoucauld has been killed.

It might well be asked by a stranger, why, when murder is punished with death by the law in France, and when so many murders are really committed in the country, there are so few executions? The jury are continually bringing in their verdict of guilty with extenuating circumstances, which saves the life of the culprit: though on reading over the evidence, it is often impossible to find the least circumstance which could tend to extenuate the crime. In the "Gazette des Tribunaux," I find the following instance this morning of a trial before the Cour d'Assises de la Greuze.

Louis Beauchamp is a married man with two children. He was himself a bad character, suspected of many robberies, committed in houses where he had been employed as carpenter, but living peaceably with his wife,—at least, apparently so to the world. This man, about a year and a half ago, formed an improper intimacy with a girl in the village, named Marie Guillard, about nineteen years of age, whom he seduced; and from that time his absences from home were frequent, and his return marked by violence and ill-humour, which his wife always endured with the greatest patience and resignation.

It was after this period that he conceived the idea of destroying his wife, who was about to become a mother for the third time. Preparatory to his crime, and with a view of diverting the attention of his neighbours from any suspicions injurious to himself, he announced publicly that he had consulted a fortune-teller, who had foretold the death of his wife during her approaching confinement. To some other friends he was more communicative, and vaguely hinted at his own dark intentions, as well as his project of afterwards marrying Marie Guillard. When his wife was brought to bed, he bought some arsenic, and, after two attempts to poison her, which were frustrated by the care of the monthly nurse, he at last found an opportunity of infusing the poison in some soup which was prepared for her use. The poor woman died and was buried; but suspicions arose in the neighbourhood, the corpse was disinterred by order of the police, and ample proof afforded of his crime in the autopsy. The only way to account for the sentence of the Jury, after an hour's deliberation, —"*Coupable, avec des circonstances attenuantes,*"— is, that a certain number of Judges in France are sworn not to condemn to death.

He was sentenced to the galleys for life.

Wednesday, 9th.—Baron Vincent, an officer of the Empire, with whom I dined at Mr. Lyon's, talked much of the Bonaparte family, and denied the truth of many of the anecdotes in the Memoirs of Madame d'Abrantes.

Thursday, 10th.—Mr. C. d'Aragon is a young man of twenty-six or twenty-seven, son of a peer of

France, with little fortune, but of good talents and accomplished. Two months ago he was married to Madlle. Visconti Trivulzi, the sister of the Princess Belgiojoso, who is rich, but not handsome. He always appeared to enjoy good health; but a few weeks previous to his marriage he suffered from a violent headache, and in a thoughtless moment he prescribed for himself the extraordinary remedy of placing his head under the pump in the courtyard, and ordering his servant to immerse it with the cold water.

The shock was so great, that it brought on a feverish attack, which was hardly cured when his marriage took place.

Since that event, the disorder has returned with double force. He is now seized with raving delirium every twenty-four hours. He is reduced to a skeleton in this short period, and little hopes are entertained of his recovery.

As soon as the news of the affair at Strasbourg arrived in Paris, a guard was placed at the residence of the Countess Lipano (Madame Murat) in the Rue Royale, and her departure was ordered in six days; but when her total ignorance of the plot was completely acknowledged, all restrictions were taken off, and she is now left at liberty to prolong her stay, and prosecute the object of her journey, which relates to some legal proceedings here, resulting from the will of her late mother, Madame Mère.

She has not preserved much fortune from the wreck of her transitory throne, nor does she find

much support in the gratitude of those "whom her former bounty fed."

I yesterday heard the General M——, whose wife was one of her dames d'honneur at Naples, when asked if he had been to pay his respects to his former queen, reply thus, "Nous attendons sa visite, c'est alors que nous y penserons."

Notwithstanding the distracted state of the Peninsula, the English and French Governments are going on in that enviable state of repose during the recess, which the absence of all Parliamentary wrangling renders so dear to Ministers; but the hour of anxiety approaches. The Belgian Deputies met this week; and in two little months the French Chambers and the English Parliament will again let loose the dogs of political warfare. The grand struggle at home will begin again; war to the knife between Whigs and Tories, while the Radical power bides its time, anxious to aggravate the dissensions, in the hope to destroy both.

Friday, 11*th*.—All the hopes of a marriage between the King of Naples and a Princess of the house of Orleans are extinguished by a letter of the 1st instant from Vienna, which announces that on the preceding day the Prince de Salerno had demanded, in the name of the King of the Two Sicilies, the hand of the Archduchess Theresa, daughter of the Archduke Charles. The Emperor has given his consent to this union.

* * * * *

—— is a good-natured, was a very good-looking, man, not overflowing with intellect, but still far from

deserving the sarcastic comment of the late Lord Dudley. It was at a time when poor Dudley's mind was on the wane, when his caustic humour would still find vent through the cloud which was gradually overshading his masterly intellect; he was sitting in his room, unheeding those around him, and soliloquizing aloud, as was so often his custom. His favourite Newfoundland dog was at his side, who seemed to engross the whole of his attention. At length, patting his head, he exclaimed, "Fido mio, they say dogs have no souls. Humph. And *still* they say —— has a soul!" Upon one occasion Dudley found Allen at White's about seven o'clock, and asked him to dinner. On his arrival in Park Lane, he found it was a *tête-à-tête* with the host. When in the evening he was asked how the dinner went off, Allen said, "Lord Dudley spoke a little to his servant, and a great deal to his dog, but said nothing to me."

There has been great mystery attached to an accident which befell the Emperor of Russia lately on his journey through the southern provinces of his dominions, and a report has been prevalent that an attempt was made to assassinate him on the road, by a conspirator, who wounded him in the shoulder with a pistol shot. Thus far is certain, that the Grand Duke Michael, who was then at Frankfort, received an express, with the news that the Emperor had been overturned in his carriage, by which accident his shoulder was dislocated, but his health was unimpaired. Coupled with this account was the strict order to send without delay expresses to every Court in Europe, with this precise version of the affair. The anxiety to give the news this publicity, and the

eagerness with which all the Russian *attachés* contradict the other report, only tend to increase the suspicions. In any other country the truth would soon be manifest, but in that dark abode of ignorance and despotism the tale is more difficult to unravel.

Saturday, 12*th*. — The successes of Gomez continue in Spain, and the ability with which he avoids a general engagement with Rodil, must tend to prove that either he is a consummate tactician, or the other a consummate traitor.

The Duchess of St. Leu (La Reine Hortense) is arrived in France. She quitted Arenenberg on receiving the first intelligence of the arrest of her son. Accompanied by Madame de Salvage, she travelled in a carriage and with a passport procured by that lady, but stopped at the Château de Viry, belonging to Madame de Raguse. Madame de Salvage continued her journey to Paris, and proceeded forthwith to the President of the Council. Great was the surprise of Count Molé on learning that the Queen Hortense was in France, but he had no hesitation in charging Madame de Salvage to assure the queen that the prince her son should not be brought to trial. With regard to Madame de Salvage herself, the minister enjoined her to lose no time in leaving the capital. In vain she alleged that she was commissioned to settle various affairs of interest for the queen. The minister remained inflexible. Orders were given for fresh passports, and she is now probably on her way to join the queen, who, before three days are expired, will again have left the French territory.

Sunday, 13*th*. — Mr. Green's monster balloon ascended on Monday last from Vauxhall Gardens with himself and two friends, passed over Dover at five in the evening, crossed the Channel about two miles to the westward of Calais, and continuing its voyage during the whole of that night, descended at seven in the morning near the village of Weilburg in Nassau, about forty miles from Frankfort S. W. In the short space of seventeen hours the balloon traversed a space of 480 miles.

Monday, 14*th*. — Prince Louis-Bonaparte was on Thursday escorted from his prison at Strasbourg to the port of L'Orient, where a ship of war will, immediately on his arrival, sail with him for America.

He passed through Paris on Saturday evening.

An event, which seven years ago would have created a great sensation in France, has just taken place without attracting any attention. The telegraph this morning has announced that Charles X. died on the 6th instant, at Goritz, in Styria, of an inflammation of the bowels, in the eightieth year of his age. The Duc d'Angoulême is sixty-one, the Duc de Bordeaux sixteen. Few lives have been chequered with such vicissitudes. Born and educated in the luxurious court of his grandfather Louis XV., the Comte d'Artois was the gayest votary of dissipation during the short reign of his brother Louis XVI., then for twenty-two years a houseless wanderer on the face of the earth. Fortune smiled again, his shorn honours were revived, and in 1814 as Monsieur, he became the first subject in France; in 1824 he succeeded to the throne, from which,

after a reign of six years, a perhaps well-meaning but ill-judged policy drove him again into exile, where his last days have been as devoted to the duties of religion, as his early days were dedicated to folly and dissipation.

When the account of the death of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena was made known at the Court of the Bourbons, the Countess De Noailles *, then *dame d'atours* to the Duchess De Berry, was at an evening party given by Louis XVIII. General Rapp, who was also present, overcome by the intelligence, was unable to restrain his feelings, and in an instant saw himself deserted by all the courtiers near him, who were terrified at the idea of being supposed to share the grief of the old follower of Napoleon. The Countess De Noailles, who had known General Rapp at the Court of the Empire, immediately crossed the room alone in front of the Court, and pressing the General's hand, accompanied him to the door, with such a frank and dignified sympathy that the Dauphine herself came forward to meet Madame De Noailles, and taking that lady's hand, in her turn, observed, with the abrupt sincerity that characterised her, that she would have done the same in her place.

Tuesday, 15th.—The question whether the Court should go into mourning for Charles X. was debated yesterday in the Council, but as the members could not agree, it was deferred.

Professor Zalm has recently discovered at Pompeii

* Now Duchesse De Poix.

a table service in silver, comprising forty-four plates, one large dish, three small vessels, two spoons, and four forks of admirable workmanship. They are all in very good preservation, and were sent to the royal family at Portici.

The following phenomenon was observed lately at Gluckstadt on the Elbe. During the continuance of twelve hours the tide of that river neither rose nor fell, the waters remained constantly at the same level, and the ships at anchor, instead of turning as usual at the flux and reflux, remained immoveable. Some persons attribute this to an earthquake in some distant country, as the same thing happened on the 1st November 1755, the day of the great earthquake at Lisbon.

Wednesday, 16th.—I had a letter from the Duc de Gramont in which he says, "Charles X. died of an inflammation in the bowels, brought on by a fit of gout, to which he was subject; he suffered little and was still perfectly well on the 5th instant. A letter from the doctor who attended him has brought this information, and the Government was not aware of it till twenty-four hours after it was known to the *Comité Royaliste* in the faubourg."

Thus Louis-Philippe has a committee of Royalists sitting under his very nose.

A remarkable circumstance in the career of Charles X. was, that he was the only sovereign of the Capet race who entered his 80th year. From the time of Hugh Capet in 937 to that of Charles X., both reigns included, 36 sovereigns (Napoleon amongst the number) occupied the throne of France

during a period of 843 years; consequently the duration on an average of each reign amounts to 23 years 5 months. The number of years comprised in the lives of these 36 sovereigns being about 864, the average duration of each life amounts to 51 years 9 months and 10 days. The average duration of individual life amounts only to 33 years. One of the above-mentioned sovereigns, however, John I., lived only a few days. Another, Francis II., lived less than 20 years. Three lived less than 30 years, Louis X., Charles VIII., and Charles IX. Four lived less than 40 years, Philip V., Charles IV., Henry III., and Louis XVI. Seven lived upwards of 40 years, Louis VIII., Philip III., Philip IV., John II., Charles V., Henry II., and Louis XIII. Ten lived upwards of 50 years, Hugh Canet, Henry I., Philip Augustus, Louis IX., Philip VI., Charles VI., Charles VII., Louis XII., Francis I., and Napoleon. Seven died at the age of 60, Robert, Philip I., Louis le Gros, Louis VII., Louis II., Henry IV., and Louis XV. Two lived beyond 70 years, Louis XIV., who was upwards of 77 when he died, and Louis XVIII., who had passed his 70th year. Charles X. exceeded the average duration of life by nearly 47 years.

Thursday, 17th.—The following florid oration was made yesterday before the Tribunal Correctionnel, by a poor woman, who had been deluded with a promise of marriage from a married man. Let her tell her own tale—

"J'étois portière Rue Gaillon No. 3., fort heureuse dans ma petite loge, ne songéant pas certainement

que mon petit mobilier put faire envie à personne. Vous frémirez, Messieurs, en apprenant à combien d'odieuses manœuvres je fus en butte de la part du scélérat, que je dévoue ici à la justice divine et humaine.

"M. Herigoyen, que son uniforme devoit recommander à ma confiance, s'insinua dans ma loge par d'agréables propos, et des romans, qu'il me prêtoit, pour charmer mes loisirs, et me troubler l'imagination. Bref; je quittai ma loge, mon paisible cordon, mes petites habitudes, la paix de ma demeure, pour aller Rue Mauconseil, avec le garde municipal, qui m'avoit amenée là en me promettant le mariage. Le jour même de l'installation, il se jetta à mes genoux, me disant, 'Je suis un misérable, je ne puis t'épouser légitimement, par la raison que je suis dans le joug de l'hymenée, avec une femme légitime que je déteste; au reste, comme il n'est pas possible.' . . . Naturellement moi, je fonds en larmes, voyant le précipice où l'erreur m'avoit conduite. Lui me console, me mène chez un huissier de ses amis, où l'homme de loi redige une promesse de mariage conditionnelle qu'il s'engageoit à réaliser, aussitôt après la mort de la créature exécrée, à laquelle étoit unie sa destinée. Je m'y fie, infortunée que je suis. Il s'impatronise dans mon local, et quelques jours après, rentrant chez moi, je trouve tout déménagé. J'ai appris que sa légitime l'a assisté dans ce pillage, d'où il resulte que je les enveloppe tous les deux dans la même plainte."

The husband and wife are condemned to three months' imprisonment, and 300 fr. damages to the plaintiff.

Friday, 18*th*.—The siege of Bilbao is carried on by the Carlists with vigour, notwithstanding a large force under Espartero is arrived in the neighbourhood, and reinforcements have been thrown into the town. Evans's legion remains within their works at St. Sebastian, which they cannot leave: their General has written to his constituents at Westminster, that he shall come to resume his seat in Parliament soon after the meeting, adding, with most ineffable assurance, that the cause of Don Carlos was utterly hopeless.

* * * * *

The French expression, "Il n'y a rien de nouveau que ce qui a été oublié," was exemplified yesterday in a *bon mot* cited on M. de ——, a great coxcomb, of whom it was said that he was "le plus heureux des hommes: il est fort amoureux de lui-même et n'a point de rivaux." In the time of the Romans, Cicero classes Pompey among those who are *sui amantes sine rivali*.

Whatever may be the decision of the Court, the old families in the faubourg St. Germain will go into six months' mourning for Charles X.

Last week died at Kensington Viscount Forbes, eldest son of Earl Granard, aged fifty-two. He had been long in a declining state, which had lately terminated in lunacy. In former years I lived in much intimacy with him, meeting constantly at Lady Sarah Bayly's house. He was a great friend of the late Tom Sheridan and Moore the poet, a very amiable unaffected character, and much liked in the world. In 1812 he was made one of the king's aides-de-camp, and at the period of his death was a general in the

army, and M. P. for Longford in Ireland, where the family estates are situated.

Saturday, 19*th.* — There has been sad confusion at Lisbon. The Queen, in conjunction with Palmella and the late Ministry, has attempted a *coûp-d'état*, and proclaimed afresh Don Pedro's charter of 1826, hoping that the large English naval force assembled in the Tagus would intimidate the liberal party. But a few days sufficed to prove the inefficacy of a project which had neither been planned with prudence nor supported by force. The national guards and the populace declared afresh for the constitution of 1820. Several assassinations were committed, the late minister José Freiri was murdered in his carriage, on his way to court; and though a considerable body of marines were landed from the English fleet, ostensibly to protect the Queen's person, the royalist party was obliged to treat for terms with the people. The first conditions were that the English marines should be re-embarked, which being complied with, the new fabric was soon demolished, and the liberal ministers reinstated at the head of the government. Two English 74 gun ships had been anchored opposite to the palace, and under one pretext or another the force had been increased to ten ships of the line. The Marquis of Palmella, the Duke of Terceira, and a crowd of others, took refuge on board the fleet, which by its appearance only aggravated the populace, and though quite sufficient to have supported the royalist cause, was not allowed to act by Lord Howard de Walden, who was fearful of compromising his government.

The case of —— has taken a most decided turn against him in London, even amongst his most intimate friends, who first strained every nerve to support him. When I talk of friends, I talk perhaps of a society in which the word friendship may be supposed to be little understood and seldom practised. Fitzpatrick, the companion of Fox and Sheridan, and of all the wits of that day, described the London world in one sarcastic stanza,—

> "Whate'er they promised or professed
> In disappointment ends—
> In short, there's nothing I detest
> So much as all my friends."

But in leagues of pleasure, and intimacies proceeding from similarity of disposition and pursuits, habits and associations are hard to break, and when these are supported by wealth and rank, it is a strong case indeed that can dissolve them.

Monday, 21*st*.—A funeral service, in honour of Charles X., was celebrated on the 12th instant at Vienna, in the church of the palace; and the Emperor and Empress, with the *whole Court in mourning, were present.* Another funeral service will also be celebrated with great pomp at the Cathedral. The two Court theatres remained closed. Here, not a single tribute of respect has been shown to his memory.

The young Prince Bonaparte has been shipped from L'Orient for the United States on board the Andromède. His mother, Hortense, left Viry on the 12th, by order of the Government, and is arrived

at Arenenberg in the Thurgau. An attempt was made to seize her papers by M. de Belleval, but the Government of Thurgau opposed it.

The Earl of Winchilsea is to marry Miss Bagot, the maid of honour, and daughter of Sir Charles Bagot. His first wife was Lady Georgiana Graham, daughter of the Duke of Montrose. He must be thirty years older than his bride.

There is great commercial distress in the United States, arising from speculation in lands, overtrading in commerce, and the transfer of the surplus funds under the recent Act of Congress, preparatory to a distribution among the several States. Interest has risen to 3 per cent. per month. This has acted seriously on the London money market, and produced great embarrassment in the finances, which Spring Rice* seems totally unable to cope with.

On Sunday the order was signed for the liberation of Prince Polignac and M. Guernon de Ranville from their prison at Ham. Count Appony told me this evening that the Prince had set out immediately for Munich, where he has some relations, and from thence would proceed to Goritz.

Count† and Countess Appony were in deep mourning for Charles X.

Marshal Lobau publicly said yesterday, "On ne peut pas commander un deuil général, parceque cela deplairoit à la Garde Nationale." I mentioned this to Count A., who replied, "C'est une raison comme une autre."

* Then Chancellor of Exchequer, now Lord Monteagle.

† Father of the present Ambassador at St. James's.

Wednesday, 23*rd*. — There is at this moment living in Paris a Mr. Spurrier, who came to London some years back, was not much known in the world, but became a member of Graham's Club.

Now, this Graham's Club is a sort of second-rate establishment, notorious for the incessant play which is going on by day and by night, frequented generally by men who have no other pursuit in life than gambling, and here and there by a few gentlemen in society, who are more anxious, like ——, to gratify that passion than to be over nice in their associates.

Mr. Spurrier fell at once into the hands of the spoiler. He lost everything to the last shilling, and gave up his landed estate* to the winners to be sold for their benefit. This man is now living here in the greatest poverty.

* * * * *

Thursday, 24*th*. — Met Heneage and Caradoc† at Aston's, where I dined. Sate with the latter after they were gone till three o'clock in the morning, talking over anecdotes of the late reign in England. An individual was mentioned whom we all knew formerly as *attaché* to this Embassy, and who had fallen under the suspicion of influencing Fortune at play. One day he was sitting in ——'s room at Rio, playing at écarté with some French naval officers who had dined there. It was at a time wher frequent riots were taking place in that city. Suddenly a volley of musketry was heard under the window. Every one jumped up to inquire what was the

* It sold for 28,000*l*.

† Now Lord Howden.

matter except our friend, who, perfectly regardless of the disturbance, continued to deal out the cards; and when all the backs were turned to him, coolly exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I beg you all to remark that I have turned up the king." His adversary returned to his game, and found our friend with five trumps in his hand.

Friday, 25th.—It is likely that Parliament will meet this year earlier than usual. The financial wheel is out of order, stocks are declining, and provisions rising. The boasted tide of prosperity seems inclined to ebb; and if these symptoms should increase, our Whig Cabinet may not find their task so smooth and easy as it has hitherto been. When the mass is happy and contented, few people wish to quarrel with their rulers, be they who they may; but when the shoe begins to pinch, they are always the first, whether right or wrong, to bear the blame. Our foreign policy with Turkey, Spain, and Portugal will also give ample scope for Lord Palmerston's ingenuity.

Saturday, 26th.—In the Gazette des Tribunaux of this morning are recorded two verdicts, which simultaneously prove the partiality of justice here.

M. Verteuil de Feuillas, editor of the paper called "La France," is prosecuted by the Government for inserting a letter from Goritz in which the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême are styled King and Queen. He is sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of 300 fr.

A drunken soldier named Gaspard seeks a quarrel with some inoffensive passengers in the street, and

without any provocation gives to one a cut across the face with his sabre; and when arrested by another, in order to bring him to justice, bites his finger to the bone, with the malice of a demon. His only plea before the military court is intoxication, and he is instantly acquitted by a majority of voices and sent back to his corps. One of the witnesses even was rather reprimanded for giving evidence against the soldier, as in a previous interview with the colonel of the 41st regiment that officer had said to him, "Eh bien, mon ami, est ce que vous voulez faire arriver de la peine à ce militaire?"

The inference to be drawn from these two verdicts is this, that the slightest whisper against the power of Louis-Philippe is punished severely, while the military, who support that power, are flattered and cajoled by an undue laxity. I have frequently observed in any *rixe* which may occur between the *bourgeois* and the soldier, the marked partiality which is shown to the latter.

Tuesday, 29th. — We have the most extraordinary weather for this time of year. It is mild as in spring, with frequent rain, and violent gales on the coast.

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Wednesday, 30th. — Amongst the expiring wits and beaux of high life, I can just recollect, when I was a boy, the famous George Selwyn, whose name is now nearly forgotten, but whose *bon-mots* then were in every one's mouth. He had a peculiarity so grafted in his nature, that it might be called a passion,—this was an irrepressible desire to see public executions. On one occasion of some particular

culprit being executed at Tyburn, a friend, who knew his foible, betted him 100 guineas that he would be present at the ceremony; he accepted the bet, and was discovered in the crowd, in the dress of an old apple-woman, and paid the money. During the period which followed the rebellion in 1746, he had attended the execution of Lord Balmerino at the Tower, and when reproached with cruelty, in witnessing the death of one whom he had personally known, he exculpated himself by pleading his foible, and adding, that if he had erred in going to see Lord Balmerino's head cut off, he had afterwards made every reparation in his power, by going the next day to see the head sewed on again, previous to the interment. When in Paris, his anxiety was so great to see a famous malefactor broke upon the wheel, that he hit upon a curious expedient. Upon great occasions of this sort (I think it was that of Damiens), the head executioner of Paris was wont to invite his comrades from the provinces, to assist at this specimen of their art. Selwyn contrived early to be near the scaffold, and when the provincial artists made their appearance, he joined their party at the bar through which they were admitted; the first was announced as Monsieur De Lyons, then Monsieur De Bordeaux, &c., but when it came to Selwyn's turn, the attendant, seeing he was an Englishman, said in an inquiring tone, "Monsieur De Londres?" to which Selwyn bowed assent, and mounted the scaffold in the character of the English Jack Ketch.

After Prince Boothby's death, who shot himself

in his room, because he was tired of dressing and undressing, but more, I believe, from ruined circumstances, the only remnant of that school, who to a much later period was seen in the streets of London, was old blue Hanger, Lord Coleraine, a beau of the first water, always beautifully powdered, in a light green coat, with a rose in his button-hole. He had not much wit or talent, but affected the *vieille cour*, and the manners of the French Court: he had lived a good deal in Paris before the Revolution, and used always to say, "that the English were a very good nation, but they positively knew not how to make anything but a kitchen poker." I remember many years ago the Duchess of York made a party to go by water to Richmond, in which Coleraine was included. We all met at a given hour at Whitehall Stairs, and found the Admiralty barge, with the Royal Standard, ready to receive us; but by some miscalculation of the tide, it was not possible to embark for near half an hour, and one of the watermen said to the Duchess, "Your Royal Highness must wait for the tide." Upon which Coleraine, with a very profound bow, remarked, "If I had been the tide, I should have waited for your Royal Highness." Nothing could have been more stupid, but there was something in the manner in which it was said that made every one burst out a laughing.

Much of Brummell's affectation of *vieille cour* was gleaned from these old remnants of French manners, as he had never been out of England till he left it for ever; but he imitated well, did it with good taste, and it certainly gave a tone to the manners of the

young men of that age, which has since declined among their successors.

Of the same school was also the late Lord Cholmondeley, always a great friend of George IV., who raised him to the Marquisate: he was a great frequenter of French society before the Revolution. He was one of the four who set up that celebrated Faro bank at Brookes's which ruined half the town. They would not trust the waiters to be croupiers, but themselves dealt the cards alternately, being paid three guineas an hour out of the joint fund, and at this rate Lord C——, and other noblemen of the highest rank, were seen slaving like menials till a late hour in the morning. Their gains were enormous, as Mr. Thompson of Grosvenor Square, and Lord Cholmondeley, realised each between 300,000*l.* and 400,000*l.* Tom Stepney had a share, but would always punt against his own partners, and lost on one side what he gained on the other. A Mr. Paul, who brought home a large fortune from India, lost 90,000*l.* in one night, was ruined, and went back to the East to make another.

Lord Cholmondeley was a very agreeable man, full of anecdote: he married a Bertie, sister of the late Lady Willoughby de Eresby; and the two sisters being co-heiresses to the office of Lord Great Chamberlain of England, every succeeding reign it is served alternately by a representative of one of the two families. He had always an excellent French cook, but was very sparing of his wine, though no other expense was grudged. I have often seen him keep a bottle of Sillery champagne in the ice-pail, close to

him, and dole it out by thimblefuls to the company, as if it gave him pain to part with it. He kept up to the last the old custom at large dinners of having the upper servants in full dress; his, I remember, were in dark brown coats with a broad gold lace: the Reform Bill has now done away with these old feudal displays, and poor Lord Cholmondeley's high-bred politeness seems to have vanished with them. Lady Cholmondeley was good nature personified; besides their three children, there were at that time two beautiful girls in the house, who found a father's care and affection in Lord Cholmondeley.

Miss Cholmondeley was probably his daughter *; she married Lord Durham, and died in little more than a twelvemonth afterwards. To Miss Seymour his claims of paternity were more disputed; George Selwyn was on the list, but George Prince of Wales always privately seemed to take the honour to himself, and showed great interest in her welfare; she married Lord Charles Bentinck; but when in consequence of this royal protection, an attempt was made on the marriage to quarter the royal arms with the bar of bastardy, a royal veto was immediately issued to prevent it.

Her life was also short; she died in a few years after her marriage.

Lord Cholmondeley had in his life been peculiarly fortunate in discovering old claims to property which

* Others say General Keppell's, but Miss Seymour was the daughter of Charles Windham; her mother was the celebrated Mrs. Elliott.

had been either dormant or unknown to his family. An instance of this sort gave rise to a lawsuit, which at one time was very much talked of. The late Lord Clinton, then quite a young man, became a member of Watier's Club, and unfortunately lost a considerable sum at whist: wishing to raise some money for this purpose on mortgage, he sent the title-deeds of his family estate to be investigated by a lawyer; this man, on looking over the deeds, found that an old claim existed on the whole property in favour of the Cholmondeley family, and forthwith informed his Lordship of the circumstance, who lost no time in commencing his action for the recovery. It made a great noise at the time; and as appearances at first were very much in favour of the suit, it was considered not only a very hard case upon Lord Clinton, who would thus be totally ruined, but an act of rapacity on the part of the other, who was in such very affluent circumstances. The claim, however, was never clearly made out, and a compromise took place. It was in this interval that old Mr. Coke*, of Holkham, satirically wrote a letter to Lord Cholmondeley to the following purport, viz. "that wishing to feel easy as to his own property, which he had inherited from a long train of ancestors, but knowing the various claims which his Lordship possessed upon that of others, he begged leave to inquire what sum he would be contented to receive, as an indemnity, for any claim he might hereafter think fit to make upon the Holkham Estate." Lord

* Afterwards raised to the Peerage with the title of Earl of Leicester.

Cholmondeley replied in the same facetious style, "that with every wish to tranquillise the mind of an old and much loved friend, he did not think that, in justice to his own family, he could consistently enter into any arrangement which might hereafter be so detrimental to their future interests."

Watier's Club had a very short duration in London; but it was a feature in the society of that day, which will long be remembered as a scene of dissipation and high play, attended with the most fatal and ruinous consequences. It was originally instituted in 1807 by the Maddocks's, Calverts, and Lord Headfort as a harmonic meeting; a house was taken in Piccadilly at the corner of Bolton Street, and Watier, a superlative cook, was hired as master of the revels. This destination of the club was soon changed; the dinners were so *recherchés*, and were so much talked of in town, that all the young men of fashion and fortune became members of it. The catches and glees were then superseded by cards and dice; the most luxurious dinners were furnished at any price, as the deep play at night rendered all charges a matter of indifference. Macao was the constant game, and thousands passed from one to another with as much facility as marbles.

Brummell was the supreme dictator, "their club's perpetual president," laying down the law in dress, in manners, and in those magnificent snuffboxes, for which there was a rage; he fomented the excesses, ridiculed the scruples, patronised the novices, and exercised paramount dominion over all. He had, as I have before said, great success at Macao,

winning in two or three years a large sum, which went no one knew how, for he never lost back more than a fourth of it before he levanted to Calais. During the height of his prosperity, I remember him coming in one night after the opera to Watier's, and finding the Macao table full, one place at which was occupied by Tom Sheridan, who was never in the habits of play, but having dined freely had dropped into the Club, and was trying to catch the smiles of Fortune by risking a few pounds which he could ill afford to lose. Brummell proposed to him to give up his place, and go shares in his deal; and adding to the 10*l.* in counters which Tom had before him 200*l.* for himself, took the cards. He dealt with his usual success, and in less than ten minutes won 1500*l.* He then stopped, made a fair division, and giving 750*l.* to Sheridan, said to him, "There, Tom, go home and give your wife and brats a supper, and never play again." I mention the anecdote as characteristic of the times, the set, and of a spirit of liberality in Brummell, which with all his faults he possessed, and which was shown towards an old friend in a way that left no pretext for refusal.

Among the singular characters that frequented Watier's Club, was a man named Bob Bligh, a heavy fat fellow, as mad as a March hare. He was first cousin to Lord Darnley, but had conceived a violent enmity against him, and whenever they met in the street attempted to horsewhip him.

He was frequently taken up by the police, and bound over to keep the peace; but as soon as he

saw his victim he forgot his recognizances and incurred fresh prosecution, which ended in a long confinement in the King's Bench.

One evening at the Macao table, when the play was very deep, Brummell having lost a considerable stake, affected, in his farcical way, a very tragic air, and cried out, "Waiter, bring me a flat candlestick and a pistol." Upon which Bligh, who was sitting opposite to him, calmly produced two loaded pistols from his coat pocket, which he placed on the table, and said, "Mr. Brummell, if you are really desirous to put a period to your existence, I am extremely happy to offer you the means without troubling the waiter." The effect upon those present may easily be imagined, at finding themselves in the company of a known madman who had loaded weapons about him.

Still, I must render one justice to that ill-fated club: — the high sense of honourable feeling which prevailed amongst the members, where all were equally incautious, and none would have deigned to take an unfair advantage of another. I must also add that general system of good breeding and good humour which, under very exciting circumstances, was never once interrupted by a personal quarrel. It remained for later times to produce a man of rank and fortune who would disgrace himself by acting the part of a sharper to his friends. The club commenced by a sinister event, which might be considered an omen of the desolation it was doomed to entail upon its votaries. The founder, Mr. John Maddocks, who married Lord Craven's sister, cut

his throat with a razor at his house in Stratton Street, under the momentary influence of mental aberration. The club did not endure for twelve years altogether; the pace was too quick to last: it died a natural death in 1819, from the paralysed state of its members; the house was then taken by a set of blacklegs, who instituted a common bank for gambling. To form an idea of the ruin produced by this short-lived establishment among men whom I have so intimately known, a cursory glance to the past suggests the following melancholy list, which only forms a part of its deplorable results.

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None of the dead reached the average age of man, and those who have survived may always look back to the life at Watier's as the source of their embarrassments.

Friday, December 3rd.—The gales have been so violent in Holland and in England, that the papers are filled with accounts of the damage to buildings and the lives that have been lost. A singular accident occurred to Prince Alexander, son of the Prince of Orange, this week. He was travelling in his carriage to the Hague, when the violence of the tempest tore up a tree by the roots, which fell exactly at the moment when the Prince was passing, and crushed the carriage to atoms. He was taken up lifeless, and for some time was considered in imminent danger, but hopes are since entertained of his recovery.

Saturday, 4th.—Mr. Fergusson, a friend of Belfast's, is just returned from a tour to Russia: he

went by sea, but in travelling from Petersburg he was stopped on the road by the police, who, on seeing his name on his passport, and supposing he was Mr. Cutlar Fergusson, the advocate of the Poles in the House of Commons, sent him back 120 versts; a proof that the Autocrat reads our newspapers with attention, and is anxious to give the Radicals a courteous reception.

I saw a letter to-day from the head-quarters of Don Carlos, written in high spirits, anticipating the speedy fall of Bilbao, and sanguine in the hopes of defeating the corps of Espartero, which was advancing to its relief.

Otho, King of Greece, was married on the 22nd ult. to the Princess Amelia of Oldenburg; he does not seem to hurry his return to his dutiful subjects.

A Court mourning for Charles X. has been ordered at Berlin, and funeral masses have been said for him at Rome. The Bourbon family is assembled at Goritz, for the opening of the will.

Monday, 5th. — The following horrible instance of justice at Morocco is taken from the "Moniteur" of Algiers.

"A butcher in that town, or rather a dealer in meat fried in oil, which the Moors call Khelia, hit upon an expedient to supply the wants of his customers without putting himself to any expense in the purchase of the commodity. He allured, under different pretexts, into a retired part of his house, those women in low life whose evil destiny brought them to his shop; there they were murdered, cut in pieces, and their flesh, when dressed, exposed for

sale on his shambles. Eight women had disappeared in this manner; at length his own wife conceived suspicions of this horrid traffic, and having ascertained the real fact, went and made a complete discovery to the Pacha. Retributive justice was soon awarded; the butcher was seized, and nailed alive to his own chopping block; four negroes were ordered to cut him in pieces, but slowly, and so gradually, that the miserable wretch could still live to see morsels of his own flesh fried before his face, and given to a pack of hungry dogs, who were assembled from all parts of the town for this disgusting purpose."

I was talking to Lord Granville, when we were joined by Lord Lyndhurst, who asked him if he meant to go over to England for the meeting of Parliament on the 31st of next month. "I do not know," said Lord Granville, "what object or amusement I could have in going to hear you make a violent speech against my friends;" and added, "Whatever it may be, I suppose you are prepared with a splendid amendment." "Oh," said Lord Lyndhurst, "amendments are of very little use." "There was one," replied Lord Granville, "which we carried in February last year, which was of rather serious importance."

The Court of Madrid has gone into mourning for three weeks for Charles X.; the Court of Sardinia for twenty days, and that of Lucca for six weeks.

An old friend, Major-General Sir Charles Greville, brother to the Earl of Warwick, died on the 2nd inst. at his house in town. He was a good officer,

had served during all the campaigns in Spain and Portugal, and was a mild, amiable man.

Friday, 10*th*.—I had a long letter this morning from Lord Wiltshire, dated Malta. He has been to the French colony at Algiers, which he describes as being in a tottering state. "They are in possession of very little territory beyond the town, and their furthest outposts are not more than seven or eight leagues from the Fort Empereur, which was built after Charles X.'s unsuccessful attack. The immediate neighbourhood of Algiers, though in possession of the French, cannot be traversed after sunset; and the Arabs, particularly the Hardjoute tribes, are very active in their annoyance. The Kabyles are to be found more in the immediate neighbourhood of Oran, as also Abdel Kader. At Bougie, another settlement about 150 miles to the eastward, where the tribes are more ferocious, they have never been able to go out of the fortress. The French tenure seems very precarious; and you would be surprised to see the little they have done since their six years' occupation; had they acted wisely, they would have given it up after having made the Dey disgorge his riches,—which, after all, only served to enrich Marshal Bourmont. The chief advantage of the French consisted in their artillery, of which the Arabs knew nothing. Now they have got four pieces well served, and will soon have more. Clausel is looking only to the main chance, and trying to enrich himself while the harvest lasts. The expedition to Mascara was cunningly got up for the Duke of Orleans, where little or nothing was to be got; but as soon as that

was over, he had Tremecen snugly cut and dry for himself. At that place there were considerable riches found in gold, silver, and jewels, as no European had ever penetrated there since the time of the Romans. The Marshal made a tool of that renegade Youssuff Bey, to bastinado men and women, and compelled the discovery of much hidden treasure, particularly belonging to the Jews. A considerable sale took place afterwards at Algiers, and the rest was shipped off for France; so you see there is still a thriving trade for French marshals.

"We found the Marquis of Waterford, and his brother Lord John in Africa. He sailed for Ireland in his yacht, the 'Gem,' with a cargo like Noah's Ark. Two gazelles, two eagles, two Carthage cranes, two vultures of the Atlas, &c. &c."

Tuesday, 13*th*.—The attempt to form a new passage to India by the river Euphrates is given up, and Colonel Chesney has been ordered home.

Considerable apprehension is entertained for the army of Marshal Clausel, which has marched to attack the Bey of Constantine. A telegraphic dispatch from Toulon announces that the cold and snow had made great havoc among the troops, and they had met with more resistance than was anticipated from the Arabs. The Duc de Nemours is attached to the expedition.

Lord Lyndhurst, who dined with me, with Lord Harry Vane and Aston, is full of amusing anecdote. He told us, that the other day at Court Lord Canterbury appeared in the dress uniform worn by the Speaker, which is very gorgeous, and at-

tracted the notice of the Mexican Minister, who was very anxious to know who it was. When Lord Lyndhurst told him it was Lord Canterbury, having only a confused idea of our titles, he replied, "Oh yes, I understand; Archbishop of Canterbury;" and without waiting for further explanation, he went about expressing his surprise that the English clergy should wear such splendid uniforms.

Wednesday, 14th.—Edward Ellice is in Paris again, and says that Thiers is organising a most violent opposition against the present Cabinet. For two successive days the Government has published disjointed bulletins from Marshal Clausel, supposed to arrive by the telegraph, and breaking off in the middle of a sentence, as if interrupted by the haziness of the weather. Each post seems more unsatisfactory than the preceding, and it has the air of a manœuvre to break gradually to the public, news which will cause some serious discontent.

Thursday, 15th.—Met at dinner at Mr. Francis Baring's, Count Medem, Secretary to the Russian Embassy, Aston and Montrond, who were all very pleasant. Baring married Mademoiselle Maret, daughter to the Duke of Bassano, who is one of the prettiest and most charming women in society.

The disaster has at length transpired. Clausel's army, after much suffering from cold and famine during its march to Constantine, has been attacked by the Arabs, and driven back with great slaughter, losing its baggage and artillery; many officers are killed and wounded. The Duc de Nemours is arrived at Toulon. Further particulars are expected

from the private letters, as the Government withholds as much as it can of the disastrous intelligence.

Nothing talked of but the disastrous affair at Constantine, which, from the inclemency of the weather and the harassing pursuit of the enemy, is likened to a retreat from Moscow in miniature. The French vanity is deeply wounded. General De Rigny has disgraced himself by his cowardly conduct. He called out, "*Sauve qui peut*," and fled from the field. Clausel was deceived by Youssuff Bey, who told him that the town was prepared to receive him with open arms, whereas they only waited the favourable moment to attack him.

Paul Sannegon, who went out as a *curieux* to see the campaign, fell a victim to the hardships he endured in a very few days, and died raving mad. A council of Ministers was held this night to deliberate on the dispatches. Much recrimination passed on all sides, and the members parted much exasperated. This business will create some awful discussions at the opening of the Chambers.

Two boys under seventeen were tried yesterday as conspirators to take away the life of the King in July last. It came out, that one of them, named Oursell, a candidate for fame, had written an anonymous letter to the Préfet de la Police, denouncing himself and his comrade as two Republicans intent on poniarding the King at the review. The order of the fêtes was countermanded, and the whole turns out to be a trick of these young rascals to mystify the Government, and make themselves the subject of

conversation. They were acquitted, of course, but deserved a sound flogging.

Saturday, 17*th*.—Clausel accuses the Government, and the Government accuses Clausel; but this much is certain, that during the whole year in Africa there are never more than six weeks of inclement weather, and it is precisely this season that the French have chosen for their operations. While the climate here has been so unusually mild that we hardly required fires, the cold and snow has decimated the French army in that southern latitude.

The conversation at the Club, where men of all parties and all nations meet, is very interesting. It makes a strong contrast to the trivial *commèrage* which forms the general topic of our meetings in St. James's Street. There, the same clique predominates; here, we have all the foreign Ministers and travellers, mixed with French Carlists, Philippistes, and Napoleonists, most of whom bear names that figure in the history of France.

One only inconvenience results from the medley, which is, that party-spirit runs very high, and influences the ballot to such an extent that few have any longer the chance of being admitted.

Sunday, 18*th*.—The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland drove into Paris yesterday with a train of five carriages and servants, which resembled the cavalcade of a sovereign. The people on the Boulevards said it must be "le Roi des Belges, ou,—le Pape."

Tuesday, 20*th*.—The Damers arrived in Paris.

We have had five whole months in Paris without a plot or an attempt to assassinate the King, which

gives us an unusual appearance of consistency. The Government papers are very sore at the Court mourning commanded in England for Charles X.

The accounts from St. Sebastian represent Colonel Evans's legion as in a state of mutiny from hunger and want of pay. Mendizabal's Government has failed in all his engagements towards them; and the poor deluded men are left in such distress, that they threaten to pillage the inhabitants of the town. Colonel Evans is anxious to return to England to meet his constituents; but instead of the laurels which he promised to acquire in Spain, he will have a melancholy account to give of his rash and ill-advised expedition.

Villareal is returned to Paris. He has been absent for little more than two years, during which he has been Minister for Foreign Affairs in Lisbon, and has again been obliged to take refuge in a foreign land. Palmella, who quitted Portugal with him, remains in England.

Wednesday, 21*st*. — It appears that one of the causes which have induced Madame Lipano to come to Paris is, her claim to the domain of Neuilly, the residence of the King. This property was formerly purchased by her as Grand Duchess of Berg, before she was Queen of Naples, and had been irregularly united by Napoleon to the domains of the Crown. At the Restoration, Louis XVIII. ceded it in exchange to the House of Orleans. The rights of Madame Murat are positive, but it becomes a matter of discussion whether the Civil List or the Treasury will make them good.

Madame Murat demands a million of francs instead of Neuilly, if the King chooses to retain his residence.

The Duc de Nemours is arrived at Paris without his baggage, which was left in the mud near Constantine. He will cut a sorry figure at the family dinner on Christmas Day.

Everything here is got up as a clap-trap. Last year at this period the Mascara expedition was enacted for the Duke of Orleans, who mingled his laurels with the mistletoe. This year, the tables are turned; and his brother brings nothing but a bunch of cypress. The chief disappointment of all is, the blank which it must make in the King's speech.

Friday, 23*rd*.—General de Rigny has demanded a court-martial on his conduct; and his friends say that he had been wantonly traduced by the Marshal in his dispatch. Prince Talleyrand is arrived in town. He has quite lost the use of his legs, but his general health is good, and he receives his friends as usual. Espartero has retired from before Bilbao, notwithstanding his force was superior to the enemy, and the Carlists in consequence have resumed the siege. The Christino Generals seem, one and all, to be either cowards or traitors. Gomez, who was supposed to be completely defeated in Andalusia, has reappeared with a considerable force, and seems marching towards Bilbao.

Sunday, 25*th*.—Christmas Day; the frost and snow began. A curious dinner took place yesterday at the Rocher de Cancale, when the political sentiments of the individuals are considered. Lords Lyndhurst and Lowther, Edward Ellice, and M. Thiers met

together by appointment. The two first are ultra-Tories, the two latter Republicans.

Tuesday, 27th. — The opening of the Chambers took place to-day. The ceremony was marked by a fresh instance of the implacability of the Republican party against the King. As Louis-Philippe passed out of the gate of the Tuileries in his coach, accompanied by his three sons, a ruffian approached and fired a pistol at him, but missed his aim. The ball passed close to his head, and shattered the carriage window on the opposite side, some splinters of which slightly wounded the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours. The man was instantly arrested; but has refused to give any name, though he openly acknowledges his intention. Though tolerably well-dressed, he appears to be of the lower orders, and of very vulgar countenance and manner. When stripped, he was pronounced by the physicians to be infected with the itch. The King has had a most narrow escape; but surrounded as he was by troops, National Guards, and policemen, with Marshal Lobau riding at the door of the carriage, it is wonderful to think that the criminal could have approached so near to his person.

The speech from the Throne had nothing remarkable in it, except the assurance that no military intervention in Spain would be contemplated.

The name of the assassin is discovered, though he refused to tell it. It is Meunier; he is a journeyman saddler at La Chapelle, near Paris, and has no accomplices.

Thursday, 29th. — The weather has been so severe, and the sea so stormy, that we have been a

whole week without any communication with England, which has not happened for fourteen years.

Friday, 30*th*. — Several individuals have been arrested; but it seems to be an isolated plot, although Meunier said to the police officer, "I am No. 2., you will soon hear of No. 3."

The Chambers are now opened, and the ballots for the presidents, vice-presidents, and secretaries of the Deputies, carried by very small majorities, prove that the Ministerialist party and that of the Opposition is nearly balanced.

Saturday, 31*st*.—The papers are just arrived from England, where the weather has been so unusually severe, and the drifted snow so deep, that the communication between London and the coast has been completely suspended.

Accounts arrived this evening from Bayonne state that the siege of Bilbao has been raised, the Carlists have been beaten by the forces of Espartero, and have lost much of their artillery; the solution of this enigma is explained by the presence of an English force with English cannon under Colquhoun, sent thither by the *non-intervening* Lord Palmerston at the moment when Louis-Philippe, his ally in the Quadruple Treaty, was publicly announcing his determination not to interfere.

1837.

TUESDAY, January 3rd.—There was a grand reception at Court for the new year. My daughter was presented by Mrs. Damer. The Royal Family looked careworn, but were very gracious to their visitors. When the King came up to Mrs. Damer, she expressed her happiness at seeing him look so well, notwithstanding the late shock which he must have received. His reply was very curious: "Yes, notwithstanding! but it is useless." What a wretched existence has he created for himself. One of the aides-de-camp also said to Mrs. Damer, "You see *what* we are come to; people are stationed in the ante-room to watch every visitor lest it should prove to be an assassin."

The Duke of Montrose has terminated a long life last week, aged eighty-two. Poor Lord Westmorland is fast declining, and two Garters will then be vacant.

Wednesday, 4th.—M. Dupin's speech to the King, as President of the Chamber, is much talked of; it was a caustic Philippic, taunting him with want of faith to his oaths, under the semblance of telling him what the nation expected of their King. The reply was adroit, without seeming to notice the allusion.

Tuesday, 10th.—English are studying the art of making sugar from beetroot at Valenciennes; and, notwithstanding our numerous colonies, we are not

to be left behind in this new production, which is daily becoming more extensive and important as an article of commerce in Europe. We were the first to ridicule this experiment of Napoleon, when in its infancy, and Talleyrand treated it with sovereign contempt.

Passing one day through the ante-room of the Emperor, he observed on the chimney-piece a paper containing some samples of the new invention; he looked at it with a smile, wetted the tip of his finger, and tasting the powder, shook his head, and said, "Va te faire sucre."

Wednesday, 11*th*.—A book has just appeared from the pen of the bibliophile Jacob, on the old subject of the Iron Mask, in which it is attempted to prove that this mysterious character was no other than the Surintendant Fouquet, whose trial and condemnation are so well described by Madame de Sevigné.

Louis XIV., fearful of attempts to effect his escape from Pignerol, and determined never to pardon him, propagates the report of his death, that he may the more effectually stifle the inquiries of his friends, and then continues his imprisonment under a new character, attended with all these additional precautions. It is a new version of an old story, which has been so carefully wrapped up in mystery by the authors, that it will never be clearly ascertained; but the proofs adduced are not so plausible as those adduced by Voltaire for this victim of State policy having been the Comte de Vermandois. There were, however, circumstances in the case of Fouquet to cause a dire animosity on

the part of the monarch. His unblushing peculations, his royal magnificence — which excited even the envy of his master at Grand Vaux — his ambitious attempt to grasp the power of Mazarin, all hastened his fall; but private reasons of a more delicate nature increased the exasperation, when he openly made love to Madame le la Vallière, and afterwards, when his papers are supposed to have proved the assertion which, true or false, was made by the enemies of the widow Scarron, from whom the following note was said to have been found in his bureau: —

"Je ne vous connois point assez pour vous aimer, et quand je vous connoîtrois, peut-être je vous aimerais moins. J'ai toujours fui le vice, et naturellement je haïs le péché, mais je vous avoue que je haïs encore d'avantage la pauvreté. J'ai reçu vos dix mille écus; si vous voulez en apporter encore dix mille dans deux jours, je verrai ce que j'aurai à faire."

This may account for increased animosity when the King became attached to Madame de Maintenon; and as the death of Fouquet at Pignerol was publicly announced in the beginning of 1681, his fresh sufferings must have lasted till the 29th of September, 1703, when the man with the Iron Mask was relieved from his chains by death.

Thursday, 12th. — Baron Gerard, one of the most celebrated French painters, died yesterday in Paris in his sixty-sixth year. His two chief productions are the Belisarius and the Battle of Austerlitz, which are well known to the world.

Meunier persists in maintaining an obstinate silence. On Saturday he was interrogated for three

hours by Baron Pasquier, to whom he gave an account of his past life, without throwing any light on the conspiracy. Arrests, however, still continue.

Friday, 13*th*.—Charles de Mornay is arrived in Paris, on leave of absence from his embassy at Stockholm, where he had met with Lord and Lady L—— on their way to Russia. He asked her Ladyship if she was going on to Vienna, when she very frankly replied, "I was guilty of so many impertinences there during the time that I was Ambassadress, that I should be afraid to show my face."

A long brevet has appeared in the "Gazette" of promotions military and naval: among the list of Major-Generals, I see the name of my quondam friend, ——. It is near twenty years ago that I remember at Oatlands, Tom Stepney, when drunk after dinner, alluding to him, and saying to the Duke of York, "Why does not your Royal Highness make —— a general?" The event is now accomplished. Stepney got into a habit of saying so many impertinent things to the Duke, that he was gradually discarded from his society, but a reconciliation took place about two years previous to the Duke's death, and a dinner was given by Stepney on the occasion at his house in Henrietta Street. To ingratiate himself with his guest, a whist table was made up for the Duke, contrary to our usual custom, and by the same token I remember that I was kept there till six o'clock in the morning.

Monday, 18*th*.—Another old friend is gone. Poor Frederick Ponsonby died last Thursday of an affection of the heart. He was second son of the Earl of

Bessborough, and married in 1825 to Lady Emily Bathurst. He was an excellent cavalry officer, a man of high courage as well as of the mildest disposition. At the battle of Waterloo he was severely wounded by the French lancers in a charge, and left all night for dead on the field of battle; in this dangerous state he was found the next morning, and after a long confinement recovered. Hume, the Duke's surgeon, always said that he was indebted for his life to the extreme tranquillity of his character, which was never ruffled by irritation or discontent. After his marriage he obtained the appointment of military commander and then Governor of Malta, where he resided several years; he was a General in the army, had a regiment, but has left a family with slender means of support.

He was a great friend of Charles Bouverie, for whom in his reverses, he obtained, through Lord Bathurst, his little sinecure in the West Indies, which was abolished afterwards by Lord Grey and the Whigs, and survived him only a few months. Poor Bouverie wanted to call out Lord Grey for being thrown upon the *pavé* by this retrenchment. In early life Ponsonby lost large sums at play, which were paid by his relation the late Duke of Devonshire, who married his mother's sister, Lady G. Spencer.

Lady Bessborough was a leading character, with her sister the Duchess, in those entertainments at Devonshire House, which many years ago engrossed all the wit and fashion of London society for a long period, since quoted as the æra of refinement and pleasure. Even Lady Granville now, when she

meets an ancient votary of those days, illustrated by her mother, will say, "He too remembers Devonshire House."

The late Duke was one of those impassible characters, who allow nothing to ruffle their serenity, high born, well bred, with all the formality of the *vieille cour*. He was the head of the Whig party, the Duchess the active mover in all the cabals of that day. I remember the sensation created in town by her personal canvass for the buff and blue interest, at the famous election of Charles Fox for Westminster, when she drove about in a splendid carriage to solicit the votes of the different tradesmen. One butcher was refractory, and stipulated for a salute, as the only price at which he would sell his suffrage, and the beautiful Duchess yielded her cheek to the greasy suitor. The streets then resounded with the following ballad:—

"A Piccadilly beauty
Went out on canvassing duty
To help the great distresses
Of poor little Carlo Khan.

"The butchers and the bakers,
The grocers, undertakers,
The milliners and toymen,
All vote for Carlo Khan."

In those days the men of fashion were scholars as well as wits, and Fitzpatrick celebrated the same event in a Latin epigram which was much admired:—

"Quis dea sublimi vehitur per compita curru?
An Juno, an Pallas, an Venus ipsa venit?
Si genus aspicies Juno est, si dicta Minerva,
Si spectes oculos, mater amoris erit."

The Duchess was a great favourite of George IV., then Prince of Wales, who derived from her society much of that high-bred manner, for which he was always remarkable.

At length she died in 1806, and with her faded away the splendid gaieties of Devonshire House.

The Duke then married Lady Elizabeth Forster, who after his death lived chiefly at Rome: he remained a constant pillar of the club at Brookes's, where, his rubber at whist ended, a hot supper with boiled mackarel while in season, constantly awaited his Grace at four in the morning.

To return to Sir Frédk. Ponsonby: the physicians had long ago pronounced that the action of his heart was disordered, that he might live on for years, but that when the crisis came, he would die suddenly, as if by a pistol shot. He was travelling to town with his family, he stopped to dine at the inn at Murrell Green, and just as he had seated himself at table fell off his chair and expired.

Tuesday, 17th.—Charles Greville arrived from London, and sat an hour with me this morning.

Ferney has been sold by auction! This philosophic Mecca to which, scarcely fifty years ago, crowds went in pilgrimage; this consecrated spot, the threshold of which in the 18th century was passed with the deepest respect by the visitors, who bowed before the bed and the fauteuil of its master, as before holy relics; all, we understand, are to be converted, under the new possessor of Ferney, into a manufactory of beet-root sugar. The temple, which bears on its front this proud inscription, "Deo

crexit Voltaire," will become probably a stable or granary.

Farinelli, the celebrated composer, died at Trieste on the 12th ult.: he must have been a descendant of the famous singer whom Hogarth introduced into his Rake's Progress.

Sunday, 22nd.—The trial at Strasbourg has just terminated by a verdict of acquittal; it is difficult to conceive upon what grounds, except, that as the Government had thought it prudent to remove the principal without trial from France, the jury did not feel disposed to condemn the subaltern agents. It is a proceeding which cannot strengthen the throne, and will probably give rise to fresh movements and disorders.

A man belonging to the beet-root sugar manufactory of St. Saulon, near Valenciennes, a few days ago in a moment of irritation, arising out of a dispute, threw one of his companions into a vat full of syrup. The victim scrambled out, and hastened to the town to lay a complaint before a magistrate. The frost was very severe, and before he reached his destination the syrup became so completely candied that he bore all the appearance of an enormous stick of barley-sugar, insomuch that when he came to the magistrate's door, his arms were glued to his sides, and he was obliged to entreat a person passing by to pull the bell for him. The plaintiff received 15fr. damages for the assault, and paid 20fr. to the proprietors for loss on the syrup.

Lord Lyndhurst is gone, and the other Members of both Houses are on their departure.

The following new Peers have been created...

Lord Howard, of Effingham .	. Earl of Effingham.
Lord Ducie	. Earl of Ducie, Baron Moreton.
Lord Yarborough . . .	. Earl of Yarborough, Baron Worsley.
Ed. B. Portman, Esq. . .	. Baron Portman.
T. A. Fraser, of Lovat . .	. Baron Lovat.
William Hanbury . . .	. Baron Bateman.

Monday, 23*rd*.—The Earls of Rosslyn and Arran are both dead, at the advanced age of seventy-five. The former was long seated on the Opposition benches with his friend Fox and the Whigs, but he at last joined the Tory party and the Duke, about seven years ago, just before they quitted office, and has since acted with them; he and Lord Jersey changed their politics about the same time, and with the same success.

A duel has arisen out of the trial at Strasbourg. One of the prisoners, Commander P——, called out a witness, Col. Tallandier, and received from him a serious sword wound. Some idea may be formed of P——, by the following anecdote related of him the other day at the club by Sir Richard Acton. He was engaged in an important lawsuit, which was defended by a brother of P——, who is a barrister at Paris; the Commandant called upon him one morning, and stating his relationship to the adverse counsel, offered to bring him over to Sir Richard's interest, if he would give him 100,000 fr. for himself. The only notice he took of this proposal was to inform the counsel of his brother's proceedings, who sent him word that he was a *vaurien*.

Tuesday, 24*th*.—The Duc de T——, brother to the Prince, aged seventy-six years, has been for some time past in a state of mental weakness. A trial came on the other day to decide on a claim made by one Moursalt on the Duke for a sum of 10,500 fr., for which he had been unwarily entrapped into giving his promissory note. The plaintiff was non-suited, and the trial was not otherwise remarkable than as to the examination of the Duke himself in Court, to prove his actual state of mind. In this act, the Duke declares, that he is only thirty-eight years old. He is asked if he has any fortune, he replies that chance has very often procured him the means of happiness. "What sort of happiness?" asked the Judge. "Such as at present," (replied the Duke, like an old courtier,) "that of finding myself in good company." "Are you able to count?" asked the President. "Without doubt, do you take me for a child?" Some pieces of money are placed before him, but the poor Duke, after an attempt to calculate the number, loses his head. "What are your habits of life?" "I like to see good company. I like to give,—my daughter lives with me, I breakfast, I dine, and then we go to bed." The Duke had formerly been proprietor of the Park and Castle at Rosny; this property is recalled to his recollection, and he still imagines that the Duchess de Berry is living there. Everything proved that he was unable to manage his affairs, or to defend himself from the wiles of the designing. He was formerly a very handsome man, and one of the leaders of the *ton* in Paris; twenty years ago, after the peace, he

was a constant attendant at the Salon des Etrangers, held in the Rue Grange Batelière, which was then the resort of the highest society, both French and foreigners. I at that time used to remark that every evening previous to sitting down to the Hazard table, he retired to the fireplace, and placing his hand across his face, appeared to mutter something to himself. On inquiry, I learnt that he was making a little silent prayer for success.

The Prince Talleyrand, though now in his eighty-fourth year, still enjoys good bodily health, while his mental faculties remain unimpaired by the ravages of time: he is still as remarkable as ever for the quickness of his perception, and the poignancy of his repartee. C. Greville dined with him the other day; the conversation turned on the longevity of animals, when some one appealed to the Prince, whether the perroquets were not supposed to arrive at the longest age. His answer was accompanied with a sarcastic glance at one of the guests, "Je ne me connois pas dans *la vie* des perroquets, mais j'en ai vû beaucoup qui radotent."

Saturday, 28th.—Chas. Greville received a letter with the news of the death of Lady Combermere, after two days' illness. She had persisted in attending the funeral of the late Mr. Fulke Greville, her father, when previously in a bad state of health herself, and the agitation produced by the scene brought on a nervous fever, under which she sank in forty-eight hours.

The accounts from England of deaths by influenza are quite appalling. Here the disorder is not

of so dangerous a nature, but half the inhabitants have been attacked by it.

Monday, 30*th*.—The letters from England mention that the Government is come to an understanding with its Radical supporters, who have agreed to give them a little respite on condition that they will resume active operations after Easter.

A great Protestant meeting has taken place at Dublin, which was attended by all the rank and property of that persuasion. It concluded with a petition to the King and the House of Lords, enumerating the grievances and oppression which they are enduring under the present system.

Tuesday, 31*st*.—This morning died Sir Richard Acton, of a pulmonary complaint, which after a few days' illness carried him to the grave. He married, four years ago, the daughter of the Duc Dalberg, by whom he has one son. Sir Richard was grandson to Sir John Acton, well known as Minister to Queen Caroline of Naples. He had a magnificent palace in that city, an estate on the Rhine, and a good family property in Shropshire. The society in Paris has been much struck by an event which has so suddenly hurried away a young man of thirty-two from a beautiful wife and every circumstance of fortune which could render life desirable. The Damers were engaged to dine at his house on the day that he died.

Wednesday, *February* 1*st*.—Charles Greville dined with me. At seven o'clock, the second edition of "Galignani's Messenger" was brought in, containing the King's Speech, delivered yesterday in Parliament.

Supposing that it was read by the Commissioners at two o'clock, it is wonderful to conceive the celerity with which it has been forwarded to Paris. The document itself is more than usually meagre;—it absolutely says nothing.

The opening of the Chambers has been signalised by the proposal from Ministers of three *projets de loi:*—The payment of a million to Leopold, as the dower of his Queen; an appanage to the Duke de Nemours of Rambouillet, and 500,000 fr. per annum; and a law of non-revelation, which will constitute those who have cognizance of any plot or conspiracy against the State, and do not become informers themselves, equally guilty with the projectors. These are not measures to render the present dynasty more popular.

Friday, 3rd.—Charles Greville returned to England.

The opening of Parliament presents no feature of interest. The Address was carried without any amendment, as the Speech was evidently framed to avoid all discussion. Sir R. Acton's body has been opened, and it appears that his lungs were not affected; his disorder was the epidemic influenza, and supposed to have been improperly treated.

Saturday, 4th.—The French Ministry are very much annoyed that no allusion to France has been made in our King's Speech.

Sunday, 5th.—Many more deaths in England from influenza; among others, Lord W. Seymour, aged seventy-seven, brother to the first Marquis of Hertford. He was a very eccentric character, and

led a wandering life,—travelling over the country on foot in the dress of a sailor; living at wretched inns at little expense, with this peculiarity, that he always had during the night several candles burning in his room. He married a Miss Clitherowe, from whom he had long been separated, and whom he used very ill.

Tuesday, 7th.—The Mardi Gras was very cold and dull. But few masks on the Boulevards. A grand ball at Lord Pembroke's. Marshal Clausel has addressed the following letter to M. Dupin, President of the Chamber of Deputies:—

"Sir,

"On arriving in Paris, I read a speech which you addressed to the King in the name of the Chamber of Deputies, on the 1st of January. In the paragraph relating to Africa, I remark this phrase: 'And we extend its power even into that country where Rome, already become venal, had the misfortune to send Calpurnius, and to meet with Jugurtha.' The different interpretations which have been given to your expression force me to demand an explanation, which I trust you will not refuse to me.

"I have the honour, &c.,

"MARSHAL CLAUSEL."

M. Dupin has replied, that his allusion was classical, and not personal,—that he merely introduced the subject to show his convictions of the baneful consequences which would result to France from retaining this fatal legacy of the Restoration; and

some mutual friends have since interfered to effect a reconciliation between the parties.

Wednesday, 8th. — There is something in the present state of this country which to a near observer must appear alarming. The King gains not in popularity, to say the least. The Government has no decided majority in the Chambers. The Carlist party is firm and sullen; the Republicans are active and untameable; the nation itself is not contented, but from selfish motives desirous of tranquillity; the service of the National Guard is considered irksome; the new laws against the press have irritated that formidable engine against the authors; and though the military force is very imposing, and every precaution is taken to fill the public streets with municipal guards and policemen, yet any day an *émeute* may arise, which if seconded at the moment by circumstances, no one can say what might in four and twenty hours produce a revolution.

Thursday, 9th. — An affair not very creditable to Prince —— is related in the "Gazette des Tribunaux."

Mr. Fred. Posson, Mayor of Passy, has a claim since 1829 on the Duc de —— for 12,000 fr.

With a view of obtaining some redress, Posson addresses himself to the Prince and to the Duchesse de ——, and sends them the proofs of his claim through M. Gabriel Delessert. After waiting a long time, and receiving no reply, he makes application to the Prince for the restitution of his documents, who denies having received them, or at least asserts that if they were sent to him they had been forwarded

at once to the Duke de ——, whose debts he was not obliged to pay. A suit was instituted against the Prince by Posson, who lost his cause and also the vouchers of his claim.

Friday, 10*th*. — On Monday last died at Greatford, where he had laboured under mental derangement for forty-five years, the Marquis of Drogheda, aged sixty-eight. He was the eldest son of the late Marquis, who married the sister of the first Marquis of Hertford, a very eccentric character, passionately fond of play, to which he was a victim all his life, and subjected to great pecuniary embarrassments. In his later years his estates were put out to nurse, and a moderate pension was allowed to him by the creditors for his subsistence. He was a constant frequenter of the Dame Street Club in Dublin, where the quarter-day of his income was generally known, as he then resumed his seat at the gaming-table, where he constantly lost all that he received, except a small sum which he reserved for a frugal maintenance till the next quarter came round, which was then appropriated in the same manner. He had a second son, Lord Henry Moore, with whom I long lived on terms of great intimacy. Barring two faults, the hereditary love of play, and a certain irascibility of temper, Henry Moore was one of the most amiable and agreeable companions that I ever knew; his manners were the very type of a high-bred gentleman, and extremely fascinating when he pleased. He had a good figure, an air of great *douceur*, with a sort of easy *nonchalance* in society, which might characterise Don Mathias de Sylva.

He had a good voice, and, during the annual meetings of the worthy and independent electors of Orford, in those gone-by days of *boroughism* for the house of Hertford, his song would often enliven the evening till the party returned to the hall. He was a great favourite of his uncle, the late Marquis, and lived constantly under his roof in Manchester House, though perfectly independent of the family, who sometimes for weeks together heard no tidings of his existence, except from the intemperate application of an occasional refractory dun at his lordship's door, who was not unfrequently kicked down stairs for his impertinence. His habits at times were very retired; but when he emerged from his solitude, and made his appearance at White's, everyone was anxious to enjoy his society, and ask him to dinner, — *C'étoit à qui l'auroit.*

This name recalls an anecdote of ——, of which Y—— reminded me only the other day, when he was dining with us. Henry Moore and a few others were at that time in Paris, and playing constantly at the Salon. One evening, after various success and reverses, he found himself a winner of 10,000 francs, and, doubting his resolution not to risk it again, gave it in charge to ——, who was one of the party, until they should have quitted the house. All adjourned afterwards to Henry Moore's rooms, where, when the guardian was asked for the deposit, by some unaccountable accident it was found that he had lost it from his pocket. Lord H. Moore married, in 1826, Miss Parnell, daughter of Sir Henry Parnell, but he unfortunately died in little

more than a year afterwards, leaving an only son, who now succeeds to the title and estates of Drogheda.

Saturday, 11*th*. — The Brigadier Bruyant condemned to death by a Council of War at Tours for his complicity in the plot at Vendôme, has had his sentence changed by the King into perpetual imprisonment.

Sunday, 12*th*. — The weather has been so stormy that the English mails and letters are not arrived, which disappoints us from hearing the result of ——'s trial, which was to take place on Friday last. Montrond has been very ill for the last three or four weeks. He is visited daily by Prince Talleyrand, who, unable himself to mount the long flights of stairs which lead to his apartment in the Rue Blanche, can only communicate with him through the servants. He is seventy years old, but his naturally strong constitution seems yielding to violent spasms.

Monday, 13*th*. — The post this morning brought me a few lines from ——, dated White's, Saturday night, saying —— has lost his cause; the jury did not take ten minutes to deliberate on their verdict for the defendant. The papers state that the trial lasted two days. The Attorney-General and Sir W. Follett were retained as counsel by ——.

On the 7th inst. died at St. Gall the ex-King of Sweden, who had resided there for some years under the name of Col. Gustavson. He was born on the 1st of November, 1778. Though a minor, he suc-

ceeded his father, Gustavus III., under the guardianship of his uncle, the Duke of Sudermania. He married a Princess of Baden, and, after a variety of unfortunate events, he abdicated the throne on the 29th of March, 1809. His death was occasioned by an affection of the chest, which was not considered dangerous. He has left a son, who is a general in the Austrian service.

Wednesday, 15th.—The reports from England of a change in the Ministry become more and more prevalent. The talents displayed by Sir R. Peel and Sir James Graham in the late debates on the Irish Municipal Question so far threw their opponents into the shade that they seemed unequal to a contest on which they pledged themselves to stake their continuance in office. The "Quotidienne" says, the Whig Cabinet, hitherto led on by an Irish firebrand, has run its race. It has for a time deceived the nation.

The affairs of Don Carlos seem to wear an unfavourable aspect; complaints are made of want of money, and an expedition is preparing at St. Sebastian's under Evans, in which the legion is to be reinforced by a body of Spanish troops, and an attack is forthwith to be made on the Carlist lines. It is said that Gomez, while preparing to fly to France with his booty, was arrested, and brought before a Council of War at Duranjo; from thence he was sent to the Castle of Garbara.

The Government at Madrid remains on no very solid foundation. Mendizabal is unable to raise money for the public exigencies, and has been pub-

licly insulted by the soldier Garcia, who headed the insurrection at St. Ildefonso.

Thursday, 16th.—A book has lately been published called the "Posthumous Memoirs of Wraxall:" I trust that if this Journal should ever meet the public eye, it may be allowed to have more claims to veracity than those "Memoirs." Among other calumnies they impute to Mr. Pitt a venality, which was not only belied by his disinterested conduct through life, but attested by the poverty in which he died. I have heard many anecdotes of that great man from my father, who, when Governor of the Bank at a very awful crisis of public affairs, 1797, had frequent communications with him both of a public and private nature, and he always expressed his deep conviction of Mr. Pitt's highly disinterested conduct. It is possible that many of those who enjoyed his intimacy may have availed themselves of the information which they derived from him to speculate with advantage in the funds; but so ignorant was the Premier of these circumstances, that he once said to my father, with great *naïveté*, "So little do public events influence the financial system as I should have expected, that had I been a speculator, with all my means of information, I should have been a ruined man." At that period I was a boy, and how often have I rode over with my father to Holwood from Freelands, where we lived, and while he was closeted with the Minister I was left to wait in the dining-room, which I had full time to explore. The furniture was of the most simple description; I remember a *chaise longue* was drawn near the fire-

place, on which he might be supposed to have thrown himself on his arrival from town, when jaded by a long and stormy debate in the House; a few books lay on a hanging shelf within reach, amongst which I recollect a pocket Virgil, marked and dogs-eared in every part of the Æneid. It may be recollected that the quotations in his speeches were generally taken from that source. No Minister was ever the subject of so many caricatures, or of so much virulent abuse from the Opposition, as Pitt; even his predilection for a bottle of port, which after his violent exertions in debate was probably necessary to his existence, was imputed to him as an excess. One of the best of these, called "Uncorking old Sherry," (alluding to the debate on the Regency Bill, when some remarks from him roused the ire of Sheridan,) represents Pitt uncorking a bottle and completely inundated with the effervescent contents, while the bloated countenance and red nose of Sheridan is apparent in the foam. One vulgar paper gave the following character of him in *dog-Latin*:— "Warcarryonissimus, taxgatherissimus, vinum guzzleando potentissimus, prettygirlibus indifferentissimus, et filius bitchæ damnatissimus."

Notwithstanding the untruths and calumnies in "Wraxall," there is one point in which he may pass muster: he seems to give a fair account of the debates which occurred during his time in Parliament; and, notwithstanding the irritation which existed between parties at that period, and the violent speeches which were occasionally made in the heat of debate, it is impossible to deny that a spirit

of high gentlemanly feeling and conduct existed *then*, which is become much less apparent among their *reformed* descendants.

Fox—the political rival of Pitt—was exempted from the failing that promoted the late sittings of the Tory Cabinet dinners of that day, where Lord Bath, Lord Sidmouth, and Dundas were formidable winebibbers. But he was the most undaunted and the most unsuccessful gambler at Brookes's. He was often heard to say that the greatest pleasure in life was winning at hazard, and the next approaching to it, was losing at hazard. He frequently sat up at play till a late hour in the morning, then, without going to bed, adjourned to the House of Commons, and spoke with his usual eloquence. As the epigram said, he was often in distress for money:—

"In gaming, indeed, he's the stoutest of cocks,
No man will play deeper than this Mr. Fox."

"If he touches a card—if he rattles a box—
Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox."

"He has met, I'm afraid, with so many hard knocks,
That cash is not plenty with this Mr. Fox."*

Friday, 17*th*.—An event occurred the other day at Port Louis, near L'Orient, which has created much sensation in that neighbourhood. A young lady who was waltzing at a ball, suddenly felt the hand of her partner become of an icy coldness; she looked at his features, and beholding a deadly paleness, and the muscles of his countenance dreadfully

* These lines were written by General Fitzpatrick upon Stephen Fox, the elder brother of Charles Fox.

distorted, she gave a cry and lost her senses. Both the dancers lay prostrate on the ground. Every one ran to their assistance, and by degrees she was recovered from her fainting fit, but when they attempted to raise her partner he was a corpse. The young lady remains in a distressing state of mind; she maintains her dancer had ceased to exist for several seconds, and that she had waltzed round the room with a corpse.

An extensive fire has taken place at the Palace of the King of Naples: the apartments of the Queen Mother and of the Count de Syracuse have been entirely consumed, with other parts of the mansion; there seems to be a sad fatality attached to the marriage of an archduchess.

The negotiations opened by Mendizabal to obtain money on the mortgage of the island of Cuba, proceed but slowly, and it is nearly certain that they will fail. It is said that a very energetic note on the subject has been addressed by the ambassador of the United States to the Minister of Finance. The American envoy declares that his Government will never consent to the cession of Cuba, nor suffer the English to set foot on the island. This possession, according to the diplomatist in question, must remain Spanish, or be declared independent.

The following is given as an unpublished letter written by Napoleon to Talma, after the siege of Toulon: —

"I have fought like a lion for the Republic. But, my good friend Talma, as my reward I am left to die with hunger. I am at the end of all my resources.

That miserable fellow Aubry (then Minister of War) leaves me in the mire when he might do something for me.

"I feel that I have the power of doing more than Generals Santerre and Rossignol, and yet they cannot find a corner for me in La Vendée, or elsewhere, to give me employment. You are happy: your reputation depends upon yourself alone. Two hours passed on the boards bring you before the public, whence all glory emanates. But for us soldiers, we are forced to pay dearly for fame upon an extensive stage, and, after all, we are not allowed to attain it. Therefore do not regret the path you have chosen. Remain upon your theatre. Who knows if I shall ever appear again upon mine. I have seen Monvel (a distinguished comedian); he is a true friend. Barras, President of the Directory, makes fine promises, but will he keep them? I doubt it. In the meantime I am reduced to my last sous. Have you a few crowns to spare me? I will not refuse them, and promise to repay you out of the first kingdom I win by my sword. How happy were the heroes of Ariosto; they had not to depend upon a Minister of War.

"Adieu. Yours,
"BONAPARTE."

Saturday, 18th.—The Duke of Brunswick has gained a cause in the Courts here against our Duke of Cambridge for damages resulting from interference in his affairs, and has obtained a verdict for 120,000 francs.

The police had long been watching a journeyman

mechanic named Champion, having obtained information that he was constructing a new infernal machine. He was arrested yesterday morning; but, being left a short time alone in his prison, he took advantage of the opportunity, and hung himself with his cravat.

Serjeant Garcia has not yet been brought to trial, and M. Mendizabal is said to be in no hurry for the decision of his case, especially before the bar of public opinion. It is added, that the Minister is apprehensive of certain inconvenient revelations on the subject of the events at La Granja.

The Carlists are making every exertion to resist the approaching attacks from the Anglo-Christine forces.

Tuesday, 21*st*.—The Abbé de Pradt, who as a literary character and a diplomatist, has always stood higher in his own opinion than in that of the world, is now past eighty; and although the little talent he may have once possessed is sensibly on the wane, his self-sufficiency remains unimpaired. He has lately published a political *brochure*, in commenting on which the "Corsaire" takes upon itself the office imposed on Gil Blas by the Archbishop of Grenada, which will probably be as palateable to the Abbé as it was to his Eminence.

A friend of mine dined the other day in company with a large party, amongst whom were M. Berryer, the orator, and the Abbé de Pradt. When coffee was announced, and the gentlemen had retired to the *salon*, Berryer, who had several visits to pay in the evening, was looking for his hat, and preparing to take his departure; at this moment the Abbé lays

violent hands upon him, and, not regarding his excuses, insists upon his giving him attention for five minutes. "Asseyons nous un instant sur ce canapé, j'ai quelque chose à vous dire." M. Berryer, finding that escape was impossible, resigns himself to his fate, expressing, by a glance to the company, how much he was annoyed by the proposal, and after a conversation (in which the Abbé was the principal speaker) had lasted a full half-hour, seized a moment of pause, and retired.

As he left the room, the Abbé came up to my friend and said to him, "Quelle est votre opinion sur M. Berryer?" He said, without hesitation, "C'est un homme de très grand talent, un orateur très distingué; son éloquence a peut-être plus de brillant que de profondeur, mais je le crois bien digne de la réputation qu'il s'est acquise." The Abbé, who had been little satisfied with his interview, immediately seized the point, and said, "Je partage complétement votre opinion. M. Berryer n'est rien moins que profond dans ses idées; voila une demi heure que je cause avec lui, et je ne crois vraiment pas qu'il ait compris un mot de ce que je lui ai dit."

Wednesday, 22nd.—The fire at the Palace at Naples was not extinguished without great difficulty. In order to prevent its communicating to the Théâtre San Carlos, a wall eight feet in thickness was raised. The library and the magnificent collection of pictures have been destroyed. The Prince of Syracuse narrowly escaped. The cause of the fire is not known.

Several persons have been examined touching the plot of Champion, but no discovery made. It would

seem that all regicides were either isolated assassins, acting from a settled purpose, or firm in their oath of secrecy, as there is no instance of their making any confession of their accomplices. Ravaillac, Damiens, Louvel, and those of later date, have all died true to their cause, without leaving any clue to the instigators behind the curtain; and thus, though defeated in their immediate object, they still leave their victim a prey to future alarm.

Thursday, 23*rd.*—I went to the Français to see the new piece by Scribe, called "the Camaraderie," which has had great success. It is in the style of our "Critic," unmasking the manœuvres by which certain charlatans in literature attempt to puff each other into public notice; there is much wit in the dialogue, some severe hits on the Chamber of Deputies, and the characters one and all are admirably supported.

Friday, 24*th.* — A young man named Edm. Mourra, residing at Marle, dressed himself as a Pierrot, during the Carnival, and accompanied by some friends repaired to the masked ball in that town. After frequent libations of punch, and considerable exertions in the quadrille, Mourra fell suddenly on the ground, apparently in a fit; attempts to bleed him were ineffectual, and it was soon found that he was dead.

On the following day his father gave notice to the curate to prepare for the funeral, but the priest obstinately refused to perform the service. The parents applied to the Mayor of the Commune, who certified in his double character of magistrate and

physician, that the young man had died of a complaint in the heart, which had long threatened his existence. The curate, still inexorable, declined officiating, unless the Bishop of Soissons would sanction the ceremony. The Bishop confirmed the refusal of his minister, and the body was conveyed to the grave without any religious attendance, but accompanied by the municipal officers and the whole population of the district, who by their numbers expressed their disapprobation of their intolerant pastor.

Lord Granville tells me that a telegraphic dispatch has announced to the French Ministry the division in the House of Commons on the Irish Municipal question, being a majority of 80 in favour of the measure.

Saturday, 25th. — A law has just been promulgated here prohibiting the sale, and indeed the possession, of pocket pistols, which hitherto had been permitted. Every day seems to produce some new and trifling but vexatious act of arbitrary power. The numerous unfounded arrests, constant prosecutions of the daily press, and trumpery prohibitions of this nature give no time for public irritation to subside; and when this order of things is compared with the fine promises that were made by Louis-Philippe on his ascending the throne, can it be wondered that the great mass of the nation who wished for liberty as well as good order, should feel indignant at the deception which has been practised upon them? I hear various foreigners eloquent in praise of the talents and sagacity of this monarch; they look to the peace of Europe, which he certainly has contributed to pre-

serve, to the repression of revolutionary principles in France, which he has directed all his energies to subdue,—so far let justice be done to him; but a Frenchman may be allowed to claim something farther at his hands, than the applause of Europe, and the extinction of those who are opposed to his domination at home: he never contemplated the daily encroachments which are now made on his liberty as a citizen, and the galling espionnage which is hourly exercised by a host of police agents over his most trifling actions; and while these agents, powerful as to vexation, are inefficient as to protection of life and property, a jealous edict prohibits the possession of means of defence. The policy of Louis-Philippe may have its admirers, but every day's experience proves that it must ultimately be fatal to himself.

There will be a succession of plots, and a succession of prohibitory edicts; every attempt at insubordination will produce a fresh shackle on the liberties of the subject, which will increase instead of allaying the discontent; even the very means of repression increase the sources of the evil; and if every year adds to the unpopularity of the system, where can Louis-Philippe find rest but in the grave?

I hear occasionally some who are connected with the revolutionary party say, that they would admit of a compact with him,—that if he would resign the crown, they might, under certain circumstances, acknowledge the Duke of Orleans, as one who might be more faithful to his trust; but as for himself, the die was cast,—he had proved himself so faithless to his professions, that peace with him was impossible.

This is the enviable distinction to which all his machinations have been directed since the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814. I was talking last night to Count C. De Mornay, who is now the French Minister at Stockholm, and was in London in 1829, at the time when the present Duke of Orleans came over for a short visit. It was at the period of Prince Polignac's nomination to be Prime Minister, when much discontent existed here against the policy of Charles X., and the appointment of a bigoted Minister gave cause for more serious apprehensions. Mornay was one night at the theatre with the Duke, who was conversing with him openly on the state of public affairs in France; much speculation as to the future was reciprocally expressed, but when Mornay hazarded the expression, that so rash a system might eventually lead to great changes even in the dynasty, the Duke suddenly became mute and changed the conversation.

I asked Mornay also, whether he thought that Prince Oscar would succeed his father on the throne of Sweden, without any interruption; his reply was in the affirmative, as he was a favourite with the army and the aristocracy, and Gustavson had no adherents to his cause.

Tuesday, 28th.—I find the following note in page 141. of my journal when in Russia in 1830. "I met last night at Baron Rehausen's the Byron of Russia; his name is Pouschkin, the celebrated and almost the only poet in Russia. His poems are read with delight by his countrymen, who alone can appreciate their merit, and his labours are not without reward; he

can always command 10 roub. for every line from his publisher. In his person and manners I could observe nothing remarkable except a want of attention to cleanliness, which is sometimes the failing of men of genius, and an undisguised propensity to gambling; indeed the only notable expression which dropped from him during the evening was this, 'J'aimerois mieux mourir que ne pas jouer.'"

The papers to-day announce the following termination of his mortal career. "The celebrated Pouschkin, the most distinguished poet of Russia, has been killed in a duel at St. Petersburg with his brother-in-law M. d'Anthés, a French officer in the Russian service, and the adopted son of a foreign minister* accredited to this Court; the quarrel, which has terminated so fatally, originated in some family disputes.† The deceased survived his wound only about two hours, his adversary has also been seriously wounded.

Yesterday died here General Count Frank Dillon, formerly in the English service, and successor to Livry as Director of the Salon des Etrangers.

I called upon Montrond in the Rue Blanche, and found him in his round drawing-room *au quatrième*, which commands a view of all Paris: the house was built by the celebrated Maréchal de Richelieu as a *petite maison* in the suburbs for his private parties, in the middle of a little park; it owes its form of a

* Haeckert, the Dutch Minister at Petersburg.

† D'Anthés had married Pouschkin's sister, and was trying to seduce his wife.

lofty round tower to the malicious spirit of the owner, who wished to intercept the magnificent view from one of his neighbours. I found him very weak and making little progress towards recovery, but very much alive to every thing that is going on in the world, and particularly occupied with what is passing in London.

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Wednesday, March 1*st.*—Pietro Bonaparte, son of Lucien, had obtained from the supreme tribunal a commutation of the capital penalty pronounced against him, into fourteen years' solitary confinement; the Pope has since mitigated this sentence to perpetual banishment from Rome and the Roman States. The young prince, escorted by an officer of gendarmerie, has left Rome for Civita Vecchia, whence he will embark for England.

General Count de Villelume died yesterday: his wife, who died at Avignon, was the heroic Madlle. de Sombreuil, who during the Reign of Terror submitted to drink a goblet of blood, in order to save her father from the hands of his butchers.

Thursday, 2*nd.* — The day of the Mi-carême, and the maskers again appeared on the Boulevards; the ballrooms were opened at night, and the scenes of Mardi Gras were repeated till a late hour.

A letter from Madame Berchtold at Milan announces the marriage of her sister Charlotte Strachan, with one of the Zichy family, an Hungarian nobleman, without fortune, but Lord Hertford gives his ward 50,000*l.* down, and promises more at his death.

Monday, 6th.— A letter from London says that Lord Wharncliffe is trying to play the same game in the House of Lords on the Irish Municipal Bill that he did on the Reform Bill, but the Duke, Peel, and Lyndhurst so perfectly agree on the subject that he will be obliged to follow them.

The Chamber of Deputies has been occupied with a new law called the *disjunctive*, which is to deprive the soldier, when brought to trial for political offences, of the right of jury, and subject him at once to the ordeal of a court-martial. The first inference to be drawn from it is the suspicious state of the army itself, which is discontented at its present inactivity, more particularly the subaltern officers, who see every road to promotion and distinction hermetically sealed up to them, and this in fact is another source of alarm and anxiety to the present dynasty. The debate is continued with as much vigour as is possible in an Assembly where eloquence is confined to so few speakers. Dupin and Berryer are almost the only exceptions, and they have signalised themselves in opposing the bill, which will still be carried by ministerial influence. The latter concluded his speech yesterday in nearly the following terms:—

"What could be the meaning of this law in a country where the sovereignty of the people passed for a recognised principle? The jury was the representative of the people, yet this institution of the jury was to be denounced as suspicious. With regard to the verdict of Strasbourg: suppose for a moment that the present law had been enacted pre-

vious to that verdict, and that a court-martial would have condemned those whom a jury would have acquitted. Fancy the civilians absolved and their military accomplices condemned. Two gates open before your eyes. Forth from the portals of the one issues a funeral procession, slow and solemn, composed of men marching to the scaffold and the grave. Forth from the other gaily goes forth a group of acquitted and joyous citizens amid the plaudits of their friends and in the full pomp of a triumphant ovation."

All tends to prove the horrible state of this country, and the elements of disturbance which are in operation around us.

Tuesday, 7th.—To the great surprise of the Ministry, who counted upon a certain majority, the Disjunctive Bill has been yesterday rejected in the Chamber by a majority of 2. The Duc de Fitz-James and the Carlists at the club hailed the decision with rapture; they exulted in this discomfiture of the Cabinet, as if the road to the throne was opened for Henri V.; not recollecting that if the present system were overthrown, it is not their party that would reap the advantage. One of them said to me, "You see we hold the balance of the Chamber in our hands, we can turn the scale on either side by our votes." "Yes," I replied, "as the Radicals can do in our Parliament." He was not pleased with the comparison.

The other day Lord Anglesey went to the Tuileries, and was received with great attention by Louis-Philippe, who offered to take him to Versailles and

show him the Museum, adding, "You need not be afraid, my lord, my carriage is bullet-proof." The trial of Meunier is still deferred in the hope of gaining some fresh information as to his accomplices; several arrests have lately taken place all among the working classes, but without any important results.

Wednesday, 8th.—One of the most singular instances of skill at the game of chess took place the other day at the club room in the Rue de Menars. M. de Labourdonnaye has beaten two well-known and excellent players, M. Bonfil, and M. Lecrivain, who played their games at the same time on two different boards, M. de Labourdonnaye keeping his back turned to them during the whole of the play, and directing his moves merely from memory and calculation. The games were finished in an hour and a half. The room was crowded to excess, and the attention of the players was in no ways disturbed by the noise around them.

Eight years ago a labouring man in the department of the Loire was found murdered in a wood near his house, and his dog sitting near the body. No clue could be gained to the perpetrators of the crime, and his widow continued to live in the same cottage, accompanied always by the faithful animal. Last week two men, apparently travellers, stopped at the house requesting shelter from the storm, which was granted; but no sooner had the dog perceived them, than he flew at them with fury, and could not be pacified. As they were quitting the house one of them said to the other, "That rascally dog has not forgotten us!" This raised the suspicion of the

widow, who overheard it, and applying to the gendarmes in the neighbourhood, they followed and arrested them. The result has been that, after a long examination, one of them has confessed the crime and impeached his associate.

Thursday, 9th.—On Tuesday, the 7th, Mr. Grote brought on his annual motion for the vote by ballot, which was thrown out by a majority of 112, being 265 against 153; a larger number than ever voted for it, which shows the increase of Radical feeling in the house.

Sunday, 12th—The spirit of opposition is rising in the Chamber of Deputies, and the law of *apanage* for the Duc de Nemours seems to meet with many difficulties. The Cabinet hoped to pass the Bill without comment as 500,000 fr. per annum, but on dissecting the value of the allotment it was found to exceed greatly that amount; in consequence of which the Forest of Senonches, Chateauneuf, Montecaut, &c., have been retrenched from the domain of Rambouillet, and this disingenuous attempt to increase the revenue of the Crown has been very justly stigmatised. A prosecution has been instituted against the editors of the "Charivari," for some severe remarks on the Ministerial project, headed by, "Encore des millions, s'il vous plait," which they asserted came within the law against mendicity; the Advocate-General attempted to prove it an offence against the Royal Family, but the jury acquitted them.

Monday, 13th.—Louis-Philippe, in attempting to reduce to the mean proportions of a riot a serious revolution achieved in the name of democracy, which

cannot now be betrayed or deserted without fearful consequences to the betrayer;—in trying to convert a radical change in the principles and nature of Government into an awkward imitation of our revolution in 1688;—in endeavouring to preserve and to maintain all that had not, according to him, necessarily led to the ruin of his predecessor, and even covertly to restore, as much as may be ventured, a part of what was destroyed by the earthquake of July;—Louis Philippe—thus evidently placed in a political crisis of great magnitude far above his capacity and comprehension,—struggling to stifle, and with considerable dexterity, the inevitable consequences of the principles which placed him on the throne,—is become an object of dislike to a great proportion of the lower orders, who look upon his conduct as an ignoble deception towards them and their leaders, of almost general indifference to the middle classes, and of something bordering on contempt from the upper ranks of society. If to this ill-judged view of his own position we add the unpopularity created by his truckling foreign policy, which is repugnant to the character and feelings of the country, though in itself beneficial to Europe by the maintenance of peace; if we add the increased load of taxation, the laws against the press, and the infringements on public liberty,—we come at last to the frightfully unstable predicament in which the Government of July has so wantonly placed itself. The middle classes of the country, dreading the violent demagogues, and despising this Government, wait for better days without perceiving how a change may

be effected. The nation is dispirited in the midst of abundance and prosperity, and the King himself, who talks with indifference of the dangers which daily beset him from a remorseless and incensed party, is, in fact, dejected as to the ultimate result of the arduous struggle he is so deeply engaged in.

Wednesday, 15th.—I am shocked to read in this morning's papers the death of General Sir Henry Cooke. I had lived on terms of intimacy with him for twenty years.

Thursday, 16th.—Evans and his legion have left St. Sebastian, and, jointly with Espartero, have begun the campaign against the Carlists. A ukase from St. Petersburg has declared the capture of the English brig "Vixen" off the coast of Circassia, legal, which seems to make no impression on our Foreign Office; but the English Vice-Consul at Granada has been insulted in the street, and six sail of the line have been instantly sent to blockade the coasts of that petty insignificant state, and demand satisfaction. The Church Bill is proceeding in the House of Commons with much eloquence and acrimony on both sides; in the mean time a meeting has been held by the bishops to protest formally against the measure.

It is said that the condition on which M. Molé received the presidency of the Council was, that he should maintain peace abroad, and procure a wife for the Duke of Orleans; finding the crowned heads averse to the connection, a negotiation is commenced for a Princess of Mecklenburg Schwerin, and the marriage seems likely to be concluded.

Saturday, 18*th*.—The Church-Rate Bill has been carried in the Commons by a small majority of only 23; the question seems to have created considerable alarm in the country, as tending to subvert the Protestant Establishment, and many on the Ministerial side have refused to give to this measure their usual support.

Here, the prospects remain as bleak as the weather: there seems a general impression that a storm is hanging over our heads; it is not discontent, it is not an immediate pressure, but a vague alarm and apprehension of that which no one can define; a conviction that nothing is solid or stable from one day to another; that a man may go to bed to-night in quiet, and rise to-morrow amid riot and confusion. Trade is in a certain degree paralysed; as, though the prices of all commodities are high, none will speculate beyond the demand of immediate consumption; every one will allow that the country is in a state of immediate prosperity, but no one will dare to assert that it is worth a month's purchase.

Sunday, 19*th*.—The Abbé de Pradt has terminated his mortal career; he had lately suffered from a fit of apoplexy, and was thought out of danger, but a fresh attack at ten o'clock yesterday morning carried him off. He had written several political works of little weight, but the best of them, and the most entertaining, was his mission to Warsaw under Napoleon, in which he mentions his interview with the Emperor when he arrived in that city after his retreat from the unfortunate campaign in Russia. He says that he was called out of his bed at six o'clock

in the morning by an orderly officer, who left strict injunctions that he should repair immediately to the chief hotel in the town on pressing business. On entering the courtyard no object strikes him but a Russian sledge covered with dust, evidently arrived from a long journey. He is ushered into a drawing-room, where he sees Caulaincourt seated at a table writing, and further on a man in a fur pelisse looking out of the window, with his back turned to him. His first impulse is to express his surprise at seeing the General, who, without noticing his salute, points to the individual at the window; the stranger turns round, and he finds himself in the presence of the Emperor. Struck with astonishment, he begins to mutter some expressions of regret at the disasters, which public report had already widely disseminated, when Napoleon stops him in his harangue by a loud laugh, and exclaims, "Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas!"—a *mot* which has since been so much cited. He has since written, there was one man, who stood between Napoleon and universal dominion, and that man, "C'est moi!"

The following telegraphic dispatch has been received by Government:—

"Bayonne, March 18.

"General Evans has completely failed in the attack upon Hernani; the Christinos have been driven back in the greatest disorder, abandoned all the positions which they had carried subsequently to the 10th, and in the evening re-entered St. Sebastian, whither they had been preceded by 1500 wounded men. A battalion of the Royal British

Marines alone remained firm and protected the retreat. Espartero is at Durango, and Saarsfield at Los Berios."

Tuesday, 21*st.*—Lord Palmerston was violently attacked by his own Radical supporters on Friday in the House, for his conduct with Russia on the "Vixen" question.

The depression in trade is beginning to be felt seriously in the manufacturing districts in England; and the Spitalfields weavers are daily presenting petitions to the Lord Mayor respecting their distress from want of employment. The accounts from Lyons are also deplorable, and occupy the attention of the Ministers. From 20,000 to 30,000 workmen are out of employ, and consequently in want of bread.

It is at length decided that the Museum at Versailles shall be opened to the public on the 26th of next month, being the Queen's birthday, and a magnificent fête will be given at the Château to the peers, deputies, and representatives of the great bodies of the State, who will be specially received by the King and all his family.

Wednesday, 22*nd.*—The news from Spain is confirmed. Evans's troops behaved very ill, and the English Marines with great firmness and bravery. An extensive Carlist conspiracy has been discovered at Salamanca, and 500 persons have in consequence been arrested. Years must elapse before this unfortunate country can ever settle down into a state of even comparative tranquillity. The French Revolu-

tion of '89 has changed the face of the world; it is become the great landmark from which the modern history of nations must date their progress. Previous to that event the tide for centuries had run in favour of the rulers; time had more and more sanctified their claims to supremacy, and the ruled felt that submission was not only an act of duty to the ruler, but a proof of subordination to Divine providence. Kings then ruled by the grace of God.

The earthquake came, the tide was at the ebb, the waves returned with tenfold violence, and the fabrics of ages were destroyed by a rapid convulsion. Half a century has elapsed before a semblance of order could be raised amidst the general desolation; and what, after all, are the fruits which have resulted from this general decomposition of the old system?

Its moral effects on European society are these. It has exalted the passions, the vanities, the ambitions; it has undermined the feelings of religion; it has debased and insulated thrones, till they have lost not only their splendour, but that power which is necessary for the preservation of order and tranquillity; it has rendered titles and distinctions of no value, while it has raised the power of wealth, and established a benumbing feeling of egotism on the ruins of all the nobler sentiments.

Thursday, 23*rd*.—An immense revenue is collected in the United States by the sale of public lands; the amount received last year from this source was near 24 millions of dollars. These lands, perhaps the richest in the world, are sold at one

dollar and a quarter per acre. In many places the fat black mould is from 15 to 20 feet deep, and has borne Indian corn from 10 to 15 feet high for 19 successive years, and will produce the most abundant crops for 50 or 60 years without manure. There is still an immense tract unexplored west of the Mississippi, and in a few years this vast territory will be converted from a wilderness into a garden.

In the Chamber of Deputies yesterday the report of the Committee on Algiers was read; it attributes the disasters of the French arms at Constantine to three causes:—1. To the numerical weakness of the army; 2. To the season chosen for the expedition; 3. To the insufficiency of transports. The responsibility of these three faults belonged to the Marshal Clausel, but the Committee also declared with regret that the Government, in the administration of the affairs of Algiers, had manifested neither firmness nor foresight.

The weather is intensely cold; the thermometer last night was 4 degrees below zero of Réaumur. At Rome it is still more extraordinary. It is recorded in the manuscripts of the Vatican, that on the 25th March, 1595, snow fell in that city. The same event has again occurred on the 8th instant. A lapse of 240 years has consequently taken place between two epochs, at which the temperature of the atmosphere has been equally severe.

Friday, 24th. — Good Friday. The procession to Longchamps, which before the Revolution was celebrated with so much magnificence, has now

dwindled away to a few shabby private, and numerous hackney, carriages. None of the old families take any part in the ceremony, and the American purser, Mr. Thorn, in his barouche and four, seemed anxious to divide the public attention with the Duke of Orleans.

The plague has resumed its ravages at Constantinople. The number of its victims is so great that it became impossible to bury the dead, and the corpses were put in heaps on board the barges every evening and sunk in the Bosphorus.

Spanish funds have fallen 6 per cent. in consequence of Evans's defeat.

Saturday, 25th. — Sir Francis Burdett having been requested by some of the electors of Westminster to give his opinion with regard to the measures now before Parliament, has written a reply to the following purport, — viz., "that he can only repeat his entire disapprobation of them, and of the whole system of domestic and foreign policy; that the measures now before Parliament are ill-concocted, unjust in principle, feebly sustained, and mischievous to the public. A question so general admits only of such a general answer, but it is, he trusts, sufficiently explicit.

"Brighton, March 12."

A meeting has since been held by a small party of the Radical electors at the British Coffeehouse, requesting him to resign his seat.

Monday, 27th. — There are reports this morning that Espartero has been beaten by the Carlists on the 21st inst.

There are dissensions in the Cabinet between M. Molé and Guizot which threaten another change. The ostensible cause of dispute is M. Gasparin; but the real fact is, that the *doctrinaire* party wish to establish themselves again in power and eject M. Molé.

The English newspapers have recounted many feats of the famous Dando, who was in the habit of ordering his dinner at the different coffeehouses, and when the reckoning was produced, having no money to pay it, pleaded before the magistrate that it was a simple debt transaction, and not a robbery.

Jourdan, a working man, had adopted the same system here, but defended it with more wit, though with less success. Having dined at the *Restaurant Omnibus* to his heart's content, and being taken before the tribunals for non-payment of the account, he pleaded the *name* of the establishment in defence, his impression being that the owner had founded it from motives of general philanthropy, and adding,

> "Un traiteur qui gratis nourrit et désaltère,
> Est l'image de Dieu descendu sur la terre."

Jourdan's plea was not allowed, and he was sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

From the highest class to the lowest the French are a most singular compound of eccentricities; the impulse of the moment carries them away without reflection, and scenes are of constant occurrence in society, which, to the calm, composed temperature of English feeling, would seem near akin to madness. The Marquis de ——, eldest son of the

Duke, is married to a handsome wife, and both are sincerely attached to each other. No union can be more happy. The other night they had dressed for a grand ball, to which they were invited, and at the moment of departure the lady made her appearance in such a bewitching toilette, and looking so divinely beautiful, that the husband was seized with a sudden fit of jealousy, and without any feeling of resentment or ill-will to his wife, but merely to prevent others from the enjoyment of such a sight, he very deliberately tore her gown in pieces from her back.

Many English ladies would have sued for a separation. I asked how the young French Marquise bore the disappointment. The answer was, "She was flattered beyond measure, and proud of this proof of her husband's admiration; and, in fact," said the narrator, "il y avoit quelque chose de beau et de sublime dans cet élan de sentiment." I had so little *poësie* in my nature, that it struck me as very ill-bred, rather cruel, and exceedingly selfish.

This M. de —— is, together with all his family, of the most Ultra-Carlist opinions. The order-book of the Club, which lies on the table for the members to insert any complaints as to the service of the establishment, at this moment contains a public challenge, addressed by him some months back to an unknown person, who, with bad taste enough, had written a scurrilous remark on the Duchess de Berry in one of the journals. He is a young man of good person, if he did not disfigure himself by allowing his beard to grow in imitation of the pictures of our Saviour. A long beard might have been

an ornament at Jerusalem, but has rather an eccentric and wild appearance in modern society.

The marriage of the Duke of Orleans with the Princess of Mecklenburg Schwerin is publicly announced, and the marriage contract is to be signed immediately. The circumstance of her being a Protestant gives additional satisfaction to the Faubourg St. Germain, as it is quite unusual in French alliances. An addition to the Duke's income on this occasion will probably be submitted soon to the vote of the Chambers, which, coming so quickly on the portion of the Queen of the Belgians, and the appanage of the Duc de Nemours, must amply realise the wishes of those who effected the late revolution in the view of obtaining a cheap government.

Thursday, 30th. — On Monday died at his house in Sackville Street, Mr. Vance, one of the first surgeons in London. He was in professional attendance on a maniac named B——, and on paying his accustomed visit the other day, he was met on the landing-place by his patient, who seized him violently, and hurled him over the balusters of a well-staircase on the stone floor below, when his skull was so severely fractured, that recovery was deemed hopeless from the moment the accident happened.

Friday, 31st.—I received a letter from Yarmouth, who is in London, which mentions the death of the Marquis of Bath of dropsy, and that of Mrs. Fitzherbert, whose loss will be regretted by all who knew her. She was eighty-one years old, and her health was so generally good, that she had projected

a journey to Paris in May next. She retained even in her old age the traces of her former beauty, and her manners were singularly amiable and unaffected. Though married privately to George IV., and bearing always the most unsullied reputation, her life during his reign was one continued scene of trial and disappointment. During the commencement of her union, and while the attachment of that fickle Prince still existed, few were the happy hours that she could number even at that period. He was young, impetuous, and boisterous in his character, and very much addicted to the pleasures of the table. It was the fashion in those days to drink very hard, and Mrs. Fitzherbert never retired to rest till her Royal spouse came home. But I have heard the late Duke of York say, that often when she heard the Prince and his drunken companions on the staircase, she would seek a refuge from their presence even under the sofa, when the Prince, finding the drawing-room deserted, would draw his sword in joke, and, searching about the room, would at last draw forth the trembling victim from her place of concealment.

When his public marriage took place with Caroline of Brunswick, she separated upon a maintenance of 10,000*l.* per annum. On the accession of William IV. that allowance was reduced to 6,000*l.* per annum; but all the members of the Royal Family, and particularly the Duke of York, who to the last maintained an inviolable friendship for her, have always treated her with the greatest respect and attention. She was granted the use of the Royal

liveries, and kept a very handsome establishment in Tilney Street and at Brighton, where the best society was always seen, every one without formality evincing that *nuance* of respect which tacitly acknowledged her elevated position, while the services of plate, the handsome dinners, and a numerous train of servants, all grown old in her service, gave to the house at least a seigneurial, if not a royal appearance. She was hospitable and very charitable.

The early friend of her youth was Lady Hugh Seymour, who, dying young and leaving a large family, Mrs. Fitzherbert not only acted the part of a mother to all, but especially adopted the second daughter, now Mrs. Damer, and has very much increased her original fortune by her ample donations. No parent could have been more attached to her child.

Prince Paul of Würtemberg tells me that the full powers arrived this morning for signing the marriage contract with the Princess of Mecklenburg. The project of an establishment in the Palais Royal is given up for the present, and the new-married couple are to be lodged in the Tuileries.

The *méchans* in the Faubourg St. Germain are not idle in making their comments on the occasion. They say, "Pauvre petite, on a voulu lui donner un jeune Rothschild, l'année passée; elle n'en a pas voulu, on lui a donc cherché un autre!"

The letters from London positively assert that the present Ministry will not last six weeks, and that Peel feels confident of forming a durable adminis-

tration. He has even hopes of gradually obtaining a majority in the Lower House without a dissolution. We have known Mr. Pitt carry on the Government for months with a majority against him; but the Reform Bill then had not been carried.

Saturday, April 1st.—I had a long conversation this morning with Nicholas Pahlen, brother to the Ambassador. Pozzo does not cease to regret his removal from Paris. The society and the hours in London are not congenial with his habits; but the post of ambassador is necessary to his existence, and though he will talk for hours of retirement, and the necessity of appointing an interval of repose between *la vie active* and *la mort*,—although he is now seventy years old, and possessed of an immense fortune, yet he cannot make up his mind to give up either the honours or the emoluments of office; and impressed with the idea that he should lose in importance if he was divested of his diplomatic character, he will remain in the harness as long as the Emperor will employ him, and probably die at his post. He allows his nephew, who married the daughter of the Duc de Crillon, 80,000 francs a-year, and has bought for him the Hotel Blacas in the Faubourg St. Germain. He will probably inherit the chief part of his fortune.

The other day the Duke de Laval said to the Russian Ambassador, that a great scene of confusion must take place before Henri V. could be seated on his throne; that the allied Powers would again be forced to interfere; that the hostile armies would arrive in front of each other, but there would be no engagement, as on the preceding evening a compro-

mise would take place, and the real Prince be established in his rights. His Excellency replied, "You are sketching out a very good melodrama for the Porte St. Martin."

Another Frenchman the other day was complaining of the dearth of talent which characterises public men of the present day in France. He said, "Now take the 450 members of the Chamber of Deputies, for instance. I will defy you to point out 200 *hommes d'état* in the number." I could only refer him to a scene in the Camaraderie, where a young candidate deplores his want of talent and eloquence for a seat in that assembly, and Mademoiselle Anais replies, with a significant smile, "Vous n'avez donc jamais été à la Chambre,"—a point which is always seized by the *parterre* with great applause.

Sunday, 2nd.—This evening was given, at the Théâtre Ventadour, a subscription fancy ball, under the patronage of Lady Granville, for the relief of the necessitous English in Paris. There were some handsome costumes, for which the receipts with the donations amounted to 40,000 francs.

M. Guizot and the *doctrinaires* have been defeated. Count Molé remains President, with Marshal Soult for the War Department, and Montalivet for the Interior.

An attempt has been made to set fire to the Théâtre San Carlo at Naples, which was fortunately discovered in time and prevented. Thirty persons have been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in this outrage, and it confirms the idea that the late fire in the Palace was the work of an incendiary.

* * * * *

Lady Canning, widow of the late Premier, was the youngest of three daughters, coheiresses of the late General Scott. The eldest daughter, married to the Duke of Portland, inherited the landed property in Ayrshire; the fortune of the two younger was 75,000*l.* each. General Scott was by profession a gambler. He lived by rule to keep his head cool and obtain at least that advantage over his competitors, and made an immense fortune by play. The Duke of York used to tell a story of him, that being once seated at the card-table at Versailles, in presence of the Queen Marie Antoinette, where the stakes were very high, her Majesty took the opportunity of handing round the petition of a poor widow in great distress, and appealing to the charity of the players. Scott, who wished to act the grand *Seigneur Anglais* before the French Court, and had a large sum in gold before him, cried out in his bad French, "Voilà pour *le veuf*," staked the whole on the impending *coûp*, which, having fortunately won, he poured it very pompously into the hat which was carried round to receive the contributions. By his will he ordained that whoever married his eldest daughter, should take the name of Scott, which was duly fulfilled by the Marquis of Tichfield on his marriage, who always signed accordingly.

Wednesday, 5th. — The report against Meunier is at length made out and presented to the House of Peers. Two men, named Lavaux and La Caze, are implicated with him, and will be tried at the same time. It appears that they drew lots who should

assassinate the King. The trial is fixed for the 21st instant.

A day or two since two fishermen found in the Seine, near the Isle of Swans, a small wooden box, bound with iron which was much rusted. The lock was, however, in good preservation, and the box hermetically sealed. On the lid was distinguished some fleurs-de-lis, partly effaced, and the initials M. de V., surmounted by a double royal crown. The fishermen, on breaking open the box, discovered a man's head embalmed, in a perfect state of preservation, and at the bottom of it was a scarf, some dried flowers, and a small dagger, the point of which was stained with blood. One of the most celebrated historians of France has purchased the box and its contents. The initials suggest the idea that the box formerly belonged to Margaret de Valois, wife of Henry IV., and that the head is that of Coconas, which she had caused to be embalmed after his tragical death.

The proposed members of the new Cabinet differ so much among themselves that they cannot form a Government; and fresh negotiations are opened to organise a new Ministry.

Friday, 7th. — No Government formed. The great difficulty seems to be the immense grants claimed for the Royal Family, which the Ministers are averse to proposing to the Chambers. A most flagrant imposition on the public has been attempted by the King and detected. The estate of Rambouillet, which was proposed as the appanage of 500,000 francs

a-year for the Duke de Nemours, turns out, in fact, to be worth 1,100,000 francs a-year.

In the midst of personal danger which never before impended over a crowned head, Louis-Philippe thinks of nothing but heaping treasure upon treasure, and augmenting millions for himself and family.

The other day a *diplomate* of high rank went to the Tuileries to impart some important dispatches just arrived from abroad; Louis-Philippe treated the subject for about ten minutes, but he detained the visitor near three hours with a detail of the improvements he was making in his property; the canals he was forming, the price at which he sold his wood, and the whole economy of his management; all this with a dagger hanging over his head.

Saturday, 8th. — Montrond continues in the same state, very weak, and gradually going. M. De Talleyrand was twisted up those 100 steps which lead to his apartment by two footmen. The invalid cannot even move in his room without support: he said the other day, "Comme c'est bête de mourir." This is the end of *un homme d'esprit.*

Sunday, 9th. — There is some mystery about the influence which —— decidedly has over Louis-Philippe; he is in possession of some secret or papers which might seriously implicate the interests of H. M., who is therefore anxious to secure his good will by benefits and attentions of no common order. The pension which he enjoys from the privy purse is far more considerable than people imagine; he has 48,000 fr. a year, paid quarterly, and occasional donations from

the same source of 12,000 fr., at a time, when he applies for it. The other day when the marriage of the Duke of Orleans was finally concluded, the King sent for Prince Talleyrand, and desired him to go forthwith to —— and announce to him the event; the old Prince obeyed the command, and was lifted up by his two footmen to ——s' apartment, where he delivered the message. —— called for pen, ink, and paper, and immediately wrote a letter of congratulation to the King, who that very day returned him an answer *in his own handwriting*, to thank him for the interest which he evinced in the welfare of his family. Now this from a king to a subject may be deemed an extraordinary condescension, and has created much comment among the few who have had opportunities of knowing it.

Both are wily characters, and ready to spare each other for their own private interests. It is supposed that —— is in possession of certain letters written many years ago by Louis-Philippe, when in Sicily, which prove the underhand part he even then was acting to supplant the elder branch of the Bourbons, and perhaps of others relating to schemes of the like nature, though of more recent date. —— was violent in his abuse of Louis-Philippe when he came to the throne in 1830; but the means of pacifying him were soon found.

Late at night I received a letter from Damer of the 6th inst. from Brighton, in which, after describing Mrs. Damer's affliction for the loss of Mrs. Fitzherbert, who, as he truly says, had been much more than a mother to her; he adds, "To-day we have con-

cluded the last sad duties. The mass and ceremony was a very trying scene. The will has been opened, and the fortune is divided between Mrs. Damer and Mrs. Jerningham, being about 20,000*l.* each."

Monday, 10*th.*—The weather still cold as in December, with frost and snow. I dined at Greffulhe's, where I found Madame De Girardin, the young M. and Madame De l'Aigle, the old Marquis Espérance De l'Aigle, the Duc de Richelieu, Lord H. Vane, Mr. Tschan, the Swiss Minister, and Count Lœvenhelm, the Swedish. Every one had a different opinion as to the formation of the new Ministry, which up to last night remains as unsettled as ever.

A great dislike was said to be gaining ground in Spain against the British Legion, and against the English in general. Evans is universally blamed for his total want of military talent, and unfitness for command. Now that the details of the affair at Hernani are well known, no doubt is entertained that the defeat was owing to his incapacity, as he did not even know how to place a battalion in reserve, or in what manner the point of Altejaraga should be protected. His troops are availing themselves of the term of their enlistment being expired to return home, and those who remain will hardly be in a state to take the field again with any effect. Should he, as is expected, come home to meet his electors at Westminster, after all his previous vainglorious boastings, he will probably be saluted with the title of the *Brummagem* Wellington.

Tuesday, 11*th.*—The negotiation with Soult and Thiers was this day broken off. They stand out for

an intervention in Spain, to which Louis-Philippe has always been averse, but more particularly at this moment, when any act displeasing to the Northern powers might at once impede the pending marriage of the Duke of Orleans: another reason, not less cogent, is their stipulation to withdraw the dowry and appanage bills, which Louis-Philippe's avarice will not allow him to listen to.

Last week died, at a very advanced age, Dr. Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich; he was brother to Mr. Bragge Bathurst of Tory administration memory, and was long an intimate friend of my father.

When the Whigs came into office their first wish was to obtain popularity at any rate, by any means; their great object being to conciliate the agricultural and manufacturing interests by inducing a semblance of prosperity which should be based on high prices. No means of producing this end appeared to offer greater facility than a large extension of the circulation; they looked back with pleasure to our inflated system during the times of paper currency, and they absolutely deliberated on the expediency of inducing the Bank to issue one pound notes. But finding no encouragement in that quarter to try this nostrum, they hit upon another expedient which might produce the same effects, though devoid of the same security. They gave every facility to the formation of Joint Stock Banks all over the country, and the fruits of this measure are now becoming apparent. The incautious manner in which these new establishments poured their notes into circulation gave a fresh stimulus to speculation; prices rose, manufactures

increased, and a new scene of prosperity seemed dawning upon the country; people were making money, and troubled themselves little with abstract questions of politics (as C. Greville wrote to me last year), when they were well fed and had plenty of work.

What is the case now? I read in the "Chronicle," "Nothing can be more discouraging than the tenor of all the letters from the manufacturing districts and commercial towns, not only in England, but in Scotland and Ireland. Further failures are announced in some places, many stoppages are still inevitable; panic and distrust are every where felt, and no amelioration of this painful state of things seems at hand."

I have a letter from an old friend, Robarts, one of the greatest bankers in London, who says, that the anxiety he has felt for the last three or four months exceeds everything that he had ever known in commercial affairs.

The hosiers of Leicester were obliged last Saturday to discharge all their hands, amounting to some thousands; and such is the state of trade that their example must be followed in all the manufacturing districts.

Another letter says, "Even the House of Baring are in a frightful dilemma; Lord Ashburton has been obliged to support them with 800,000*l.*, and the Bank is called upon by them for fresh advances. They are still under acceptance for a million and a half of American paper."

The Government is pressing the Bank to support

the commercial interests, which seem as deeply implicated at Liverpool and Manchester as in London.

Such is the state of things at present. I can only hope that the Conservatives may not come in at this moment to struggle with such a crisis.

Wednesday, 12*th*.—The commercial panic in England seems to be far from subsiding: deputations have been sent up to Government from Liverpool and Manchester to obtain assistance, and the state of the American houses in London surpasses every thing in distress. The measures of President Jackson last year in collecting a gold currency from Europe, drained the bullion markets there, and the irregularity of the Americans in making remittances to England, this year, added to the local causes of mischief from over speculation, have hastened the crisis.

Thursday, 13*th*.—The King receives daily at the Tuileries the various competitors for the Ministry with the same gracious affability: he listens to their principles and their plans, without altering his own views, and day after day they are bowed out of the presence, without advancing a step in the formation of a Cabinet. The *doctrinaire* party is rising in favour again, and the Duc de Broglie is named, in conjunction with Guizot and Barthe, as likely to succeed, but nothing is concluded.

Friday, 14*th*.—There was some slight attempt at a movement last night among the working-classes in the Faubourg St. Antoine, but the posts were doubled, and order was soon restored. The National

Guard are not contented, and the language held in the common wine-houses is at times very violent.

The Irish Municipal Bill was carried in the Commons on Wednesday by a majority of 55; last year it was 86. Sir R. Peel concluded his speech on this occasion by saying, the country could not look at the present untoward state of affairs at home and abroad, and believe that any man would seek office under any other motives than those of public duty; besides, he did not hesitate to say, that if His Majesty's Government should make a pretext for abandoning their offices, and escaping from the difficulties with which they were surrounded,—then he did not hesitate to say that he believed there was spirit and energy enough in the country to find compensation for their loss; and if the crew should abandon the noble vessel among the breakers, he did not believe that shipwreck was inevitable. This was received with great plaudits in the House, as being the first public intimation of his readiness to take office again, and of his hopes of ultimate success.

On Monday night died at Kensington Palace Lady De Lisle: she was the eldest Miss Fitzclarence, and married to Mr. Sydney in 1825. He was created first a baronet, and then Lord De Lisle and Dudley in 1835, by the Whig Government, though his politics were against them.

Saturday, 15th.—On Tuesday Lord Radnor moved the second reading in the Lords of the Bill for reforming the institutions in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which was seconded by

Lords Melbourne and Brougham, but was negatived without a division. This Bill, if carried, would have gone to the extent of undermining these venerable institutions, which have long been the admiration of the world. His Lordship asserted that the colleges had mismanaged their funds and violated their statutes; that the real object of the founders generally was the education of the poor; and he would send a meddling commissioner to remedy all the present abuses.

Heard this evening at Madame de Girardin's that the Ministry was settled by M. Molé remaining President; Thiers and Guizot are laid upon the shelf. Great preparations are making at the Tuileries for the reception of the new Duchess of Orleans; workmen are employed in fitting up additional apartments, and an establishment is forming for the household on the old system. The place of Dame d'Honneur was offered to the Duchess de Broglie, who, it is said, has declined on account of ill-health. Lord C—— writes from London in very sanguine terms about the return of Peel and the Conservatives to power; he dined lately with Prince Esterhazy, who told him that he thought Louis-Philippe would defer the formation of his own cabinet here till the crisis in England had passed over; but Lord C—— is much too ardent always in his hopes and expectations on this subject. The Conservatives deplore the loss of Lady De Lisle, who had great influence over the mind of her father, and was strongly attached to their party; she was a woman of good understanding, and sufficient tact not to

overstep the mark in her interference. She was also a favourite of the Queen.

A scheme was made a short time ago by the chief physician of the Grand Signor at Constantinople to poison his master. The Sultan had timely notice of the plot, and to ascertain the truth pretended illness, and sent for his medical adviser to the Palace, who prescribed a potion, which he presented with his own hand. The Sultan then ordered him to swallow the draught himself, which he positively refused; summary justice instantly ensued—he was sewed up alive in a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus.

Sunday, 16th.—The "Moniteur" publishes the list of M. Molé's new Cabinet:—M. Barthe, Keeper of the Seals and Minister of Justice; Montalivet, Minister of the Interior; Salvandy, Public Instruction; Lacave Laplagne, Finances; the latter is a deputy, and makes his *début* as a Minister. The only comment which has been made is, "Que le Roi est descendu à *la cave* pour former un gouvernement inodore."

Count de Damremont, the new Governor of Algiers, is arrived at his post with his family; every vessel takes out new colonists prepared with money and instruments to extend the cultivation of the soil; the whole country round Algiers is covered with crops, and houses are building within the walls with great rapidity, and a bank is about to be established with a capital of 10 millions; but the letters do not deny that the colony is still very much harassed by the Haidjouts, and other bands of marauders, who

make continued inroads to murder stragglers and carry off the cattle.

Tuesday, 18*th*.—There is a coachmaker named Billé, who lives opposite the Embassy in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and who witnessed all the scenes of the great Revolution. He was in the National Guard, and on duty at the sacking of the palace, and at the executions of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette. The former was conducted along the Boulevard in the carriage of the Mayor with four horses at full gallop to the Place de Louis XV., where the guillotine was erected, and the whole ceremony did not take ten minutes. He did not attempt to address the multitude, as the drums never ceased beating, and he had no opportunity of being heard. During the progress of the carriage through the streets not a soul was to be seen at the windows; the military had strict orders to fire at any one whose curiosity should prompt him to look out. The Queen was brought to execution in a cart. Billé's trade was soon knocked up, as at that time not a carriage was to be seen in the town; one hackney coach alone was reserved for the use of the municipality; the laws of equality commanded every one to go on foot. When Philippe Egalité was conveyed to the scaffold, the mob detained him for some time on the road opposite to the Palais Royal, that he might take leave of his former residence; he remarked some alterations which had already been made by orders of the nation, and approved of the style of the architecture. Billé does not think that Robespierre attempted suicide

when he was arrested; he rather thinks that the pistol was fired at the time by one of his enemies, who doubtful whether a rescue might not be attempted, wished to ensure at once his destruction. Robespierre was as vain as he was cruel, wearing always a dress remarkable for its coquetry; generally a pea-green coat, a white waistcoat, leather breeches and boots, with his hair studiously dressed and powdered. His presumption in taking precedence of all the deputies created dislike, and caused his fall.

Friday, 21*st*. — On this day the trial of Meunier began before the House of Peers. It seems to create little interest, and attracts few spectators. General Count Bourke, who, as a peer, had attended all day, told me that the three prisoners, Meunier, Lavaux, and Lacaze, were young shabby-looking fellows, and had all the appearance of *des gamins de Paris*. They were perfectly unconcerned, answered readily to any questions put by the Court, Meunier criminating his associates as urging him to the deed, which they had drawn lots to execute; and the others denying the fact, and treating him as an impostor.

Saturday, 22*nd*. — Sir H. Hardinge's motion on the Spanish interference, which entailed a discussion of three nights, was lost by a majority of only 36 in favour of the Government.

Queen Adelaide is ill, and it appears that some apprehensions are entertained as to the probability of her ultimate recovery. The King is very much

overset by the death of his daughter, Lady De Lisle.

Monday, 24th. — A change in the weather, and the first appearance of a spring day. Lord Hertford goes to-morrow. I have received an entertaining letter from Yarmouth in London, with an account of what is passing in society there. Lord Melbourne's Ministry is reduced to great straits, but I still feel confident that they will never resign. Lord Palmerston's speech on the intervention in Spain gives great offence to the Allied Powers. Medem observed to me this morning that it would not effect its proclaimed object of preventing a civil war in Spain. The debate in both Houses was conducted with considerable vehemence and acrimony. Alvanley's motion in the Lords drew from Lord Melbourne an eulogium of Evans and his legion, which from the known incapacity of the one, and the ill conduct of the other, could only have been coloured for the purposes of party spirit and animosity. Any reflection from the other side of the House on the defeat sustained by these mercenaries has been treated by the Government party as an unpatriotic feeling, and a cruel attack on our fellow countrymen.

The elections at Ross-shire and Lewes have both terminated in favour of the Tory candidates.

Tuesday, 25th. — The Peers met at the Luxembourg at half-past ten, and continued in secret deliberation till a quarter past seven in the evening, when the public were admitted, and the President pronounced judgment on the prisoners. It con-

demns Meunier to death; orders that he shall be taken to the place of execution barefoot, his head covered with a black veil, that he be exposed on the scaffold while a huissier shall read his sentence to the people, and then put to death. Lavaux and Lacaze are acquitted and set at liberty, as there was not sufficient proof of their guilt either as principals or accomplices. The procureur-général was very anxious for the condemnation of all the prisoners, and the peers who voted for their death formed a very considerable minority, although the details of the trial must have convinced the public of their innocence. In England a culprit is considered innocent till he is condemned, and a man's own avowal of guilt cannot be received as evidence against him, unless corroborated by other circumstances; in France it is considered at least as a very weighty proof. In Germany no culprit can be executed unless he confesses his crime. There is no reading more interesting, at times more amusing, than the "Gazette des Tribunaux"—a paper that details all the trials brought before the different Courts of France, as well as the most trivial police reports.

The following droll examination took place yesterday before the Police: —

"*Le Plaignant.*—'Monsieur, je suis vertueux et considéré dans mon quartier.'

"*Le Président.*—'Nous n'en doutons pas.'

"*Le Plaignant.*—'Je paye mon terme et mes impositions avec une exactitude que j'oserois qualifier d'évangelique, et j'en suis encore à reçevoir la plus

petite semonce de mes chefs supérieurs de la garde nationale, que j'ai même en trois voix pour être caporal.'

" *Le Président.* — ' Dites nous de quoi vous vous plaignez.'

" *Le Plaignant.*—' Je ne donnerois pas une pichenette à un chat, et j'adore les enfans.'

" *Le Président.*—' Arrivez donc au fait.'

" *Le Plaignant.*—' Je crois m'y être scrupuleusement renfermé.'

" *Le Président.*—' Vous ne nous en avez pas encore dit un seul mot.'

" *Le Plaignant.*—' C'est que pour vous faire mieux sentir tous les torts de mon ennemi; il est indispensable que j'énumère les qualités qui j'ose le dire me distinguent le plus formellement.'

" *Le Président.*—' Voyons, expliquez vous promptement.'

" *Le Plaignant.*—' Monsieur, je m'appelle Godivet, et en cette qualité, j'étois allé au Jardin des Plantes, où, après m'être délecté à l'aspect des singes, j'étois revenu près de l'ours Martin, avec qui je partageois le sucre de ma demi tasse, que j'avois mis dans ma poche à son intention. J'adore les animaux. Ce monsieur, que je ne pouvois pas alors me douter qu'il étoit mon ennemi, se trouvoit placé à côté de moi. Etoit-il vexé que je donne du sucre à l'ours au lieu de lui en offrir,—ou avoit-il des motifs cachés pour me chercher des raisons, je l'ignore exactement; mais je sais qu'il me dit, en me regardant avec la plus palpable moquerie, que les petits cadeaux entretiennent l'amitié, et que d'une autruche à un

ours il n'y a qu'une patte. C'étoit molestant pour un homme de mon rang, herboriste retiré; et je lui dis qu'il est un grossier personnage, et que l'ours est mieux léché que lui. C'étoit assez molestant aussi, je le sais bien, mais ça ne valoit pas un indicible coûp de canne dans mon tibia, que toute la peau en est partie, et que je l'ai retrouvé le soir dans mon caleçon.'

"*Le Prévenu.*—'Voilà la chose. Le muffle ici présent.'

"*Le Président.*—'Parlez avec plus de convenance.'

"*Le Prévenu.*—'Enfin il avoit l'air si cornichon, en donnant ses miettes de sucre à l'ours, qu'il appeloit *petit fi, petit mignon,* ni plus ni moins qu'un serin, que je n'ai pu m'empêcher de me moquer de lui. Mais il ne vous dit pas qu'il m'a dit des sottises pendant une heure, qu'il m'a appelé garnement, va nupieds, revolutionnaire. Alors embêté de ça, je lui ai rabattu son caquet avec un léger coup de ma badine, qu'il s'est mis à goûter, qu'on est venu m'arrêter, mais lui avoir enlevé la pelure, je n'ai pas tapé assez fort pour cela.' "

The witnesses having proved the assault, the defendant was fined 25 fr. and ten days' imprisonment.

The ideas of self-importance which have been engendered by the doctrines of equality daily fill the courts with petty squabbles; and the pompous language used in reciting little griefs is very amusing.

M. Duvergier de Hauranne, on presenting the report of the committee for an extraordinary credit of two millions for the secret police, made the following avowal: that there would be a degree of culpable

reservation in concealing the real state of the country. The army and the sovereign were the objects of the most criminal attempts,—the fidelity of the one was tampered with, the life of the other was attempted by assassins. The multiplicity of these attempts abundantly proved that they had but one common origin—that an association of regicides was formed, with numerous ramifications in the neighbouring countries. In Spain and Portugal, for instance, there existed a club known by the designation of the avengers of Alibaud; and even in London the name of that regicide had been greeted with acclamations in one of the Radical clubs. The circumstances of the country were altogether most serious.

Wednesday, 26th.—Some bad spirit has been shown lately in the National Guard. A section in one of the legions was noted for the disaffection of their officers, who were displaced by order of the Government. On the occasion of the new elections, the corps persisted in re-electing the obnoxious members, which has given so much offence to the Government, that the section itself has been disbanded. Printed proclamations have been stuck up during the night in various quarters of the Faubourg St. Germain, exciting the people to a revolution, and dated 1st year of the Republic. Some of the bill-stickers have been apprehended; and yesterday a man, probably intoxicated, was taken up by the police while crying, "Mort au tyran, mort à Louis-Philippe." These may be mere individual acts, but they excite unpleasant reflections. In the evening appeared the proclamation that the King had commuted the pun-

ishment of death pronounced against Meunier into transportation for life. This act of clemency may probably have a good effect.

M. Ancillon, the Minister for Foreign Affairs at Berlin, died on the 19th instant, in his seventieth year.

Thursday, 27th.—The million of francs for the dower of the Queen of the Belgians was voted in the Chamber of Deputies by a majority of 239 to 140; but the allusions made by the Opposition to the private domain of the King proved that he might very justly and without inconvenience have paid it from his own funds.

Meunier's mother went this morning to the Tuileries to solicit her son's pardon. She was received by the King, who told her he had already granted her request.

Friday, 28th.—No time seems to be fixed for the arrival of the Princess of Mecklenburg or the celebration of the marriage. It was at first announced for the middle of May, but now she is not expected till the middle of June.

The town has often been entertained with the matrimonial dissensions of the Count and Countess ——. She is an English woman, not known in England, but she had some fortune, and appears to be a very eccentric character. Two years ago she was suing for a divorce, and had retired from her husband's society, when he put a stop to the proceedings by forcibly carrying her off, and taking her a tour into Germany, from whence they returned reconciled to each other, and have since lived under the same roof.

The other day ——, who is a member of the Jockey Club, and one of the sporting characters in Paris, made a bet of some value, that he would take some extraordinary leap on horseback in the Bois. The bet was to be decided in two or three days. Madame ——, hearing of it, conceived the greatest anxiety for his safety. She went early in the morning into the stables, and asked the groom which was the horse that —— intended to ride that day for the pending wager, and on his pointing out the animal, ordered him to turn it round in the stall, and then very coolly drawing a pistol from under her manteau, fired at the horse's head, but without effect, as it flashed in the pan. She then turned round to her valet de chambre, and ordered him to reload the pistol. A second attempt was more successful,—the poor beast was mortally wounded; and as he lay struggling on the ground, she ordered the servants to put him out of his pain by stabbing him with a poniard, which was accordingly done.

When —— awaked, he was told that the anxious affection of his wife had destroyed a valuable horse, and subjected him to a considerable forfeit for the non-performance of his wager.

The second reading of the Irish Municipal Bill has passed through the House of Lords, with the assurance from the Duke and Lord Lyndhurst that the Bill should receive such amendments in the Committee, as would meet the support of all friends of good government in Ireland.

The distress in Birmingham, Manchester, and the other manufacturing towns seems still increasing,

and one of its surest symptoms—political discontent —has already been manifested. A meeting has been held to revive in Birmingham the Political Union, which, during the short-lived prosperity in the country, the members promised the Whig Government should be finally dissolved. Thousands of hands are out of employ, and large mobs parade the streets before the butchers' and bakers' shops soliciting charity, but no disorders have hitherto occurred.

Monday, May 1st.—The following act of barbarous courage is related of Revendee Bey, surnamed the *One-eyed,* who is now the object of great attention at Constantinople. His father died when he was only sixteen years old, and the Kurdes, his subjects, refused to acknowledge him as his successor on account of his youth, styling him *smooth-face.* Having called together the revolting chiefs, he advanced into the midst of them, and said, "Well! you doubt my personal courage; I will now convince you of what sacrifices I am capable." And with this remark he immediately tore his left eye from the socket, and threw it on the ground. This extraordinary act of courage so astonished the Kurdes, that they threw themselves at his feet, acknowledged him as their Chief, and afterwards fought for him like lions. This anecdote has also made a deep impression on the Sultan, who has restored him all his property.

This was the King's birthday, which was celebrated with fêtes and fireworks in the Champs Elysées. The levée was numerously attended; and

I remarked here and there a few carriages with full dress liveries and feathered hats, as an attempt to go back to the old order of things *gradually* and by *stealth.* There were little or no acclamations among the people, notwithstanding the late act of clemency.

I did not comprehend why Matuscewitz so early in life should have voluntarily given up his prospects in the diplomatic line, which at one time appeared so brilliant. He disliked his situation as Minister at Naples because every thing was so contrary to his English habits. But his plea is, that the climate seriously affected his health; and he therefore wrote to Nesselrode, asking for a long leave of absence, or a peremptory recall. He was at once taken at his word, and a successor appointed. He now returns to England for his amusement, and seems very doubtful whether he shall ever be employed again.

Prince Paul of Würtemberg put another version on the affair last night. He tells me that he is in disgrace with the Emperor on account of the London Protocols; that the Russian Government was alternately blowing hot and cold in the Belgian affair; that the instructions of one day were contradicted the next, and because the conferences broke up without any satisfactory termination, the agent, notwithstanding his talents and ability, has been made to pay the penalty. Whatever may be the case, he seems to take it very coolly, and appears very indifferent whether he shall be employed again or not. In England he was always considered as high in favour with the Emperor, and his present treatment

does not say much for the constancy of his Royal master.

Tuesday, 2nd.—At the recent sale of the property of the Duc de Maillé, a small picture, covered with dust, lying aside in a corner, was not put up for sale on account of an inscription on the frame, "The gift of the King." A broker, however, advised the auctioneer to efface the words, and sell the picture. He did so. It was put up at thirty francs, and knocked down at fifty-three francs to M. Cousin, a dealer in antiquities, Place de la Bourse. Cousin carried off his picture, and, after cleaning it, found it to be the head of St. John the Baptist in his youth, by Raphael, from the cabinet of the King, of which that at Dusseldorf is but a copy. A connoisseur has already offered M. Cousin 15,000 francs for his bargain, which he has refused.

Wednesday, 3rd.—In consequence of the fatal termination of a duel that took place last year between M. Prestat, now a sub-lieutenant in one of the regiments in Africa, and a M. Hans, both at that time being students in the Polytechnic School, and in which the latter was killed, the mother of M. Hans, a widow, brought an action against his adversary for compensation for her loss. The case was heard yesterday before the Tribunal de Première Instance, and Lieutenant Prestat was adjudged by the Court to pay the widow an annuity of 800 francs for her life. A few more such verdicts would tend to stop the mania for duelling more effectually than any prohibitory laws. There is something very melancholy in the story of poor Hans, who was of a mild

disposition, beloved by his comrades, and the only hope of his poor widowed mother. Owing to some insignificant dispute he became the object of continued persecution from Prestat, who on every occasion was anxious to insult him. On the 15th of April the students were employed in a course of chemistry. Prestat was looking for a pincer: he saw one in the hand of Hans, and required him insolently to give it up. The other calmly replied that he was using it himself. "You shall give me satisfaction," said Prestat. "You are not worthy of it," replied Hans. Prestat then, in a violent passion, said, "What! you refuse to fight. Then I shall know how to compel you." Thus saying, he flew at him and gave him a severe blow in the face, at the same time tearing his cheek with his nails. The insult was too public to be passed over, and even the other students felt that he could not avoid a duel proposed with so much insolence. Hans, also, was brave and noble-minded. He had no idea of flinching from the contest, and fearlessly resigned himself to his fate. To those friends who inquired of him as to his means of defence, he merely replied, "What would you have me do? I know nothing of fencing. But after all, it is a fatality. My cause is just. God will not permit me to fall. He knows that it is necessary I should live to support my poor mother." They adjourned, the next day, to the plain of Grenelle, with their seconds. The combat did not last an instant: Hans fell mortally wounded in the breast and died. His comrades who attended his funeral, after eulogising his virtues, took an oath

over his grave never again to give or accept a challenge among themselves. Up to this period they have kept their word.

A meeting of the Radical electors of Westminster took place the other day, at which they agreed to call upon Sir Francis Burdett to render up his trust as their representative. He returned a manly answer to his opponents, denying their summons to be the real voice of his constituents, but so far yielded to clamour as to take the Chiltern Hundreds, and offer himself again for a fresh election. They have set up a new candidate against him in the person of a Mr. Leader. Sir George Murray, who was prepared to stand at the next election on the Tory interest, has refused to oppose Sir Francis on the present occasion.

General Evans is expected home to meet the electors in a few weeks. The Legion is described to be greatly dispirited, and no doubt exists that all of them will return to England when the time of their enlistment expires in June. Don Carlos has published a proclamation to his troops, extolling their courage, and promising them that his nephew, Don Sebastian, shall lead them in a month to scale the walls of his capital.

Thursday, 4th.—On Tuesday morning was executed, at Newgate, a wretch named Greenacre, for the murder of a Mrs. Brown, to whom he was engaged to be married. He had the barbarity to cut her body in pieces, and, to avoid detection, hid it in various places. The accidental discovery of these mutilated remains soon led to his apprehension, and

he was found guilty, but to the last hour maintained his innocence, asserting that her death was caused by accident. Not less than 25,000 persons assembled on the spot to witness his execution, and greeted his exit from the world with groans and hisses. The "Globe" states, that when the drop fell, he was much convulsed, and at each heave of the chest and shoulders, the populace responded by a cheer. When it was clear that life was extinct, and the body of the unhappy culprit hung motionless, one last tremendous cheer was given which shook the welkin.

A book has lately been published, under the title of "Affaires de Rome." It is from the pen of the Abbé de la Mennais, author of "Les Paroles d'un Croyant," and written with eloquence and vigour. The Abbé is a Liberal, and notwithstanding his professions of devotion and submission to the Court of Rome, seems amply disposed to criticise its system, and support its displeasure with great equanimity. He is fully impressed with the success of the progressive movement, with the idea that a new era is approaching for the world, that the reign of kings has ceased, and the ascendancy of the people will be established. And it is with this view that he blames the policy of the Holy Father of the Church in leaguing himself with the absolute powers (who are doomed to fall) in order to maintain his own insignificant temporal power, while an opportunity now presents itself to embrace the rising popular cause, and extend in a manifold degree his own appropriate and spiritual dominion. His idea—and, perhaps, not an unjust one,—is, that the extensive

feeling of irreligion which has originated with the late Revolution, proceeds not so much from a rooted dislike to religion itself in the people, as from a conviction that the ministers of that religion were leagued with tyrannical despots, whom they had sworn to overthrow. In like manner it may be said of Louis XVI., no one could accuse him of crimes which merited such a fate; but war was declared against the aristocracy in France, and, as the chief of that aristocracy he was hurried to the scaffold.

The union of Church and State the Abbé deprecates, and as regards the pontifical power he is right; but his whole book proves that the successors of St. Peter think very differently on the subject.

The Abbé looks forward to vast changes on the face of the whole globe, which are now only in their infancy, and he that runs may indeed read the signs of the times, which are approaching. Thus, he says—

"La société telle qu'elle est aujourd'hui n'existera pas; à mesure que l'instruction descend dans les classes inférieures, celles-ci découvrent la plaie secrète, qui ronge l'ordre social depuis le commencement du monde; plaie qui est la cause de tous les malaises, et de toutes les agitations populaires. La trop grande inégalité des conditions et des fortunes a pu se supporter, tant qu'elle a été cachée par l'ignorance, mais aussitôt que cette inégalité est généralement aperçue, le coup mortel est porté.

"Le développement matériel de la société accroîtra le développement des esprits. Lorsque la vapeur sera perfectionnée, lorsque unie au télégraphe, et aux chemins de fer, elle aura fait disparaître les

distances, ce ne seront pas seulement les marchandises, qui voyageront d'un bout du globe à l'autre avec la rapidité de l'éclair, mais encore les idées.

"Quand les divers pays prenant les mœurs les uns des autres, abandonnant les préjugés nationaux, les vieilles idées de suprématie ou de conquête, tendront à l'unité des peuples; par quel moyen ferez vous retrograder la société vers des principes épuisés?"

Thus at length may be solved the great problem of the universal civilisation from pole to pole, combined with which, the Abbé predicts, as indeed the Bible teaches, a genuine return to religious feeling throughout the world.

Saturday, 6th.—Meunier was taken yesterday from the prison of the Luxembourg in a hackney coach to the Conciergerie, where he remains for the present. Some one asked him what were his feelings at the moment of his condemnation, and also on receiving his pardon. "Quite the reverse," he replied, "to what you would imagine. When they came to read to me my sentence of death I was going to dinner. Well, that did not prevent me from eating with appetite, and sleeping well at night. On the following day when they came to communicate the intelligence that my life would be spared, I was unable to eat my dinner, or to sleep during the whole night."

Meunier makes repeated protestations of gratitude and repentance. The debate in the Chamber of Deputies on the Secret Service Money, which has lasted three days, was at length carried by a majo-

rity of 146. Thiers made a bitter speech against M. Guizot.

A pamphlet is published by M. Cormenin on the Civil List, in which several Ministerial misstatements as to its real value are brought to light. King Leopold, who has just obtained the grant of his Queen's dower from the Chambers, has issued an order to prohibit its circulation in Belgium.

Sunday, 7th.—The King reviewed the whole of the National Guard of Paris and the *banlieue* on the Place de Louis XV. As it was the first experiment of the kind for the last year, precautions of every kind were taken for the protection of the King's person, and the exclusion of his liege subjects from any approach to him. All circulation through the Rue de Rivoli, and all the avenues to the scene of action were vigilantly guarded by the troops of the line, which was attended with much private inconvenience for many hours, and created many unpleasant remarks. The whole passed off very quietly, as indeed was expected; but it was not the moment to have shown so much suspicion, after the late attempt at conciliation in the affair of Meunier, and many comparisons, not very favourable to Louis-Philippe, were drawn between these precautions and the unreserved conduct of Napoleon on similar occasions.

The suite of the Duc de Broglie in his mission to meet the Princess Helena of Mecklenburg is selected. He will proceed as far as Fulda, in the Electorate of Hesse, and the bride elect may be expected in France at the end of the month.

The Duchess Dowager of Saxe Meiningen, mother

of the Queen of England*, died at Meiningen of the *grippe*, on the 30th ultimo, aged seventy-four.

Monday, 8th.—The Committee on the Irish Municipal Bill was received in the House of Lords, and on the motion of the Duke of Wellington, the discussion was deferred till the 9th of June. This seems meant to give time to Lord Lyndhurst to return to England, who is kept here by the alarming state of his daughter's health.

——, though still weak and ill, was permitted the other day by his physician to take a drive in his carriage. He went to the Tuileries, and, supported by his servant, was introduced to the King, who conversed with him some time, but who is much mistaken if he thinks that he will get back his letters. The interview between the two must have been curious: the one probably meditating a seizure of the documents when the other dies, and the other conscious of having placed them for ever beyond his reach.

A fisherman in the department of the Seine and Marne, who during the time of the Revolution was living in great penury, suddenly became possessed of considerable affluence. He purchased a property of 300 acres near Morfontaine, part of the immense possessions which had belonged to the Abbey of Citeaux, and no one could account for his sudden prosperity. This man is lately dead, and it appears that the purchase was originally made by the notorious St. Just, the colleague of Robespierre, who,

* Queen Adelaide, afterwards Queen Dowager

notwithstanding the affected purity of his patriotism, had not been unmindful of his private interests; but, fearing to expose his ill-gotten wealth whilst he was foremost in persecuting the rich, caused the purchase to be registered in the name of the fisherman. Before the private assignation could be made over to himself, the 9th Thermidor had put an end to the life of the Terrorist, and left the lender of his name in full possession of the property. The writings of this young Republican, who surpassed in cruelty all his colleagues in the Reign of Terror, breathe the most exalted ideas of disinterested freedom, and form the general study of the regicides of the present day.

Prince Talleyrand said of Fox that he was "Un sophiste qu'il falloit laisser dans les nuées." Le Chevalier, who was present, added, to support his patron's opinion, "En effêt les nuées sont les déesses tutélaires des sophistes." Talleyrand, disliking commentaries on his own speeches, became sarcastic upon scholars, and ended by saying to the company present, "Voyez-vous, messieurs, il y a trois savoirs: le savoir proprement dit; le savoir faire; et puis le savoir vivre: les deux derniers dispensent bien souvent du premier."

Tuesday, 9th.—A sudden change has taken place in the Royal policy. Severity having failed in obtaining popularity, recourse is to be had to leniency. This day's "Moniteur" announces a general amnesty for all prisoners now confined for political offences. The number is supposed to be above 1,300. In addition to this, the penalty pronounced against Boireau and Meunier is again commuted to ten years,

banishment. Lord Lyndhurst's young daughter died this morning.

The household of the Duke of Orleans is formed. Countess Lobau is First Lady of Honour, accompanied by Countess d'Hautpoul, daughter of the Princess of Wagram, and the Marchioness of Champrereps, daughter of the Duke de Crillon. Flahault is named First Equerry. The King and Queen have no real household, as the principles of the Revolution of July were supposed to exclude such distinctions for a Citizen King. Few people in society are endowed with such advantages of manner and person as Flahault; and though he is no longer young, there is something very captivating in his address and conversation. His house is furnished in the modern style, with a profusion of valuable ornaments of the old time in buhl, Sèvres china, and marqueterie. There is a marked good-taste through the whole establishment, which is a happy combination of French and English habits. By his marriage with Miss Mercer*, an heiress of high family, the advantages that belong to both countries are secured; but had Napoleon remained on the throne, Flahault's career would probably have been yet more brilliant. The prospects of —— and ——, whom I met there to-day at dinner, have also been much altered by the unexpected events of 1815.

The new Amnesty Bill includes the Ministers of Charles X. who had been confined at Ham: all the remaining restrictions are taken off. The motion

* Miss Margaret Mercer Elphinstone, now Lady Keith and Nairne.

for a repeal of the Septennial Act was negatived only by a majority of nine in the House of Commons.

The sentence of Heckeren, who killed the poet Pouschkin in a duel at St. Petersburg, has been approved by the Emperor; he has been degraded from his rank in the Russian army, and would have been made to serve in the ranks, but being a foreigner he has been expelled the country.

Friday, 12*th*.—For the next three days there are races at Chantilly, where the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours receive a large party at the Château.

Saturday, 13*th*.—The election for Westminster closed on Thursday, when, after every exertion of the Radical party to defeat Sir Francis Burdett, he was again elected by a large majority of 380. It is a signal victory for the friends of good order, and of the Constitution; it is a satisfactory proof that there is a reaction in England, and that, notwithstanding the turbulent boastings of the demagogues, there is a solid good principle remaining in the country. This election, and a few preceding ones, lead to a hope that the majority of Ministers in the Commons may become too insignificant to support them much longer.

The "Moniteur" contains an order for repairing and reopening the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, which had been shut ever since the riots which took place, when the palace of the Archbishop was pillaged and destroyed by the mob, in 1831. This may be considered a new attempt at pacification on the part of the Crown. M. de la Tour Maubourg, the French ambassador at Madrid, has obtained

leave of absence from his post, and it is said that the two Governments in future will only maintain *chargés d'affaires* at each other's Courts.

Sunday, 14*th*.—The finest collection of old china in England will be found in the house of Lord Harewood, in Hanover Square, a nobleman whose agricultural pursuits and simple habits would give little reason to suppose that he was possessed of such an expensive article of luxury and taste. Fogg, the chinaman, since the renewed rage in England for *old valuables*, has in vain offered Lord Harewood immense sums for this collection; but it was originally made by his elder brother,—well known then as Beau Lascelles, who died unmarried, in 1814,—and is always preserved in the family as a *souvenir* of him. The brothers were much attached to each other: but never was a greater contrast seen than in the refinement of the one, and the simplicity of the other. Beau Lascelles was the essence of fashion of that day. He was a handsome man, rather inclined to be fat, which gave him a considerable resemblance to George Prince of Wales, whom he evidently imitated in his dress and manner. He was very high bred, and amiable in society, and his taste in all that surrounded him was undeniable; his house, his carriages, horses, and servants, without any attempt at gaudy trappings, were the admiration of all the town from the uniform neatness and beauty of their *tenue*. The *ensemble* of his equipage when he went to Court on a birthday might really be compared to a highly-finished toy. His house, though not large, was a museum of curiosities,

selected with great taste and judgment at a time when he had few competitors, and, had they all been preserved, they would now be of incalculable value. His life was luxurious, but short, as he died at the age of fifty.

Went to hear a grand High Mass at the church of St. Eustache, with fine music, where was a considerable attendance; the dresses of the priests, and the decorations of the altar, are gradually returning to the splendour which existed before the last revolution.

Monday, 15th. —The triumph of the Conservative party in the success of Burdett's election has been very satisfactory: the speech of Mr. Leader to his supporters was a violent declaration of every Radical and Jacobinical principle, which the Whig Government affects to deprecate.

Great preparations are making at Fontainebleau for the reception of the bride of the Duc d'Orleans, who is expected to arrive there on the 29th inst. The King and the Royal Family leave Paris on the 27th inst. to be ready for the meeting, and the marriage will take place on the 30th. The performers from the three principal theatres are ordered down to give representations at the Château during the first three days in June, after which the party will return to Paris, where other fêtes will succeed.

A letter from Bona of the 1st inst. mentions, that some workmen employed that day in clearing one of the cisterns of the Catbah, found an iron pot, hermetically sealed, containing the head of a man in good preservation: several small pieces of money,

bearing the effigy of King Dagobert, were found in the same place. It is rather curious that a similar object should have lately been discovered here in the Seine.

Lord Londonderry was presented the other day at the Tuileries: when last here, about five years ago, his ultra-Tory principles would not allow him to visit the citizen king of the three days, which did not pass unremarked at the time. On the present occasion Louis-Philippe looked at him, as if trying to recollect a face which he had not seen for a long time, and then said, "Sure that must be Lord Londonderry; why it is at least fifteen years since you have been at Paris, my Lord."

A M. de France, lieutenant of the French brig the "Loiret," who was taken prisoner in last August by the Arabs, when stationed off Arzew, has published a detail of the sufferings which he endured from his merciless captors. He was carried up the country by a troop of horse, or rather dragged by a rope attached to the saddle of one of the party, till he arrived bleeding and nearly exhausted, after several days' journey, at the camp of Abdel-Kader, who had great difficulty in rescuing him from the hands of his tribe, anxious, as they were, to put him to death. He describes that chief as not more than twenty-eight years old, and scarcely five feet high, with an agreeable countenance, small feet, and beautiful hands, which he preserves with coquetry, and of which, like Napoleon, he is remarkably proud. "Il est toujours à les laver; tout en causant, accroupi sur ses carreaux, il tient les doigts de ses pieds entre

les doigts de ses mains, et lorsque cette posture le fatigue, il se met à rogner, à déchausser ses ongles avec un canif-ciseau, dont le manche en nacre est finement travaillé, et qu'il a constamment dans les mains." He affects great simplicity in his dress, but his linen is remarkably fine. He is a good horseman, and has several fine Arabian horses for his own use. He is less cruel than his followers; and the persecutions endured at times by M. de France were committed without his knowledge. His army is small and undisciplined, but actuated, as well as all the natives, by a most inveterate hatred against their invaders. There was little or no artillery, and of the worst description at that time; but since the affair of Constantine that arm has been increased, the whole more fitted for a partisan war than a general engagement.

Abdel-Kader is not a sovereign by descent; he was the son of a Marabout, or priest, renowned for his sanctity, who had twice performed the journey to the sepulchre of the Prophet at Mecca, which gave him a great moral influence over the tribes. His son accompanied him in these pious expeditions, and being early instructed in the study of the Koran and of the Italian language, soon raised himself in the estimation of his countrymen; and when the French took possession of Algiers his strenuous exertions to raise their fanatical enthusiasm and excite their feelings of vengeance and resistance to the foe, added to his own personal bravery, activity, and cunning, soon placed him in the high position of chief, to which he aspired, and then led to his

present title of sultan. He is the only man capable of keeping the French at bay, and without him they would soon be discouraged and subdued. The interior of the country is described as beautiful, and capable, with little care and attention, of fertility and civilisation to an inconceivable extent; at present it offers a scene of barbarism and nudity which is unparalleled. The Sultan's revenue arises from voluntary tributes, which are too often enforced by pillage at the sword's point; but they are hardly equal to the support of his troops. Still the hostile feeling towards the invaders will always be a bond of unity among the tribes till they are completely overcome; and important assistance of every description in stores and money is constantly furnished by the Emperor of Morocco for combating the common foe.

After enduring every hardship and indignity during his captivity, and seeing two or three of his fellow prisoners die from the most barbarous ill-treatment, M. de France was at last included with six others in an exchange of prisoners, and sent back to his countrymen at Algiers; but even during their journey on this peaceful mission, their lives were frequently endangered from the malevolence of the natives, who never ceased to load them with abuse, execrations, and abhorrence. Such is the hatred and contempt of these Mahometans for the name of a Christian.

On the 25th of last month was executed, at Frankfort on the Oder, an officer of the name of Arnstedt, who had murdered his professor, Lieutenant Wentzel:

great hopes had been entertained by the culprit that his life would have been spared; but as an idea had prevailed among the soldiery that the penal laws of the military code would never be enforced to the severest extent, it was deemed necessary to make a useful and terrible example in the present case. Judgment had been pronounced so far back as the month of February, but the family of Arnstedt, dreading the disgrace which would attach to their name by the execution of one of its members, took every measure to attack the legitimacy of his birth. No effort was spared to establish this humiliating resource of substituting one species of disgrace for another, but in vain; and what is more extraordinary, his mother was one of the principal instigators. Foiled at last in a wish to proclaim her own dishonour, she attempted to convey to him in prison a loaded pistol, but was detected in the very act, and banished instantly from the town. The King was induced to mitigate the sentence as far as regarded the breaking on the wheel: he walked to the scaffold with firmness, and was beheaded by the common executioner.

The widest interpretation has been given by Ministers to the late act of amnesty, and the prisoners have immediately been set at liberty. The feelings, however, excited by this clemency, have not uniformly been so favourable as might have been expected. Many, who conceived that their imprisonment was unjust and unauthorised, at the moment of leaving St. Pélagie, made remarks not at all indicative of gratitude or conciliation. Among these

were Messrs. Charles de Maurice and Verteuil de Feuillas, editors of "La France." These gentlemen declare, in unequivocal terms, that if it had been in their power to continue their imprisonment, they would still remain in St. Pélagie.

On the day that the act of amnesty was announced, M. Dupin was in the Chamber of Conferences, surrounded by a group of members of all opinions, who with one voice approved of the measure. M. Jaubert said, "I have only one regret; which is, that it was not left to be done by those who insisted upon the rigorous enactments." "Well," replied M. Dupin, "M. Persil (who is now Director of the Mint) will probably strike the medal which is to perpetuate the memory of the Royal act of clemency." This repartee created a general laugh. It has since been verified by the fact. The Ex-keeper of the Seals of the 11th October and the 6th September is charged to strike a medal in commemoration of the amnesty.

I was asking Fitzharris* and Stanley last night what was the reason that the late Sir H. G. had left the whole of his immense property to Mr. ——, who had no connection with his family. I then learnt that they were early friends in their youth, neither of them at that time in good circumstances, but mutually assisting each other, and equally fond of hunting and other sports, which cemented the intimacy. When —— inherited Lord Clermont's estates they still kept up the same intercourse; but so little were the future intentions of the one anticipated or

* Earl of Malmesbury, Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1852.

suspected by the other, that on one occasion Mr. ——, having lost a considerable sum on the turf, applied to his friend for the loan of 2,000*l.*, which was refused, and produced a coolness between them. When on his deathbed Sir H. G. behaved with great composure. As soon as he was made acquainted with his situation, he expressed no wish to live, though surrounded by such prospects of worldly affluence and prosperity, made every testamentary disposition in favour of his friend, provided for his servants, &c., and declined any communication with a clergyman who was in attendance, which, he said, was incompatible with his own feelings on those subjects. Worn out and exhausted in the very prime of life, he quietly turned round on his pillow, and hiding his face with his arm, expired without a groan.

Wednesday, 17*th.*—There are reports in town of Don Carlos's troops being defeated. Hernani is taken by the Christinos.

Louis-Philippe went yesterday to Versailles and reviewed, in the court of the Château, all the students of the Ecole Polytechnique from St. Cyr. He then asked them all to walk in and see the Musée and the new theatre, which so gained the hearts of the refractory young gentlemen, that they saluted him with long and repeated *vivats*. Conciliation now is the order of the day.

Thursday, 18*th.*—Several anecdotes were told this evening of *Monk* Lewis, so called from the book which he wrote,—a genius of the second order, who made some little noise at the time by writing

tales of horror, in the style of the German school, which have been, however, since forgotten. He was the son of Mr. Lewis, of the War Office,—a little insignificant figure with pretensions to *bel esprit.* He was sometimes invited to Oatlands, and had a turn for epigram that rather amused the Duchess of York. On one occasion, I remember that Lord Erskine, after dinner, inveighed bitterly against marriage; and smarting, I suppose, under the recollection of his own unsuccessful choice, concluded by saying, that a wife was a tin canister tied to a man's tail, which very much excited the indignation of Lady Ann Culling Smith, who was of the party. Lewis took a sheet of paper, and wrote the following neat epigram on the subject, which he presented to her Royal Highness:—

"Lord Erskine at marriage presuming to rail,
Says, a wife's a tin canister tied to one's tail,
And the fair Lady Ann, while the subject he carries on,
Feels hurt at his Lordship's degrading comparison.
But wherefore degrading? if taken aright
A tin canister's useful, and polished, and bright,
And if dirt its original purity hide,
'Tis the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied."

Lewis had a great facility for impromptu verses, but these are the best I remember of his. He afterwards went to the West Indies, where he died before he was forty, soon after the Peace.

Friday, 19*th.*—The success of the Conservatives at Westminster has been followed up by a triumph at Bridgewater, which was vacated by Mr. Leader. Mr. Broadwood has defeated Brinsley Sheridan by a good majority."

The Christino troops under Espartero have been successful. Hernani, Irun, and Fontarabia have fallen. Evans was engaged with the remnants of his legion, and no quarter was shown to the Carlist troops. The warfare which is carried on in Spain is a disgrace to civilisation. I saw this morning M. Sampayo, a Portuguese Liberal, and a great newsmonger, and said to him, "Est-ce donc vrai que les nouvelles d'Espagne soient tellement mauvaises?" "Au contraire," he replied, "elles sont singulièrement bonnes!" And so goes the world now, split into two opinions, each rejoicing in the havoc which its own party commits.

A curious discovery has been made on the coast of the Côtes du Nord. The violence of the gale on the 4th carried away an immense quantity of sand, and thereby discovered a submarine forest, a quarter of a league in extent, situated between the Great and the Little Rosaire, and which is even presumed to extend as far as Binnić. The wood, which is reduced to peat, is principally oak. An ancient tradition exists in the neighbourhood, that a forest, which existed on the spot, was overwhelmed by the ocean some three or four hundred years ago.

Saturday, 20*th*.—A letter from Glengall mentions that the Melbourne Cabinet is *en émoi;* there are constant meetings at Lord Holland's and Lord Grey's. Durham expected home immediately. At the late Westminster election, the King openly supported Burdett, while the Duchess of Kent used her influence for Leader.

The Duke of Orleans on being told that his in-

tended bride had yellow hair and complexion, replied, that in that case he should wear yellow spectacles, that every woman might appear to him of the same complexion with his wife.

The *corps diplomatique* is not invited to the marriage at Fontainebleau, as it is supposed that Count Pahlen, and perhaps some others, would not make their appearance.

Sunday, 21*st*.—Lord and Lady Londonderry have left Paris for London. Her father, Sir Harry Vane Tempest, from whom she inherited all the Winyard property, was one of the handsomest men of his time, but one of the hardest livers; he married the Countess of Antrim, a peeress in her own right, and heiress to the Glenarm property in Ireland, which, added to his own income, rendered him one of the richest commoners in England. He was a very expensive man, fond of hunting, cock-fighting, and the turf, but not addicted to play. He once attracted great notoriety in Hyde Park on a Sunday, by riding as a hack a celebrated racehorse, who in the preceding week had won for him the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, of immense value. He was a good-natured man, though not of refined manners, as may be inferred from the bet which he once made with Hervey Aston, that he would knock down the first man that came into the stand at Newmarket. In those days there still existed among the men of fashion some vestiges of the wild outrages of the Mohawks, as they were justly termed. Sir Harry Vane Tempest's most fatal passion was the bottle, which he carried to a great extent. I once passed a week

with them at Winyard, and, though the dinner hour was not then unusually late, he would seldom be induced to get up from table till five or six in the morning; and then he would not always retire to rest, but sometimes would put on his morning dress, and walk over the estate with his bailiff. This irregular life soon wore out a naturally strong constitution, and he died at Winyard of a fit, in 1813, when he could not have been more than forty.

His estates and collieries, of immense value, are now the property of Lord Londonderry*, and will descend to his second son, Lord Vane or Seaham, while the Londonderry property will go to his eldest, Lord Castlereagh, whose mother was Lady C. Bligh. Lady Antrim, after his death, married a Mr. Phelps, a man of no family, but celebrated for his singing talents, to whom she became attached. He took her family name of Macdonnell, by Act of Parliament. She died four years ago, and having no male issue by either marriage, her estates then went with her title to her sister, Lady Mark Kerr. She was very proud of her descent from the Lord of the Isles, and said that when Lady Frances, her daughter, was an infant at Glenarm, every year Glengarry, the head of the Scottish clan, came over in a boat to do homage to the child as his sovereign liege. Lady Antrim had great interest in the county, and latterly joined Lord Hertford in fighting the Tory battles against the house of Donegall.

The weather remains so cold, that we have little

* Lord Londonderry died in 1854.

or no appearance of spring, and the winter provisions for the cattle being expended, there is a great dearth of forage; in some places the small farmers have been forced to strip the straw from the roofs of their outhouses to procure sustenance for the beasts.

Monday, 22*nd*. — This evening at Lady Fitzharris's we met Madame de Guebriac, daughter of the Comtesse Sebastiani, formerly Madame Davidoff, who is going to make a short stay in England, where she imagines that she will find nothing to eat but roast beef and horseradish.

Baron Werther is about to leave his post as Prussian Minister at Paris, being made Minister for Foreign Affairs at Berlin, in the room of the late M. Ancillon.

The Princess Helena of Mecklenburg is arrived at Potsdam, where she has been received with the highest honours by the Royal family of Prussia. She afterwards held a court, where all the officers of State were formally presented to her. As she is considered here a connection of the Prussian family*, Baron Werther alone of the *corps diplomatique* will be invited to the marriage at Fontainebleau.

Tuesday, 23*rd*. — The other day the King went to visit the Jardin des Plantes, and was received by M. Salvandy, the Minister of Public Instruction, which gave rise to the joke, that *les bêtes* must belong to his department.

A *bon mot* of Pozzo's is cited from London:—

* Her step-brother, Paul, Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was married to Alexandrina, daughter of the late King of Prussia.

Lady Holland exulting in the duration of the Whig Government, notwithstanding the late anticipations of their fall, said to him the other night, "Vous voyez, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, que nous vivons toujours." "Oui, Madame," he replied, "les petites santés durent quelquefois longtems."

The extraordinary cold and wet weather, which has so long prevailed, has been remarked upon by "La France" as follows: —

"It is very remarkable that the ancient astrologers, prophets, and almanack-makers all agree in representing the year 1837 of the Incarnation as one of the most calamitous. Galeotti, who lived under Catherine de Medicis, says, 'In that year (1837) the sun will show itself weak, as if in continual languor, which will prevent it ripening the fruits of the earth.' The clear-sighted James Scott also talks of copious inundations which will drown the West, and make folks look about them in apprehension of a second deluge. Vavoust, in his 'Spectaculum Mundi,' writes in a similar style. M. Arago, taking for his basis the last eclipse of the moon, is of opinion that the bad weather will continue until October, which signifies that we shall have a double winter." This evening at Lady H. Robinson's, I found Lady Stuart de Rothsay and her daughter just arrived from Italy. At Madame de Girardin's, later, it was mentioned that Don Sebastian had passed into Aragon with fifteen battalions, and that several provinces were declaring for the Revolution, equally indisposed to the Christinos and to the Carlists.

Thursday, 25th. — The following anecdote of Charles-Jean *, the present King of Sweden, was told to me yesterday. When Gustavus Adolphus was deposed by the conspiracy of a party in 1809, his uncle, the Duke of Sudermania, was placed on the throne, and became Charles XIII. Gustavus had married Frederica-Dorothea, Princess of Baden, by whom he had two sons, both, equally with their father, excluded from the throne, and who followed him into exile. The new King having no children, biassed by the intrigues of the day, afterwards adopted Bernadotte as his successor, who came to Sweden, and was elected Prince Royal.

On the departure of Gustavus and his sons, the Queen did not follow them into exile; she remained in Stockholm, shut up in her palace, where her presence was embarrassing to the Court of her uncle, and seldom did she mix with the world except on some particular occasions of etiquette, from which she could not well remain absent without giving offence to the Government.

Charles XIII., at last wishing to place his niece in a more agreeable position, urged her strongly to triumph over her grief, attempt to forget the past, and make an effort to receive the Hereditary Prince, Charles-John. After much hesitation she at last consented to submit; and an entertainment was announced at her palace, which was only to consist of cards and tea, as dancing had never been allowed under her roof since her misfortunes.

* Bernadotte, who died in 1844.

The whole Court was invited, and all the distinguished foreigners. Sudden indisposition prevented the old King from joining the party. The Queen did the honours with great seeming affability, and played a rubber of whist with the Hereditary Prince and the Ambassadors of England and Russia. After cards, the tea was served, with a magnificent plateau prepared for the Queen and the Prince. The Queen advanced, and poured out the tea into two cups, indicating one to the Prince, who, just as he was in the act of taking it, suddenly felt the pressure of a thumb on his shoulder forcible and significant enough to convince him that it was meant for a warning, the purport of which as quickly flashed upon his senses. With considerable presence of mind he immediately exclaimed, "Ah, Madam, it is impossible that I can permit your Majesty to serve me!" and, seizing the plateau, turned it round adroitly in such a manner that the cup, which was intended for him, was placed before the Queen and the other before himself. The Queen turned mortally pale; and Charles John watched the event with anxiety, still uncertain whether his suspicions were grounded! Was she about to confess her crime? No! she quickly recovers, takes the cup, makes a smiling salutation to the Prince, and drinks up the contents to the last drop.

On the following day the "Gazette" of Stockholm contained the following short paragraph: — "The Queen Dorothea died suddenly during the night,

and the cause of her death was generally imputed to apoplexy." This happened in 1813.

Friday, 26th. — The Government motion for the abolition of church rates was carried only by a small majority of five, and all idea of carrying it through the House of Lords must of course be abandoned. They may shortly turn round to their dictators, the Radicals and Dissenters, and say, We cannot do your business.

Saturday, 27th.— * * * *

At the beginning of this century the Barrymore family were conspicuous among the *roués* of the day in London; there were three brothers and one sister, dignified by the flattering *sobriquets* of Hellgate, Cripplegate, Newgate, and Billingsgate, to which might be added their tutor at college—Profligate.

The eldest, as Earl Barrymore, was foremost in every species of dissipation; he had a country house near Henley, on the river, which was the scene of various orgies, and where he gave private theatricals, which were much talked of. His career was short, and his death rather mysterious; he was escorting some French prisoners to Dover, with a party of his regiment, and was stepping into a whiskey with a fusee in his hand loaded with ball, which, it was said, went off as he put it down, and wounded him so dangerously, that he died within half an hour.

He was succeeded by his brother, who was lame, and whose excesses and eccentricities were for many years afterwards the talk of the town. He was entertaining, and had a certain degree of talent; but, among other vices, was fond of low company;

and from his want of principle, as well as his want of good taste, was generally avoided by those whom his rank might have entitled him to live with. This Lord Barrymore was very fond of mystifying people, and drawing them into discussions after dinner, when he was himself generally drunk, and never failed to end by some mischievous trick, which was very annoying to the victim. On one of these occasions he was dining with a party at Windsor, when the conversation turned on the practicability of taking Windsor Castle by an armed force, and Colonel Cowper, a very quiet, inoffensive man, was drawn by Barrymore into a discussion of the means which he would use, as a military man, to effect this object. Each began to draw his plans of attack and defence by marks of wine on the table, as Ovid would say, "Pingis et exiguo Pergama tota merô;" but Barrymore was little of a tactician, and the Colonel drew up his forces with such skill, that he proved undoubtedly to the company the superiority by which his combinations must ensure his getting possession of the Castle. The Earl being thus foiled, became mischievous, and after a little reflection, cried out, "Your plan is faulty, you have forgotten the river Thames;" and taking up a tumbler of water, which stood near him, instead of deluging the works of his adversary, threw the contents directly in the Colonel's face. Great confusion of course ensued, but the plea of ebriety was allowed as an excuse.

In those days singing after dinner formed an essential part of conviviality, and Barrymore, who

had a good voice, was always foremost in promoting this incentive to drinking. He had a famous song for this purpose, the chorus of which was "Chip-chow, cherry-chow, fol-lol de riddle-low," well known to all his associates. It had never reached the ears, however, of General Sir Alured Clarke, who was very proud of his campaigns in America, and very ready to dilate on the information he had gained concerning the tribes of savage Indians in some of the back settlements. Barrymore once attacked the old General unawares upon this his favourite subject, by an affected desire to obtain some knowledge about them. Thus he began:—"What is the tribe of the Chip Chows?" The old General, taken perhaps by the sound, and whose information might have been rather superficial, began to describe a tribe of savages in a particular district, remarkable for their cruelty and warlike propensities. Seeing that the bait was swallowed, the questioner proceeded, with much seeming interest, to inquire, "What were the Cherry Chows?" These also were described, with other particulars, in the same grave manner, and the addition that they always ate their prisoners. Upon this Barrymore, throwing off the mask, burst into a loud horse-laugh, and said to the astonished General, with an oath, "And what do you think of the Fol-lol de riddle-lows?" There was then a general burst from the whole room; but Sir Alured, though evidently discomposed, rose from his seat with great dignity, and said to his merciless foe, "My Lord, during all my travels, I have seen few savages so barbarous as

yourself," and leaving the room at once, was never induced to speak to him again. It might be extraordinary that these impertinent freaks did not sometimes produce unpleasant consequences, but he mingled so much buffoonery with them that they were more frequently treated with contempt.

I remember his fighting a duel with Humphry Howarth, M. P. for Evesham, who was a *farceur* like himself, that was treated more as an object of ridicule than anything serious. It arose out of a quarrel after dinner at the Castle Inn, at Brighton, during the race week, and they adjourned to the course early in the morning to settle the difference. The seconds and a few friends who went to *see the show*, were soon convulsed with laughter when they saw Howarth, who was a fat old man, deliberately take off his clothes and present himself naked (except his drawers) to the murderous weapon of his adversary. The fact was, he had been a surgeon in the Company's army in India, and knowing professionally that gunshot wounds were often aggravated by parts of the clothing being driven by the ball into the orifice, he had determined to avoid at least this risk, by divesting himself of all incumbrances. The precaution, however, was needless, as no blood was spilt, and the matter arranged by a random shot from each party.

Duels in those days were much more frequent than at present, and generally ended more fatally. Camelford was killed in a duel by Mr. Best; they were the two most celebrated shots in England, which, though the cause of the quarrel was trifling,

precluded all accommodation. Another was that between Colonel Montgomery, the brother of Mrs. George Byng, and Captain Macnamara, in the Navy. I was riding in the Park when the quarrel took place. Each was accompanied by a Newfoundland dog, who began to fight, and each master interfered to save his favourite. A slight altercation took place, which could hardly be called offensive, but both were excited; and when Bob Montgomery said, "If you have anything to say to me you know where to find me," the meeting became inevitable; still, if the seconds had shown either temper or good feeling on the occasion, or had even permitted the sun to go down on their wrath, the matter might have been easily arranged, but Sir W. Keir and Captain Barry were not men of that stamp. They accompanied their principals that very evening to Chalk Farm, the result of which was that poor Montgomery was shot through the heart at the first fire. Macnamara was also slightly wounded. He was tried for his life at the Old Bailey, and was acquitted.

One evening I went into Watier's Club, where I found Mr. George Payne waiting to make a rubber at whist, others soon arrived, and the play began. Nothing remarkable passed except that Mr. Payne was anxious to continue the game; and though we played till four or five o'clock, seemed disappointed at the party breaking up. I went home to bed, and soon after ten o'clock my servant Chapman came into my room to tell me that Mr. Payne had been that morning shot in a duel on Putney Heath. Thus he had been purposely playing all the night in order to

pass the time till he was summoned into eternity, and certainly no one could have told by his manner at the card-table that he had such an awful prospect in view.

To return to Lord Barrymore. He married a young lady of no family in Ireland, a Miss Coghlan: she had a sister, who lived with them, a fine-looking girl, who made the conquest of the old Duc de Castries, a French emigrant with a powdered head and *ailes de pigeon*, but then very poor; he made her a French duchess, and at the restoration carried her over to Paris, where he was protected by the Bourbons, and regained part of his property and his hotel in the Faubourg St. Germains. He was at one time governor of Calais under Louis XVIII.

Gambling and expensive habits brought Barrymore latterly into great distress; his house was assailed by bailiffs, and whenever he wished to give a dinner, he took a lesson from Sir Richard Steele, and clothed them in his livery to wait at table: some droll stories used to be told of the mistakes which they committed from not knowing by sight the master of the house.

His health soon failed him as well as his purse, and he retired to France, where he died in poverty in 1823, I believe under the roof of the Duc de Castries, who helped to support the family.

The younger brother was a clergyman, but not a whit more regular in his habits and conduct; he also died in obscurity, and the title is now extinct. It is an ancient family in Ireland, and related to the Du Barré's in this country, one of whom gave his name to the famous mistress of Louis XV.

The Earl of Kingston was also another of the Irish *roués*, with Llandaff and his brother, &c.; he was a man of immense fortune and of Herculean frame; but he drank to such excess, that he died in a mad-house. There was besides a man of some fame and little merit in those days, by name Sir John Lade, whom I have mentioned as having at one time had the management of the Prince of Wales's stables, and who married his cook, and gradually sunk out of notice. Lade's ambition was to imitate a groom in dress and in language. I once heard him asking a friend on Egham racecourse to go home and dine with him: "I can give you," said he, "a trout spotted all over like a coach dog, a fillet of veal as white as alab*las*ter, a pantaloon cutlet, and plenty of pancakes—so help me!" It was then the fashion to drive a phaeton with four-in-hand. The Prince of Wales drove a phaeton and six, as being more magnificent, and the postilions on the leaders rendered it easier. As a boy, I have seen H. R. H. at Brighton driving round and round the Steyne in this equipage, followed by a dozen others of the same description driven by Sir John Lade, Lord Barrymore, Lord Sefton, and other notorious whips.

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Sunday, 28th. — Yesterday the King and his family, joined by the Queen of the Belgians, left the Tuileries for Fontainebleau. The Duke of Orleans went to Chalons to meet the Grand Duchess Dowager and the Princess Helena, who entered the French territory at Metz on the 25th, and were received by triumphal arches and repeated acclamations.

Epsom races took place this last week; the Derby was won by Lord Berners's horse Phosphorus.

Monday, 29th. — To-day the Count de Latour Maubourg, French ambassador at Madrid, was married in Paris to Mademoiselle de Pange, the sister of Madame Marescalchi.

The accounts of our King's health are very unsatisfactory; he has had a return of asthma, and suffers from a rupture. An unpleasant correspondence has passed between him and the Duchess of Kent on the proposal which he made of forming a household for the Princess Victoria, now she has come of age, which was combated by her mother, as it would have given the nomination to the Court party; and it is said that her letter was couched in very unsatisfactory terms. The Whig Ministry, finding themselves in a falling state, attempt to identify themselves with the rising sun.

The eloquence of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, and indeed, of Sir James Graham, in the late debates in the Commons, has been much praised, especially when contrasted with the speeches of their opponents, who, with the exception of Mr. Shiel, are not gifted with the same talents; but however such eloquence may embellish an argument, and amuse the hearers, it has very little weight in making proselytes to the cause in that house. Party influence is so defined that there are few, if any, floating voters who are sufficiently independent or unprejudiced to be gained by any sudden convictions; so decidedly are the minds of all made up on the subject, before the discussion takes place. The late Mr. Fergusson of

Pitfour, who had served during a long succession of Parliaments, was wont to say that he had heard very many fine speeches in his time on *baith* sides of the question, and on coming down to the house he had *vary* often changed his opinion, but *naver* his vote.

I drove this evening with Montrond in his carriage in the Champs Elysées, who, though very much debilitated and desponding about his state, which is still very precarious, is quite alive to everything that is going on in the world. He alluded to his late visits to the Tuileries, and said that Lord Palmerston would be much mistaken if he thought that he could drive Louis-Philippe into any active interference in the affairs of Spain.

A duel, attended with fatal consequences, took place on the 19th of March, at New Orleans, between Mr. Naylor of Donalsonville, and Mr. Brounaugh of the former place. The cause of the quarrel was, that Mr. Naylor had given the other a bill for 2000 dollars to negotiate, which he had converted to his own purposes. High words of abuse ensued, which rendered a meeting inevitable. Both were armed with pistols, and gradually approached each other till within three or four paces' distance, when they fired at the same time. Mr. Naylor, wounded in the jaw and in one of the arteries of the neck, expired in a few minutes. Mr. Brounaugh was shot in the groin, but one of the seconds of Mr. Naylor, who held in his hand a pistol, either from accident or design pulled the trigger, and lodged a second ball in his abdomen. On seeing him fall, the second cried out, "He is dead!" "Who

is dead?" asked Mr. Naylor, in a faint and faltering voice. "Brounaugh," was the reply. "So much the better," said Naylor, and breathed his last. Brounaugh lies without a chance of recovery.

Mr. Naylor, the victim first of an infamous swindling, and then of a deadly combat, was a young man of twenty-six years of age, and a rich proprietor in the Missouri.

Tuesday, 30*th*.—The Princess Helena arrived at Fontainebleau at seven o'clock this evening. Among the guests invited to the fêtes of the marriage is Yousuff Bey, who expresses great wonder at the effects of European civilisation and magnificence: he said openly to the King, that if his countrymen could witness the grandeur and power of France, and the wonderful extent to which the arts and sciences had been developed in Europe, it would go farther towards the pacification of the Regency than all the murderous expeditions which could be sent against it: but he added, "when I return there, and relate what I have seen, no one will believe me."

The marriage of the Duc d'Orleans with the Princess Helena took place last night at Fontainebleau according to the triple forms—Municipal, Catholic, and Protestant; there was a grand display of fireworks on the basin in the great park, and a banquet for the assembled guests, but here in Paris it created no more sensation, and was not as much the subject of conversation in society, as that of any private individual. It is said that the King of Prussia took great interest in forwarding this match; but, what is more singular, the reigning Duke of Meck-

lenburg Schwerin has been violently opposed to the alliance, and has in consequence recalled his Minister from the French Court.

Thursday, June 1*st.* — The Carlist force seems marching into Catalonia; they are followed by Espartero, who has gained no important advantage over them, but the Christinos have lost two generals, Irribarren and Navarete.

The office of Chancellor of France has been revived, and Baron Pasquier appeared in that quality at the ceremony of the marriage at Fontainebleau.

Friday, 2*nd.* — There is great anxiety at Madrid as to the future plans of the Carlists under Don Sebastian, and the Government has not dissembled their profound ignorance on the subject. M. Calatrava declared openly to the Cortes that the Government was able for one month more to provide for the wants of the army and the expenses of the war, but that at the end of June all resources would be exhausted. He therefore required the authorisation of the Chamber to sell all plate, vases, and ornaments of gold and silver belonging to the churches for the use of the country. This proposal created a violent sensation; it is one of those questions which can never be coolly viewed by a Spanish public, and the discussion will be most animated and interesting.

On Monday last, being the King's birthday, the usual drawing-room was held; but owing to the indisposition of both their Majesties, the King was represented by his brother the Duke of Cumberland, and the Queen by the Princess Augusta.

Animated by the trifling success obtained by Evans and his legion at Irun, but not disgusted by the various and cruel excesses committed in the hour of victory on their vanquished foes,—excesses of so horrid a nature that the perpetrators deserved to be disbanded at once,—Government has obtained the repeal of the Foreign Enlistment Bill to be continued for another year.

After a dinner that was given at the Café de Paris by Lord and Lady Fitzharris, with the Duc and Duchesse de Gramont, the Duc de Richelieu, and Lord Harry Vane, I went into the Club, where I was very much amused with looking on at a party of Humbug played by Count Ferrari and Medem*; the former had lost two or three hundred louis, and to win them back was anxious to bet any sum with the bystanders; a ring of rooks was immediately assembled, and he had soon six or seven hundred louis on every game, but fortune seemed inclined to spare him, and he retreated with only a slight loss.

The accounts of our King's health are more satisfactory.

It is said that during the Princess Helena's short stay at Potsdam some one of the Carlist party took the opportunity of saying that the present order of things could not last two years longer in France; upon which she observed, that she would much rather live two years gaily in France than vegetate for twenty years in Mecklenburg Schwerin.

Sunday, 4th.—The Duchesse d'Orleans made her

* Russian Secretary of Embassy at Paris.

public *entrée* into Paris at four o'clock. The Royal family came from Fontainebleau in the morning to St. Cloud, from whence the cavalcade started for Paris. There was little or no expression of satisfaction among the people.

Tuesday, 6th.—A suit is going on in the Cour Royale de Paris between the creditors and the heir of the late Princess Poniatowska, who was sister and heiress to Prince Poniatowsky, general in the French armies under Napoleon, and unfortunately drowned in the River Elster at the battle of Leipsic. This suit is not otherwise remarkable than as it details the Prince's will, which he made at Warsaw on the 28th March, 1812, under the form of "Lettre à ouvrir après ma mort, et qui doit être remise aux Comtes Sabolewski and Lignowski," in which he makes his sister his universal heiress, ending his bequest with the following advice:—"Je l'engage à ne plus faire de dettes, afin de jouir d'une vieillesse tranquille et heureuse par le calme." He then continues:—

"Je donne à Jules Poniatowsky 15,000 ducats. On les placera d'une manière sure, et jusqu'à sa quinzième année on accumulera les intérêts, pour alors, lui laisser la jouissance du tout.

"Mes chevaux, mes armes, seront mis en loterie; les billets seront donnés à ceux de mes compagnons d'armes qui désireront avoir un souvenir de ma part, et chacun gardera le lot gagné en mémoire de moi.

"Je laisse à toute l'armée mes vœux les plus ardens pour ses triomphes; je désire qu'il lui soit

fait une distribution prise sur l'arriéré de mes appointemens, autant que cela pourroit s'étendre, pour qu'elle se donne un bon quart d'heure, en buvant encore un petit coup à mon intention.

" Je laisse 1000 ducats pour les pauvres honteux de Varsovie ; je remets les redevances arriérées, ou les avances faites à mes paysans dans toutes mes terres, et je donne 200 ducats pour les mendians de Varsovie."

The Princess came to Paris, lived in a state of great luxury and magnificence, and, regardless of the advice of her brother, contracted great debts, and died in very embarrassed circumstances, which originated the present lawsuit for her heir, young Poniatowsky, whom she had adopted.

Wednesday, 7th.—A collection of 1352 autograph letters, belonging to M. de Montmerqué, member of the Institut, were sold a few days since; they comprised the names of sovereigns, men of letters, heroes, and other celebrated characters in France, and fetched generally prices from 16, to 70, or 80 fr. each, but the only lot which fetched 100 fr. was that of the infamous *empoisonneuse* Madame de Brinvilliers, who was executed for the murder of her husband in 1676.

The numerous servants at the Tuileries look more like a herd of fellows collected and hired for the day, to wear livery on some pressing occasion, than the regular disciplined establishment of a royal household.

When Massey Stanley was invited the other day to the fêtes given by the Duc d'Orleans at Chantilly,

he was asked by the Comptroller of his Royal Highness's household to tell him frankly, while they were sitting together at dinner, whether he observed any thing in the service which would not be permitted in England? Stanley replied, "I can hardly hear what you say; the servants make such a noise behind us that I am really quite deaf." He answered the question without knowing what was asked.

Saturday, 10*th*.—Last night died, at the Hôtel Marbœuf, in the Champs Elysées, Earl Granard, aged seventy-seven, after an illness of only twenty-four hours. His title now devolves to the infant son of the late Lord Forbes, whose long minority will give the estates some time to recover from their present heavy incumbrances.

This day was celebrated at Versailles by a dinner of 1500 covers, given by the King to the Peers, Deputies, and artists,—no foreigners being invited that the banquet might be purely national. In the morning, the Museum was opened for the Court and foreign ambassadors, who were also invited in the evening to a theatrical exhibition, performed by the artistes of the Theâtre Français and the Grand Opera, in the theatre of the Château, which has never been used since the time of Louis XVI., and has now been completely restored. Who could have foreseen when that monarch for the last time entered the royal box, that after a lapse of nearly half a century, the next person who should occupy it would be the son of Egalité, who was plotting his destruction?

Sunday, 11*th*.—We went to Versailles with Mr. and Mrs. Locke, Lady Wallscourt, &c. A great

blunder appears to have been made with the dinner-invitations yesterday. In the original plan, 150 foreigners had been asked to the banquet, when it was suddenly proposed to exclude them. Expresses were sent on the Friday in every direction to apprise the guests that there would not be room to receive them; but some had already set off, others did not get the *annonce*, and at two o'clock the streets were crowded with visitors, in full dress, approaching the Château, who found that instead of their royal host, they must dine with *Duke Humphrey*. In this unlucky list were Lady Stuart de Rothesay and her daughters, Lord and Lady Fitzharris, and various foreigners of all nations, among whom Princess Lieven was the most indignant at this extraordinary want of tact and hospitality. It was a high source of amusement to the old Carlist party. The celebration of this day consisted in a review of the National Guard, races on the Plaine de Satory, the opening of the Museum to the public, the playing of the Grand Waters, and at night a display of fireworks on the canal; but when the King and the royal family retired from the Château in their carriages to the Grand Trianon, where they are residing for the occasion, I did not hear any voices in the crowd lifted up to cry long live King Richard.

We made our way into the galleries of the Musée, but the crowd was so suffocating, and in some instances so rude and boisterous, that we were glad to retire, but we saw sufficient to make us anxious to obtain a more tranquil inspection at a future day.

The accounts from England of the King's health are very unfavourable. At one moment, his death had been reported in London; but no doubt seems to exist that his state is highly dangerous. It is an important crisis for the country, and in no point of view likely to be productive of any good.

Monday, 12*th*.—When Fitzharris arrived at the Château on Saturday for the dinner, he was met by an officer on service, who, after expressing his regret at the mistake which had occurred in the invitation, requested that he would not talk of it, as the whole was an act of inadvertence on *his part*, which might bring him into serious trouble and responsibility with the King. If anything could render the blunder more ridiculous, it was this paltry mode of evading it. Those who did receive their *annonce* were simply told, without any excuse, that it was a mistake, and they were merely invited for the spectacle at night. Louis-Philippe thought he should more effectually please the jealousy entertained by the French of foreigners by excluding the latter from this national banquet, but as it was an after-thought, it could only be effected by a breach of good manners. These *annonces* to put off the invited, which were only issued the preceding day, and in several instances did not arrive before the parties had set out for the Château, were, by an affectation of mistake, dated so far back as the 1st of June.

An accident has lately happened at Hull, which may prove that the advantages of steam navigation are not unattended by proportionate risk and danger. The steam-vessel "The Union" was the scene of this

catastrophe. From some negligence in heating the apparatus, the boiler burst, and out of 120 passengers, not more that twelve or fifteen were saved from death. The vessel itself went to the bottom.

Wednesday, 14*th*.—The Champs Élysées were completely illuminated this evening, and formed a splendid scene. Fireworks were exhibited on the opposite bank of the river, and all the population of Paris seemed collected in that quarter, which was kept free for pedestrians, as no carriages were admitted.

The accounts from London of the King's health are more satisfactory, but give little hopes of any permanent amendment.

Thursday, 15*th*.—The rejoicings of last night were damped by a frightful accident in the Champ de Mars, where a mimic representation of storming a fort was exhibited to the populace. On the termination of the fête at ten o'clock, when the multitude, consisting it is said of 300,000 individuals, were attempting to depart, the throng became so great at the different gates, that from thirty to forty men and women were suffocated and near 150 wounded. The "Gazette des Tribunaux" in recounting the disaster says, "Au milieu de ce désordre, il y a eu des hommes, qui sembloient prendre une joie féroce à augmenter le tumulte; ils arrachoient aux femmes leurs bijoux, déchiroient leurs vêtements, et les insultoient de la manière la plus grossière."

The grand ball at the Hôtel-de-Ville, which was to have taken place this evening, has in consequence been put off. It seems as if a royal marriage never

could take place in Paris without causing some calamity.

Friday, 18*th*.—The "Gazette de Zara" makes the following extraordinary statement. "A gale of wind from the south has thrown on the coast of Rudua a sea monster, whose body weighed 12,000 lbs., and covered a space of forty-two yards. The decomposition of the animal, combined with other circumstances, prevented the naturalists of the country from ascertaining its class in zoology. It was, however, believed to belong to the genus Physeter, and probably to the species Macrocephalus."

It is not expected that the King will last many days. Lord Manvers writes to his son here that the Whig Ministers affect to look melancholy on the occasion, but in reality are merry mourners.

Friday, 23*rd*.—I have been absent with S. Davies for two days on an excursion to Gisors, a pretty town in Normandy, with beautiful ramparts laid out in shady walks, and a trout-stream running through the whole neighbourhood. During this short absence various events have occurred here and in England.

The ball at the Hôtel-de-Ville, which had been put off on account of the accident in the Champ de Mars, took place on Monday, which was signalised by another conspiracy to take away the life of the King, but being detected in time, proved abortive. The only observable effect was, that the King retired at a very early hour, and by a quite different route to that by which he came. While the papers were representing him and the Duc d'Orleans as shedding tears on hearing that a few of his subjects had been

crushed to death in the crowd, others of his lieges were again plotting his destruction. Where there is so much hypocrisy on the one side, and so much profligacy on the other, things can hardly remain long as they are.

Another event of more importance has occurred. William IV. died at Windsor on Tuesday morning at a quarter-past two o'clock, and Queen Victoria was proclaimed on the following day. The Duke of Cumberland succeeds to the throne of Hanover, as Ernest I.; and the papers say that as he passed through the Green Park on the day of his brother's death, he was hissed by the populace. The Whigs and Radicals hail this new accession to the English throne as an earnest of their triumphs. Among the foremost in the crowd to cheer the proclamation of the Queen was Mr. O'Connell.

Sunday, 25th.—No news from England, except the approaching prorogation and dissolution of Parliament,—both parties confident of success at the new elections. Earl Cowper died at Putney on Wednesday evening, aged fifty-nine.*

The Fitzharris's left Paris on the night that we received the news of the King's death, to attend the elections.

Tuesday, 27th.—Severac, whose trial for murdering his brother officers has been mentioned, was publicly degraded from his rank, according to his sentence, on the 24th instant at Rennes. The

* Father of the late Earl Cowper, who died suddenly while attending the Sessions at Maidstone, April 1856.

remarkable part of the ceremony was that a young officer named Marchette, who was appointed to inflict the punishment by tearing off his epaulettes and breaking his sabre on the ground, was so affected by the painful task imposed upon him, that having performed it in a very agitated manner, he rushed from the spot and fell down in a swoon. It is said that his brother officers placed weapons in the way of Severac that he might destroy himself if he pleased, and thus avoid the disgrace.

Wednesday, 28th.—The new Queen has ordered the present Ministers to retain their seals of office. Parliament will be dissolved in the course of next month; in the meantime, the Duchess of Sutherland is made Mistress of the Robes, and the Marchionesses of Tavistock and Lansdowne have received appointments in the household. Thus all goes in the Whig interest.

The Marquis of Bath, who has only enjoyed his title a few months, is dead at Longleat, in his fortieth year.

Lord Durham is arrived in England. There is a report current that he is to have the Foreign Office, and Lord Palmerston to be removed to the Peers.

Sunday, July 2nd.—A court-martial has been sitting for two days at Marseilles for the trial of General de Rigny, for his conduct at the retreat from Constantine. He was acquitted. No one seems able to account for the cause of this prosecution. The accusations were proved to be groundless, and many of them to be fabrications, but nothing could excuse the petulance of some of the witnesses, who

were prepared to insult the court because their testimony was not credited.

The General received back his sword without a slur on his honour.

Tuesday, 4th.—The accounts from England only state that the Whig Ministry carries everything before it. They have made all the fresh appointments in the young Queen's household from their own party; and as a token of their allegiance to O'Connell, they have given the clerkship of the Hanaper, held by poor old Lord Granard, to Mr. Fitzsimon, son-in-law of the Agitator.

Wednesday, 5th.—The Duke of Cumberland has made his public entry into his states as King of Hanover, where he has been received with much cordiality by his subjects, who are pleased at being separated from England and becoming an independent kingdom.

Sunday, 9th.—C. G—— writes to me as follows:—"You will have already heard enough of the behaviour of the young Queen, which is the theme of general applause. As far as it has gone, she has acted with extraordinary propriety, and there is every reason to think that she is equal to her great situation. It was only to be expected that she would put herself into the hands of Melbourne, and she has done so without reserve. I am well content that it should be so, for Melbourne is a man of sense and honour, and I believe he will deal fairly by her, and exercise the prodigious powers with which he is invested in a conscientious manner. It is needless to say that this change has propped up the tottering

Government, and that the cordial support of the Crown puts them in a much more favourable position. Both parties, as you see, are endeavouring to make use of the Queen's name, which is bandied about liberally on all sides,—the Tories making her out to be the unwilling prisoner of the Whigs, and the Whigs that she is their zealous and kind mistress. I do not suppose that any impression will be made on the elections by these means on either side; and as both parties are equally confident that they shall gain something, and neither that they shall gain much, I dare say the returns will produce no very different result."

The trial of the Duke of Richmond's Aubigné case came on again the other day in the courts, and a verdict this time was given against him in favour of the younger children, but it is no final decision.

Don Carlos, who since he was driven by the Christinos from Navarre, was supposed to be in a disastrous position, has just crossed the Ebro with a considerable force, and is advancing into Valencia, —some say marching on Madrid.

Saturday, 15*th*.—News is arrived that Don Carlos has taken possession of Valencia. The cholera is raging at Naples. The Queen Dowager has left that city in great haste for Manfredonia, after losing in the space of twenty-four hours her two first Dames d'Honneur, the Baroness de Schumacher and the Duchess de San Teodoro.

Monday, 16*th*.—We went to Versailles early to inspect the Musée, and spent some hours without seeing the whole. The private apartments of Louis

XIV., of which so much had been said, did not come up to my expectations. There are some fine pictures in this enormous collection, but the great part are of very inferior description. The palace itself, after all, is the real curiosity; and when we look round at the magnificent and spacious apartments which it comprises, we can only think of the taste and splendour of the monarch who built it. In the Salle des Maréchaux is a blank frame, under which is written "Le Maréchal Bourmont, absent, par refus du Serment."

Tuesday, 18*th*. — Yarmouth returned from England. He says that the luxury in England is astonishing, and the country rich and flourishing.

A few days after her accession, the Queen sent for Lord Albemarle, the Master of the Horse, and said to him, "My Lord, you will immediately provide for me six chargers to review my troops!"

It does not appear as yet how Lord Durham will be disposed of. At one time it was thought of sending him here as Ambassador, then of giving him the Foreign Office, to which Lord Palmerston would not object if he was made Viceroy of Ireland.

In short, the Whigs are dividing the loaves and fishes manfully.

Wednesday, 19*th*. — The Queen prorogued the Parliament on Monday in person amidst the shouts and cheers of the people. It will be dissolved in the next Gazette.

The Treaty made by General Bugeaud with Abdel Kader is arrived in Paris.

Thursday 20*th*. — The Parliament is dissolved,

and nothing talked of in London but the Elections. All the letters agree that there will be little change, except in Ireland, where the Government may gain four or five.

Lord Durham has published a letter to his friends in the North which savours strongly of Conservative principles; and the Government, now that they feel strong in the support of the Queen, seem well disposed to throw over the Radicals. The mystery now is explained. They would have destroyed all the institutions of the country to keep themselves in place; but finding themselves unexpectedly established beyond their hopes, they are just as anxious to preserve the welfare of their country because it becomes identified with their own interests.

Friday, 21*st*. — An American journal states that the Legislative Assembly at Mississippi has just adopted a law in virtue of which the survivor in a duel is bound to pay the debts of his adversary.

Saturday, 22*nd*.—The cholera is raging at Naples and at Palermo to such a degree, that 400 to 500 deaths occur daily. It was reported in all the French papers that the young Queen was dead, but it is not confirmed. Three cases of plague have shown themselves at Marseilles in the Lazaretto.

Wednesday, 26*th*. — The accounts from Arenenberg represent the ex-Queen of Holland as still struggling against the complaint which is undermining her constitution. She has frequent conferences with her chaplain, and shows a humble reliance in her religious faith. The Queen possesses a relic received from Napoleon, and which is

known as the talisman of Charlemagne. When the tomb of that Emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle was opened, his bones were found arrayed in Roman vestments, his double crown of France and Germany was on his fleshless brow, and his pilgrim's wallet was by his side, as well as his good sword, Joyeuse, with which, according to the monk of St. Denis, he clove in two a knight in complete armour. His feet rested on the buckler of solid gold given to him by Pope Leo, and round his neck was the talisman which rendered him victorious. It was formed of a piece of the true Cross sent to him by the Empress Irene, enclosed in an emerald attached to a large chain of golden links.

The burghers of Aix-la-Chapelle presented it to Napoleon in 1811, when he entered that town. One day he threw it over the neck of his step-daughter, Queen Hortense, who has retained it ever since.

Saturday, 29th. — I called this morning on Lord Granville. He showed me a letter from Villiers* at Madrid, which represents the cause of Don Carlos as hopeless. He has been defeated, and is retreating to the Ebro. Another case of the plague has broken out on board the Leonidas steamship at Marseilles, which entails upon the whole crew a fresh quarantine of eighty days.

The cholera is making such ravages at Palermo, that the dead lie unburied in their houses. The people have thrown the physicians, who were afraid to attend them, into the sea, and the Governor of

* Now Earl of Clarendon.

the place has been murdered, and his palace pillaged, after seeing his own wife die of the cholera. The Government has ordered 3000 troops from Naples to quell the riots, and they refuse to go on account of the disease.

A dreadful accident has occurred in England to a Mr. Cocking, who went up in a balloon to descend by a parachute: from some defect in his machinery he fell violently to the ground, and was killed on the spot.

Mademoiselle Garnerin was to make her ascent to-day from the Quai d'Orsay and descend in the same manner. The Queen sent for Montalivet to desire that the exhibition might not take place on account of the danger; but he observed to her that he did not dare baulk the people in their amusements. The weather, however, prevented it.

Tuesday, August 1st.—C. G —— writes me from London: —

"No Dissolution ever took place under such favourable circumstances. The popularity of the new reign, the abundant and unscrupulous use of the Queen's name (though, it must be owned, this is common to both parties, and we see her blazoned on the most opposite banners), and the making the most of the King of Hanover's flare-up*, all combined to put the Government in the most powerful attitude. Yet they have acquired no strength; and as the English counties will probably balance Ireland, they are not likely to acquire any. All this, how-

* Immediately after his accession, the King of Hanover abolished the Constitution, which his predecessor had conceded in 1833.

ever, and the question of a few votes, more or less, on either side, is to me matter of great indifference. What I regard with satisfaction is the state of feeling evinced in various ways, the exhibition not of a Tory, but of an anti-Radical, spirit. In the first place, all the applications to the Reform Club for candidates which came from the country said, 'Send us Whigs—don't send us Radicals.' You have seen the language of Ministers, and that which they put into the Queen's mouth, and now you see some of the principal Radicals rejected,—Ewart, Roebuck, Palmer, S. Thompson, Wigney; and Grote, though not thrown out, so close run, by the Conservative candidate, that it is the same thing, especially as there is a great probability of a scrutiny unseating him. In Ireland I already know that in several places Whigs will be substituted for Radicals and Members of the Tail; so that, on the whole, the new House of Commons will present a much more respectable aspect than the last. All this is to me, who care nothing for either party, and greatly for what Cobbett calls the *thing*, extremely cheering."

Thursday, 3*rd*. — An Italian paper relates the horrid death of the Cardinal Somaglia in the following terms: —

"The Cardinal, in consequence of some misfortune which affected his spirits, became seriously indisposed. He fell into a swoon, and was supposed to be dead. His family ordered the body to be embalmed, that it might be preserved in the family vault. The servants, apprehensive of a sudden decomposition from

the heat of the weather, sent immediately for the professional men to commence the operation.

Scarcely had they laid bare the breast of the corpse when they found to their horror that the pulsation of the heart still continued. The unfortunate Cardinal, who at this moment came to himself, had still sufficient strength to stretch out his hand, and remove the knife of the surgeon; but it was too late: the wound was mortal, the scalpel had injured the region of the lungs, and he soon died in great agony.

The horror of those who were present, and the despair of the surgeon, may well be imagined.

Friday, 4th.—The Duc de San Teodoro is arrived here from Naples, where he lost his mother, his sister, and one of his sons by the cholera; he quitted that town with his wife, who was seized with the disorder on board the steamer, and died at Leghorn in the Lazaretto. They had passed last winter in Paris. Who could have foreseen that a woman surrounded with every luxury, who presided over the world of fashion in her own country, would die on a miserable grabat in a common hospital, without the means of obtaining the ordinary care and attention which would have been shown to the meanest of her own attendants? The Prince de la Tremouille, who three years ago married Miss Murray, died the other day at Aix-la-Chapelle. What is most extraordinary for a Frenchman, his end is attributed to the immoderate use of Morrison's pills, of which he was in the habit of taking forty or fifty per day. He has left by his wife two daughters,

twins, and as his elder brother the Duke has no children, this very ancient family will soon be extinct.

The procession of the bisecular jubilee at Dunkirk took place last Sunday, and was attended by an immense concourse of spectators. The object of this fête is to represent the Passion of our Saviour, each part of the solemnity being personified by different individuals. A number of cars, with angels of both sexes chaunting psalms, figure in the procession, all the personages of which repeat in Flemish the words supposed to have been used by the soldiers and executioners there represented. The solemn exhibition commences with the birth of the Saviour, and closes with his death. A number of young girls with dishevelled hair then make their appearance, and afterwards a crowd of penitents, bare-footed, dressed in coarse garments, and performing various acts of mortification in order to obtain remission of their sins. The minutest details were observed, the guards were on horseback as in old paintings representing the Passion, and the costumes were carefully imitated.

Saturday, 5th. — This morning was married, in Paris, Lord Lyndhurst to Miss Goldsmith.

Sunday, 6th. — The accounts of the elections in the counties are favourable to the Conservatives; and as a further proof of the decline of Radical feeling, old Joseph Hume has been turned out of Middlesex.

Thursday, 10th. — A trial is going on in the High Court at Orleans to claim the domain of Chambord for the State, as a forfeiture, which had been pre-

viously presented to the Duke of Bordeaux by public subscription. The following account of this domain has come out during the proceedings: — Chambord was under the Feudal System a strong castle belonging to the Counts of Blois, it was in the possession of Louis XII., and through him was attached to the Crown.

Francis I. made it one of the most remarkable monuments of the revival of the Arts. Eighteen hundred workmen were employed upon it during twelve years.

In 1615 Louis XIII. gave it to his brother, Gaston, Duke of Orleans, who dying without male issue it reverted to the Crown.

In 1726 Leczinski, King of Poland, being driven from his throne, it was assigned to him for a residence.

In 1748 it was given by Louis XV. for his life to Marshal Saxe.

In 1790 it became re-attached to the Crown, and was affected to the endowment of the Legion of Honour.

Later it was appropriated to himself by the Emperor, who made it over to Berthier, Prince of Wagram.

The Prince of Wagram leaving a son under age, his widow obtained permission from Louis XVIII. to sell the property.

It was then bought by public subscription.

Saturday, 12*th*. — This week died in London the Duchess of St. Alban's.

She was of low origin, and a bad actress at the

public theatres when she gained a prize in the lottery of 10,000*l.*; she then attracted the notice of old Coutts, the rich banker, who first lived with her, and then married her, leaving her at his death an immense fortune. Having attained enormous wealth, she next looked for rank, and married the Duke of St. Alban's, grand falconer of England, who was much younger than herself. She has left the Duke 10,000*l.* a year, which has answered his purpose, and the bulk of her property among the family of Sir F. Burdett.

Monday, 14*th.*—What an extraordinary mixture there is in this people of high and low sentiments! The extremes in both are of daily occurrence. At a public house opposite I yesterday heard a quarrel between the master and a common labourer, who is working in the public sewer, which is open. After some mutual recrimination the publican called him a dirty fellow, alluding to his dress, when the labourer replied, "Savez vous que ce n'est pas la blouse qui salit? le véritable sale c'est le mal-honnête homme, fut-il même mieux mis que vous."

At this moment a hack cabriolet is waiting before my windows, the driver has the ribbon of the Legion of Honour in his button-hole, and to pass the time is reading; but what? a pocket Horace in Latin!

Compare this with the cabmen in Piccadilly.

Sunday, 20*th.*—Lord Hertford arrived in Paris last night. A letter from Charles Greville this morning mentions that Sefton is dying.

Wednesday, 23*rd.*—The affair of the Château de Chambord has been brought to a conclusion by the

Royal Court of Orleans. It has been decided that the estate of Chambord was not an appanage, and that it is the private property of the young prince. Louis-Philippe's rapacity has been disappointed.

Thursday, 24th. — The Duc de Luxembourg took me as his guest to dine at the Club on the Boulevard Montmartre, which is infinitely better managed than our club: the apartments are splendid, and the dinner excellent. The Duke has a fine hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, but a small fortune: he gave up all the appointments which he held under the Bourbons; when they left the country he was Captain of the Guard to Charles X.

Friday, 25th. — The fortunate Mr. Cousin, who demanded 100,000 frs. for the picture which he bought for 53 frs. at the late Duc de Maillé's sale, has been awakened from his dream of wealth by a claim from the Liste Civile to prove that it belongs to the Musée. The tribunals have declared the sale null and void, and commanded the restitution of the picture to the Crown under a penalty of 100 frs. per day for a whole year!

Tuesday, 28th. — Montrond, who is very much pulled down by his last serious illness, and is become quite an old man, left Paris the other day for Valençay, on a visit to M. de Talleyrand. The journal the "Quotidienne" alludes to it in the following terms: —

"M. de Montrond, ce Lauzun du Directoire, ce dernier type des hommes de l'ancien régime, qui occupa pendant trente ans Paris de l'éclat de ses aventures galantes, de l'ampleur de sa cravate, du

bruit de ses duels, de l'élégance de sa coiffure, du piquant de ses saillies, du luxe de ses dépenses, et du mystère de sa fortune; ce brillant Montrond, qui donnoit le ton à Frascati et au pavillon d'Hanovre, par la cherté de son jeu, et par la hardiesse de ses propos; qui étoit aussi fort à l'épée qu'au whist, aussi habile à forcer un Quinola, qu'à reduire une coquette: ce Montrond, qui parcouroit toutes les cours de l'Europe à la suite des ambassadeurs, et qui dirigeoit aussi bien une fête à l'Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères, que les parties de jeu d'un Congrès; enfin ce Montrond, le seul homme en Europe qui soit resté pendant cinquante ans l'ami de M. de Talleyrand, traine aujourd'hui à Valençay les infirmités d'une jeunesse de soixante et dix ans. Presque aveugle et perclus de goutte, on le brouette dans les allées du Parc, on le traine à la table du Prince, et on le porte dans le salon, où il retrouve encore quelques licences d'esprit de sarcasme et d'ironie, qui jettent une certaine diversion sur les ennuyeuses soirées d'étiquette du Château de Valençay. M. de Talleyrand ne se plait plus que dans la conversation de ce *fidus Achates*, qui a fait pendant quarante ans assaut d'épigrames et de roueries avec lui, et *ces deux grands débris se consolent entre eux.* Si l'on veut savoir le secret de la liaison de ces deux hommes, qui s'estiment et se connoissent, on le trouvera dans les deux mots suivant.

"M. de Talleyrand disoit un soir dans les épanchements de l'intimité, 'Duchesse de Laval, savez vous pourquoi j'aime assez Montrond? C'est parcequ'il n'a pas beaucoup de préjugés.' Montrond

répliqua aussitôt: 'Duchesse de Luynes, savez vous pourquoi j'aime M. de Talleyrand? C'est qu'il n'en a pas du tout.'"

Saturday, 2nd.—The King and Queen of the Belgians arrived in England on a visit to Windsor Castle. Death of Sir Coutts Trotter in London.

Wednesday, 20th.—My old friend, Sir Ed. Stopford, died at Leamington on Thursday last. I feared when he last left Paris that we should never meet again.

Friday, 29th.—The Queen of Portugal is brought to bed of a son, in consequence of which her husband, Prince Ferdinand, takes the title of King of Portugal.

Sunday, October 1st.—General Edmund Phipps is dead at Venice, aged seventy-seven. He was a worthy good-natured man, and he had for many years lost the use of his right arm from paralysis, caused, as it is said, by drinking bad sherry when in regimental quarters, in which white lead was infused. This arm hung down like the fin of a turtle, which gave him the *sobriquet* of Governor of Finland.

Tuesday, 9th.—I returned yesterday from St. Germains, where I have been staying the last week on a visit to Aston.

Wednesday, 10th.—The Queen Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine, died on the 5th instant at Arenenberg in Switzerland.

Thursday, 11th.—The following are the populations of the different capitals:—London, 1,400,000; Paris, 890,000; Petersburg, 377,000; Naples, 364,000; Cairo, 330,000; Madrid, 201,000; Rome,

154,000; Milan, 150,000; Turin, 114,000; Florence, 80,000; Dresden, 70,000.

Thursday, 17*th*.—The Princess Marie was married at Trianon to the Duke of Würtemberg.

Monday, 21*st*.—We heard the news of Sir Roger Gresley's death. He had been ill for some time, in consequence of a paralytic stroke, but had nearly recovered, when he died suddenly at the age of thirty-eight, leaving no children.

Thursday, 26*th*.—The news arrived of the taking of Constantine by the French, with considerable loss: the General in chief, Damremont, was killed by a cannon-ball, as he was going to visit the trenches previous to the general attack. The town was taken by assault on the 13th.

Friday, 27*th*.—The Queen of Holland died at the Hague on the 20th instant. She was interred with great pomp at Delft.

Thursday, November 2*nd*.—The French are about to leave a strong garrison in Constantine. The natural obstacles presented by the ground were increased by torrents of rain to such a degree that on the 10th a council of war was held to deliberate on the propriety of raising the siege. It was necessary to employ forty horses to convey each piece of artillery to the spot where the breach was to be made. They lost fifty to sixty horses per day. General Vallée has succeeded to General Damremont.

Tuesday, 7*th*.—The accounts from Constantine are very unfavourable: the cholera has broken out among the troops, and the Marquis de Caraman, who commanded the artillery, is dead; he was with the

General Vallée at twelve o'clock at night, and at six o'clock in the morning was a corpse.

Wednesday, 15*th*.—It appears that the loss in taking Constantine, though concealed by the ministerial accounts, has been very considerable; and to such an extent had the provisions of the army failed, that if the town had been able to hold out twenty-four hours longer, they would all have been starved, or probably destroyed, as the rains had rendered their retreat impossible.

Thursday, 16*th*.—Montrond is wofully changed. He is become thin and emaciated, leans on a stick for support, and wears green spectacles. Some one wishing to be agreeable said to him to-day at dinner, "Je vous trouve bon visage aujourd'hui." His reply was, "Ma foi, vous n'êtes pas difficile." M. de Talleyrand, on a tradesman asking him when he would pay him, said, "Ma foi, vous êtes bien curieux!"

Saturday, 18*th*.—Among the English visitors who are just returned to London for the meeting of Parliament is Lord Dudley Stuart.* He has been received here by the Poles with great cordiality, as the advocate of their cause in the British House of Commons. They gave him a public dinner in Paris, and made him the singular present of his own picture, on which Rokeby remarked they might as well have sent him a looking-glass. What would the Whig Government say if the Russians were to give a public dinner to O'Connell?

Wednesday, 22*nd*.—The Queen's speech arrived:

* Died at Stockholm in 1854.

it is, as usual, meagre and undefined, but the debates on the address in the House of Commons have been enlivened by the singular fact of an amendment moved by the Government's own friends against them. The Radical party was represented by Mr. Wakley on this occasion, and they divided twenty against the Government.

Saturday, 25th. — A circumstance has lately occurred in Paris which has been the object of general comment in society. The Duke of Hamilton and his family have been residing here for several months, on account of the alarming illness of his daughter, Lady Lincoln, who was attended by the two doctors, Koreff and Wolowski. When about to take their departure these two medical men claimed for their attendance during six months the enormous sum of 400,000 francs, and had the insolence to arrest Lord Lincoln for this exorbitant demand. A sum of 25,000 francs was paid by him into court, and a trial will take place next week before the tribunals to decide the matter.

Monday, 27th. — Rokeby leaves us to-morrow for England. The papers mention the death of the Earl of Egremont at Petworth. He leaves an immense property behind him, which is divided between his natural children. To his four sons 15,000*l.* a year each, and five daughters 45,000*l.* a piece, in addition to 40,000*l.* already given to Lady Munster and Lady Burrell. He was very liberal and charitable. He kept a hospitable house at Petworth, where his racing stable and breeding establishment produced the finest horses of the day. He was at

one time attached to Lady ——, and made her a present of a blank cheque; she filled it up moderately for 30,000*l.*, which was paid.

Wednesday, 29th.—Last Friday, died in Ireland, Earl Clancarty. I knew him well at the time when he was ambassador at the Hague, where he received me with great kindness and civility. He was seventy-one years old.

Tuesday, December 5th.—The remains of General Damremont, which had been brought from Constantine, were yesterday laid in state in the Invalides, and a grand funeral requiem performed with great pomp in honour of his death by 300 musicians.

Friday, 8th.—The trial of Koreff and Wolowski was decided to-day. They are defeated at all points. The sentence enjoins them to give up within a certain day the MS. detail of Lady Lincoln's illness, which they had hitherto withheld; remarks that their attendance has been overpaid by the 25,000 francs paid into court by the Duke of Hamilton; that the arrest of Lord Lincoln was vexatious; and further condemns them in payment of costs.

Tuesday, 12th.—A fresh plot has been discovered against the life of the King. A man named Hubert, just arrived from England, at Boulogne dropped his pocket-book containing some letters and papers of a treasonable nature, which was picked up by a custom-house officer, and led to the detection. Four or five persons implicated have been arrested in Paris.

The Duc de Nemours, on his passage home from Algiers, after touching at Gibraltar in a steam-boat,

had the misfortune to fall on the slippery deck, and break his arm.

Thursday, 21st. — The accounts from Canada are discouraging. The Papineau party have shown symptoms of rebellion against the British Government, and in some instances have appeared in arms.

Sunday, 24th. — The civil war in Canada has really commenced. The Radicals have had an engagement with the English troops under Colonel Wetherell, and the village of St. Charles, which was the scene of action, has been destroyed; the result on either side was a few wounded, but the flame of rebellion seems likely to increase.

The Christmas recess of Parliament has been shortened on account of this event, and the House will meet again on the 16th January, instead of the 1st February, as first intended.

Monday, 25th. — Christmas-day. The weather was so mild that fires were scarcely necessary; it was a temperature of May, with fog in the evening.

1838.

MONDAY, January 1st. — It is positively asserted that the Ministers have sent to the Duke for advice how to act.

Lord Wellesley's witty remark on Mulgrave's* Government in Ireland is much cited. "Our friend Mulgrave has dramatised the Royal prerogative: he has made Mercy blind instead of Justice."

Thursday, 11th. — Five thousand men, including two battalions of Guards, are selected for service in Canada.

Sunday, 14th. — Within the last week accounts have arrived of two most destructive fires. The Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, containing property to an immense amount, and the Royal Exchange at London, are burnt to the ground. Last night the Théâtre des Italiens† here shared the same fate. In all three instances the severe frost, which cut off the supplies of water, rendered the calamity more extensive.

Thursday, 18th. — The frost continues with unabating severity, and the ruins of the Italian Theatre are still smoking and partially burning. The Director Severini, who lived in the upper story, threw himself out of the balcony, and was dashed to pieces.

* Now Marquis of Normanby.

† Les Bouffons, Rue de Gramont.

Many lives have been lost among the firemen, and much private property destroyed. Several gentlemen, attracted to the spot by curiosity, were compelled by the guards to work at the pumps, and remained there, notwithstanding the rigorous weather, till a late hour in the morning. Lord Eldon, the late chancellor, died last week in England, æt. eighty-seven. His father was a coal-fitter at Newcastle, where he was educated, and from this humble origin he rose to his late high position in England. He held the Great Seal during twenty-five years, and was finally made an Earl.

Thursday, February 1st.—All the accounts that are received from England corroborate each other as to the extraordinary firmness and decision of character shown by the young Queen, and testify to the singular self-control she must have exercised until she came of age.

Monday, 5th.—The papers announce the sale of my poor friend Lord Foley's property in Worcestershire, for the sum of 890,000*l.*, to the trustees of Lord Ward, a minor, who succeeds to the immense property of the late Earl Dudley. This step is the only means of securing a sufficient fortune to the present Lord Foley, whose first object has been to pay all his father's debts. The family-place at Witley is now gone, and the name which was endeared to the country through several generations, will now only be known by recollection. It is a melancholy sight,—this uprooting of a wealthy and always highly-respected family.

Wednesday, 7th.—The Chamber of Deputies has

lately been occupied with a long discussion for two days on the trifling subject of proposing a uniform for their members, which has at length been abandoned; but they have shown a more ignoble feeling in another debate, when, on the Government, having proposed a pension of 10,000 francs, or 400*l.* to the widow of General Damremont, who was killed at the siege of Constantine, they reduced the gift, from a spirit of economy, to 6000 francs, or 240*l.* a year.

Sunday, 11*th.*—This evening we found the Vicomtesse de Noailles established in her new house in the Rue d'Astorg. Afterwards at Madame de Flahault's I was edified by the opinions of General Excelmans on the Revolution of July, who asserted that it was unavoidable, as the Bourbons did not understand the French nation.

In looking over several old Moniteurs of the time of the Revolution, I found the following paragraphs on the extinction of the Reign of Terror: — "Enfin le 9 Thermidor nous a purgés de la présence des tyrans; la joie Française est revenue, des bals se sont ouverts au profit des victimes." The idea is unique.

Further on, the same feeling is shown when Napoleon gained the ascendancy over the Council of Five Hundred at St. Cloud: — "Le 18 Brumaire a sauvé la France de l'ignoble despotisme de quelques proconsuls. La gaieté Française renait de toutes parts. Déjà les bals s'organisent au profit des victimes."

And in 1814, the same paper contains the following paragraph: — "L'Ogre Corse est terrassé, les

Bourbons sont remontés sur le trône de leurs pères. Que les cœurs respirent la joie! On dansera demain à Tivoli au profit des victimes."

Monday, 12*th*.—The Foundling Hospital at Paris (*Enfans trouvés*), which always overflows with inmates, never retains them longer than two years. Once arrived at that age, they are regularly handed over to the Hospital of Orphans, situated in the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine. The deportation is performed in the following manner. On the same day in every year a covered caravan, nearly similar to that in which the prisoners are conveyed from their various places of confinement to the Palais de Justice, arrives at the gate of the hospital. The list of infants is called over by the officers of the establishment, not nominally, but numerically, as the national charity admits of no distinctions. The indiscriminating eye of the law acknowledges no name, no family, no religion, no country. All are blended in one mass of perfect equality. The madman of the Salpêtrière has a number, the sick of the Hôtel Dieu a number, the prisoner of the Conciergerie a number, the illegitimate a number. It is a melancholy idea, but sublimely philosophical. The whole history of these houses is an affair of cyphers; at the Foundling Hospital, for instance, the nurses are numbered, the wards are numbered, as well as the little innocents, who wear on their wrists a linen band inscribed with a number, alas! of high amount, by which alone they are recognised. The establishment is reduced to a statistic calculation, which enumerates with pride, that the sum total of infants ex-

posed since 1741 to 1790 amounted to 260,465, which gives a yearly average of 5,210 children deserted by their parents. From the year 1789 to 1813, 109,650 infants were received in this hospital, of whom 39,330 died under the roof, which makes the yearly quotient during that period amount to 4,386 children received, and 1,572 dead.

On the day of removal those children whose numbers are ripe are brought into the chapel, where Mass is performed, and at the moment of departure their little heads are taught to salute with an obeisance the statue of St. Vincent de Paul, the founder, which is placed near the entrance. He is represented holding an infant on his right arm, concealing a second under his mantle, and attempting to raise a third, which is lying prostrate at his feet. The statue itself is admirably executed by Stouf, in 1789, by order of Louis XVI., to commemorate the virtues of that saint, who raised this pious establishment, and inscribed on its front these sublime and affecting words: —

"Mon père et ma mère m'ont abandonné, mais le Seigneur a eu pitié de moi."

As soon as the Mass is over, and the moment of departure arrives, the little group is surrounded by their kind and affectionate nurses, the sœurs de charité, anxious to take a last farewell of those who for two years have been the objects of their tender care, and who now are about to quit them for ever. All press forward to give a last embrace to the nursling torn from their arms at the moment when it might

just begin to reward their maternal solicitude, by lisping the name of mother, if such an endearing term had been permitted within the walls of this stern retreat. But no!—and let the unnatural parents know it,—the designation of such a name is forbidden by the laws of the hospital. It is erased from the heart and the lips of the infant, and no other term of endearment is allowed to the Sisters from the children than My aunt.

When the caravan arrives at its destination, the Hospice des Orphelins, a removal of the inmates there takes place to make room for the new arrivals. The transfer is made as before, though on a larger scale. That portion of the children who have reached their eleventh year are now, by the rules of the establishment, to quit the hospital, and enter on some trade or profession. Here is to be seen a crowd of tradesmen from all quarters of the town, who are waiting in a large hall the result of their applications to receive apprentices on terms best suited to their sordid speculations. Here is a market established for human flesh, in which every one is eager to carry off a bargain, as much under the market price as the facility of the Directors, who are ready listeners to their terms, will accept.

No regard is paid to the dispositions or bias of these children; each is handed over promiscuously to the best bidder, and natural talents which might have formed a philosopher or an artist, are doomed to be smothered in the shop of a blacksmith or the stall of a cobbler.

Monday, 19th.—The debates in the House of

Commons last week have been amusing. The Government, wishing to oppose the question of ballot brought forward by their Radical friends, have been obliged to crave the support of their adversaries, the Tories, who have brought them out of the scrape by giving them a majority of 117. But 200 members voted for the measure, which is a larger proportion than ever was mustered on that side.

In the previous debate on the Canada question, Sir Robert Peel's amendment was carried, and adopted by the Government. On both these occasions he has made the Whigs pay dear for his assistance by the sarcastic terms in which he pointed out their weakness and short-sightedness.

Tuesday, 27th.—Mardi-gras, which terminated the season of Paris, and the fêtes of the Carnival with a grand ball at Rothschild's. General Vallée is made Marshal of France in consequence of his victory at Constantine, which has given rise to the following calembourg: "Il n'y aura plus de Maréchaux puisque le dernier bâton est *a*valé.

Thursday, March 1st.—Scene before the police-office.

"M. Maurice se présente en se dandinant devant la police correctionelle. Après avoir prêté serment, et croisé ses deux mains sur son abdomen rebondi, fait la déposition suivante sur un ton de psalmiste, et en faisant le moulinet avec ses deux pouces:—'Voyez-vous, M. le Président, j'étois tranquillement à mon comptoir, refléchissant de choses et d'autres, et dévidant de la soie, lorsque M. Duflot mon voisin, mon caporal, et mon ami politique, se précipite de-

vant moi comme un fleuve, et donnant un grandissime coup de poing sur mon comptoir se répand dans un tas de paroles en me disant; 'Votre femme est une harpie, une piegriéche, une rien du tout, une pas grand-chose. Vous pouvez lui souhaiter ce bon jour de la mienne.' 'Voyons, Voyons,' que je dis, 'expliquons-nous.' 'C'est tout expliqué, suffit, j'ai dit, vous pouvez y dire; mais vous êtes trop serin pour ça.' Naturellement il me parloit là un Hebreu, que c'étoit du Chinois pour moi. J'interromps ma soie, et je lui dis: 'Voisin Duflot, faites moi donc le plaisir de vous asseoir.' Il s'asseoit, et nous voilà à causer. 'Eh bien,' que je lui dis, 'voyons un peu, qu'est ce qu'elle vous a donc fait cette pauvre Phrasie?' Phrasie Messieurs, c'est mon épouse. 'C'est pas à moi,' qu'il me repond. 'Eh bien alors.' 'Mais c'est à Madame Duflot ma légitime, et qui offense mon épouse, me dit des sottises.' 'Je suis de votre avis, voisin Duflot, et j'en ferai des reproches à Phrasie.' 'Il ne s'agit pas de Phrasie à present, je veux me battre.' 'Allons donc, voisin, les duels sont défendus.' Et je cherchois à plaisanter pour le calmer, mais il paroit qu'il n'étoit pas dans son jour de plaisanter, car je lui ai à peine dit ces simples mots, qu'il s'écrie, 'Ah vieux troubadour, tu ne veux pas te battre, eh bien tu seras battu.' Ces mots frappaient à peine mon oreille, que sa main frappait ma joue. Un soufflet, monsieur, un vrai soufflet que j'ai reçu moi-meme et sur chaque joue, j'en demande une vengeance éclatante.'

"*M. Président* (au prévenu). — Duflot, reconnoissez-vous avoir donné un soufflet à Maurice?

" *Duflot.* — Quand je ne le reconnoitrois pas, ça ne l'empêcheroit pas de l'avoir reçu, alors je le reconnois parfaitement.

" *Le Président.* — Comment sans provocation avez-vous pû vous porter à un pareil excès?

" *Duflot.* — Tout ça, c'est la faute des femmes: j'aurois pas du m'interposer, voilà mon erreur; mais, si je suis fruitier aujourd'hui, j'ai été dans le tems Sergent de Voltigeurs, et quand je crois qu'on veut me mécaniser.

" *Président.* — Mais le plaignant ne vous avoit rien dit.

" *Duflot.* — C'est vrai, mais puisque je vous dis que j'ai commis l'abus de m'interposer entre deux femelles.

" *Président.* — Qu'avoit donc fait la femme du plaignant à la vôtre?

" *Duflot.* — J'en sais rien.

" *Président.* — Et sans savoir pourquoi, vous allez ainsi chercher querelle à votre voisin?

" *Duflot.* — Toujours l'erreur que j'ai eu de m'interposer. Les femmes, voyez-vous, ça feroit battre deux limandes. Aussi j'ai amené exprès mes deux fils avec moi pour qu'ils reconnoissent l'inconvenient du sexe, et qu'ils restent garçons, comme l'a fait mon père, et comme j'aurois du l'imiter.

" Les deux enfans effrayés du ton de leur père, et intimidés du spectacle insolite qui frappe leurs regards, se prennent à hurler sur deux tons différents, sans que le pauvre Maurice puisse les faire taire. Il les secoue tant qu'il peut, ce qui les fait crier encore plus fort. Un assistant leur donne à chacun un morceau de

sucre, et ils se calment. Duflot pousse un gros soupir et s'ecrie, 'Encore un agrément de l'hymenée.' Puis s'apercevant que le tribunal delibere, 'Dites donc, dites donc, Messieurs, j'ai encore à vous parler.'

"*Président.* — Que voulez-vous dire, puisque vous convenez des faits.

"*Duflot.* — Je veux dire que tout ça vient du tort que j'ai eu de m'interposer.

"*Président.* — C'est entendu, asseyez-vous.

"Le tribunal condamne Duflot à dix jours de prison, et 100 fr. d'amende.

"*Duflot.* — Troisième agrément de l'hymenée. Saperlotte (à ses enfans), venez-vous autres, et que ça vous serve à ne jamais vous marier."

Friday, 2nd. — M. de Talleyrand, who is in a very drooping state, has determined, in spite of the remonstrances of his physician, to go to-morrow to the Academy, and read a speech which he has taken some pains in preparing for that purpose; he likewise means to take this opportunity of making his last adieux to the Academicians. The speech will occupy twenty-five minutes at least, and it is much feared that the exertion will prove fatal to his life, but he remains inflexible in his decision.

A motion has been made by Lord Maidstone in the House of Commons that O'Connell should be reprimanded by the Speaker for language which he used at a public dinner at the Crown and Anchor, charging the Members generally with perjury and corruption on the Election Committees. The Government interfered to support their champion, but the motion was carried by a majority against them to

their great discomfiture. On the following day, when publicly reprimanded by the chair, O'Connell, with his usual insolence, refused to retract a particle of his expressions.

Sunday, 4th. — Prince Talleyrand went through the exertion of yesterday without any ill consequences. It was idle to suppose that one so thoroughly case-hardened could be accessible to any nervous emotions.

Monday, 5th. — Talleyrand's speech has been so warmly panegyrised by the little court which surrounds him, that he has been induced to print and publish it for his friends. It turns out to be a very ordinary composition, like the homily of the Archbishop of Grenada.

Tuesday, 6th. — Sir W. Molesworth's motion to impeach the conduct of Lord Glenelg, came on in the House of Commons.

Friday, 9th. — Ministers had a majority of twenty-nine on Molesworth's motion, which was amended by Lord Sandon; Sir Robert Peel disclaimed all intention of displacing the Government by any league with the Radical party.

Friday, 16th. — The motion for secret service money was carried yesterday in the Chamber of Deputies.

Monday, 19th. — A new trial has been granted to Mr. Possoz, the Mayor of Passy, against Prince Talleyrand, to recover certain documents of a debt of 12,100 fr. owing by the Duc de Dino, which were left in the care of the Prince, to be forwarded to the latter. The court having reconsidered the case, have

pronounced a verdict against M. de Talleyrand, condemning him to restore the documents to Possoz within the space of six months, in default of which, to pay to Possoz the sum of 12,000 fr., with interest at 5 per cent.

Sunday, 25th.—The coronation of our Queen is fixed for June: there will be no extraordinary ambassador sent from hence, as there is no nobleman here who would choose to incur the expense.

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Friday, April 6th.—Mrs. Locke's tableaux were repeated for the third time, this evening.

Friday, 13th.—Rokeby arrived from England.

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Monday, 16th.—Lord Hertford and the Zichy's arrived from Milan.

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Marshal Soult is appointed extra Ambassador to the Coronation in England.

Monday, 30th.—The Duc de Talleyrand died yesterday. He is father to the Duchesse de Poix and the Duc de Dino, who takes his title. In former times he was remarkable for his high-bred manners, but of late years his intellect has failed him, and he has lived in complete seclusion.

Richelieu said a clever thing to Lord —— when he was in England. The subject of conversation was M. de Talleyrand, whom Lord —— cited as the most agreeable and amusing man he ever knew. "M. de Talleyrand has a great deal of wit," said the Duc de Richelieu, "but he cannot be called an amusing man; he will remain silent for a whole

evening, listening to what passes, and will then perhaps make some very clever and pointed remark, which every one will afterwards repeat." "Oh," said Lord ——," I can assure you that I was once for six whole hours alone in company with M. de Talleyrand, and found him the most amusing man I ever met." "I can account for it," replied Richelieu; "you talked yourself during the whole time."

Sunday, May 13th. — Madame Arthur de l'Aigle, who spent the evening with us, mentioned that when M. Sosthene de la Rouchefoucauld* was staying this year at her house at Carlepont, he was completely occupied with the idea of animal magnetism. He often stayed two or three hours alone in his room, and came down very much exhausted, saying, that he had been occupied in awaking some persons, whom he had left in a magnetic sleep at Paris before his departure.

Tuesday, 15th. — Countess Appony had a breakfast at Auteuil. The house is a Gothic structure, built on speculation by M. Demion, the agent of the Duc de Montmorency, and there is a magnificent gallery for dancing, which had a good effect. Prince Talleyrand, who has been unwell for two or three days, was much worse last night, and to-day is pronounced to be in such danger that his life is despaired of. His complaint is an anthrax on the loins, which was opened last night. This morning he sent for a priest.

* Now Duc de Dodeauville.

Wednesday, 16*th*. — M. de Talleyrand was better last night, and saw a few people in his salon; he cut jokes about the chatouillement du bistouri, which he said was not very agreeable. Medem and Labouchere were there: in all about fifteen people. This morning he is again much worse, and suffers great pain. Montrond told me at six o'clock that he did not think he would live through the day. Several persons think even now that he will not die, as they believe that he is an evil spirit in human shape.

Thursday, 17*th*. — This day, at four o'clock, Prince Talleyrand died. It would seem that the priest, who arrived on Tuesday morning, was sent for privately by Madlle. Pauline Perigord, the daughter of Madame de Dino, but the dying man would have no communication with him, and refused the consolations of religion. The priest therefore took up his post in the ante-room, awaiting a favourable turn in his sentiments. Last night the Duc de Poix and others of his relations represented to the Prince the scandal which would result to the family if he persisted in his resolutions, and that his corpse would be debarred by the clergy from Christian funeral. After some consideration, for he enjoyed his senses to the very last, he refused their overtures for that night, but fixed the hour of five o'clock this morning for his compliance with their wishes. At the appointed time he received the Abbé Dupanloup and other friends, in whose presence he made confession, and a formal recantation of his errors; after which he received the Holy

Sacrament. He undersigned two letters, one to the Pope, the other to the Archbishop of Paris, professing his faith. His recantation was read aloud to the company by Madame de Dino.

The King and Madame Adelaide paid him a visit at half past eight, when he remarked that three individuals in the room had never been presented, namely, the two physicians and the valet de chambre, whom he formally introduced as a matter of etiquette, thus adhering to worldly forms to the last. In that room must have been assembled individuals whose real feelings at such a scene, could they have been laid open to public view, would have formed a curious subject of speculation. The Prince, throughout this closing scene, though suffering much bodily pain from his disorder, showed great firmness and composure. It is reported that the immense fortune which he was supposed to possess is dwindled down to little. The estate at Valençay is mortgaged for more than its value. M. Thiers arrived two hours after his death, and took the hand of his deceased master to satisfy himself that he was really gone.

Friday, 18*th*. — The will of M. de Talleyrand was presented to-day by his notary, M. Chatelaine, to the President of the Tribunal of first instance. The Duchess de Dino, his niece, is universal legatee, excepting some legacies, and the estate of Valençay, which goes to her son the Duc de Valençay.

Attached to this will is a declaration in the handwriting of M. de Talleyrand, in which he explains the political principles by which his conduct has

been guided under the different governments since 1789. This declaration, which is to be read to his family at the same time as his will, is said to contain some curious comments on the political crises in which he has figured. The whole is dated in 1836. It also contains the strictest prohibition to his heirs from publishing his memoirs (which are, it is said, deposited in England), till thirty years after the day of his death. Everything else published in his name before that period is to be disavowed. M. de Talleyrand expresses his wish to be buried at Valençay, and ends his will by declaring that he dies a believer in the Roman Catholic religion.

The end of M. de Talleyrand was not only attended with great pain, but the wound in his back, which had spread down his hip, prevented his lying down, or even keeping a reclining posture. He sat on the side of his bed for the last forty-eight hours, leaning forwards, and supported by two servants, who were relieved every two hours. In this attitude he was attended to the last by his family and various friends, while the numerous servants in his hotel gathered in the adjacent room. It was in miniature the scene of the death of the old kings of France. He died in public. The library adjoining the Prince's bedroom, and from which it was only separated by a *portière* or curtain, was constantly filled with servants and dependants. Frequently one of them would draw back the curtain when unobserved, saying to those in attendance, "Voyons a-t-il signé? Est il mort?" His voice failed him at twelve o'clock in the day, and at a

quarter before four o'clock, as Lady Sandwich called at the gate to inquire after him, a servant came down to the porter in his lodge to announce that he had just expired. M. de Talleyrand had been so often ill, and had so often recovered, that even at his age of eighty-four, he would not believe that his case was hopeless. On this account he so long persisted in refusing to sign his recantation, or to receive a priest, being determined not to make this public avowal of a religious feeling, little in tenor with his past life, till he was absolutely on the point of quitting it.

It was a perseverance in the dread of public opinion to the last hour which was fearful. At the moment when he was summoned into the presence of his God he seemed more anxious to avoid the scoffs of the world in case of his recovery, which was impossible, than to make his peace with Heaven, —before that tribunal where his appearance must be immediate and inevitable. His acquiescence at last was only obtained by the entreaties of the little Pauline*, who told him if he deferred his signature she should feel miserable for the rest of her life. The comments of the world on his death are, as may be supposed, various. The Legitimists say, "Il est mort en bon gentilhomme." A lady of the *vieille cour* said last night in my hearing, "Enfin il est mort en homme qui sait vivre." And M. de

* Daughter of his niece, the Duchesse de Dino, now Comtesse H. de Castellane.

Blanchesnil said, "Après avoir roué tout le monde, il a voulu finir par rouer le bon Dieu."

His splendid hotel is left to the Duchesse de Dino, with everything that it contains: the whole may amount, with the money bequeathed, to some millions. To her daughter Pauline are left about 80,000 francs a year.

Sunday, 20th.—Prince Talleyrand on Thursday morning seeing his great-niece, the daughter of Baron Talleyrand, who had just taken her first communion, said, "Such is life! There you see its beginning, here its end." He then presented her with a gold watch. By his will 300,000 francs are secured to the Duc de Dino, which are of no use to him as they are already sold to his creditors; 600,000 francs are left to Madame d'Esclignac; a million was secured to Baron Talleyrand on his marriage with his present wife, who was a young lady brought up in the Prince's family. Not a liard to the Noailles, who had every right to expect to have a place in his will. There was a deliberation in the Council as to seizing the Prince's private papers, but probably the news that he had deposited them in England stopped this act of injustice.

Prince Charles de Beauvau sat with me this morning and recounted many anecdotes of Talleyrand.

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When the Prince at length signed his recantation on Thursday he antedated the document to the day in March when he made his speech in the Academy, being the period when he actually drew up the last

codicil to his will. He was then even preparing to show a Christian feeling, but determined it should never be known to the public, till he himself was out of reach of hearing the comments.

He was invested with the following orders; a Knight of the Holy Ghost, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Grand Cross of St. Stephen of Hungary, the Elephant of Denmark, Charles III. of Spain, the Soter of Greece, the Sun of Persia, the Conception of Portugal, the Black Eagle of Prussia, St. Andrew of Russia, the Crown of Saxony, and St. Joseph of Tuscany.

Monday, 21*st*.—The celebrated comic actor Potier died two days ago at Fontenay-sous-bois, aged sixty-four.

The "Temps" has the following remark on the Nations of the world: "England is a vast manufactory, a great laboratory, an universal counting-house. France is a rich farm, turning itself into a manufactory. Germany is an ill-cultivated field, because they are philosophers, and not peasants, who till it. Southern Italy is a villa in ruins. Northern Italy is an artificial prairie. Belgium is a forge. Holland is a canal. Sweden and Denmark are carpenters' yards. Poland is a sandy heath. Russia is an ice-house. Switzerland is a chalet. Greece is a field in a state of nature. Turkey is a field fallow. India is a gold mine. Egypt is a workshop for apprentices. Africa is a furnace. Algiers is a nursery ground. Asia is a grove. The Antilles are sugar refineries. South America is a store. North America is a till full. Spain a till empty."

Tuesday, 22nd.—M. de Talleyrand was buried at the Church of the Assumption, where his body is to lie a short time till the vault at Valençay is finished, when it will be transported there. The funeral was public, attended by all the ministers, peers, and foreign ambassadors, but every avenue to the streets through which the procession passed was so blocked up by troops that no one could see it. The royalty of July seems to dread an assemblage of people on any occasion. The "Courier Français" says of him, "In France success absolves from every crime, from every infamy, and confers every virtue, and every species of distinction. The man who so long served, mocked, deceived, and betrayed all governments, appears to us so great with the cortége of vices and misdeeds which signalised his career, that adulation is at a loss for terms in which to praise him. He is not yet deified, but he is placed on a footing with Sovereigns, and called the last of the *Grands Seigneurs*, as Fleury the actor was called the last of the *Marquis's*. This mark of homage was certainly due to both of these great comedians. If Talleyrand was great, his greatness awakened sentiments, which were a powerful corrective for those whom it might dazzle or inspire with envy." The "Commerce" accompanies a brief description of the obsequies of Prince Talleyrand with a remark that the honours paid to his memory received no éclat from the slightest expression of national sympathy. The device of *Rien que Dieu*, which ornamented the catafalque of one who passed his whole existence in betraying

kings and nations, this journal regards as a sarcasm upon the Divinity.

Wednesday, 23rd.—In the evening at the Vicomtesse de Noailles', the death of M. de Talleyrand was the general subject of conversation.

The Belgium affair, lately resumed by the Conference in London, has become at once more complicated and serious; the King of Holland, who had long refused to accede to the proposed treaty, now is decided to accept it, and Belgium is become the dissentient party in its turn,—that is, the people of Belgium will not allow Leopold to give up Luxembourg. This mushroom king is placed in a double dilemma: if he refuses to ratify the treaty, the allied sovereigns will force him into compliance, and if he consents to ratify, his subjects will probably drive him from his throne. He has written strongly to his father-in-law for assistance, but Louis-Philippe knows full well that should he interfere with an armed force, it will be the signal for a general war with the allied powers.

The cause of Don Carlos is not prosperous, and his reverses may be imputed to his own bigoted prejudices: he obstinately refuses to show any conciliatory feelings. When near Madrid last year, if he had offered an amnesty to the national guard of that city, he might easily have made a successful entry, but he will show no disposition to forgive his enemies. There is a large party in the Capital and in the country of moderates, friends to the Estatuto Real, and enemies to the Constitution of La Granja who would readily join him if they were certain to

avoid future persecution. Among others the Duc d'Ossuna* said the other day, that such were his sentiments, and those of many of his friends.

Don Carlos's best general is Cabrera, who is a sort of Zumalacarreguy, and has near 20,000 men under his command: the opposing General, Espartero, has some military talent, but is very dilatory in action, and sometimes passes whole days in bed drinking chocolate.

Thursday, 24th. — The Liberal party are very much vexed at M. de Talleyrand's recantation. Thiers says that he ought to have died as he had lived. The papers mention the death of an old comrade at White's,—Sir Joseph Copley.

When I was walking in the crowd at Talleyrand's funeral I was struck with the various comments made by the people who were assembled to see the cortége. It had been announced previously in the journals that the procession should pass through the Place de Louis Quinze, the Rue Royale, and the Rue St. Honoré, which would have given ample opportunity to all to see it from the terrace of the gardens; but from some sudden apprehensions in the Government this plan was changed on the preceding night, and the line of march was taken straight from the Rue St. Florentin into the Rue St. Honoré. The disappointed spectators cried out, "Voyez donc, il nous trompe même en mourant." There was great indignation also expressed at the imposing number of troops, which blocked up all the avenues to the

* Brother to the present Duc d'Ossuna: he died in 1844.

church of the Ascension, and would allow no one to approach the procession. The people exclaimed, "Voilà un enterrement public, et il n'est pas permis au peuple de le voir."

Sunday, 27th.—The motto of the Talleyrand family, Re que Diou Re que Lou Rey, is one of the oldest of the Perigord country, and was adopted by this family after the Crusades. The Perigord traditions preserve the names of two noble families,—one called Taillerang, the other Taillefer; appellations given them at that period, and considered as honourable as the Manche Tailladée of the Montmorencys. The Taillefers have preserved the original orthography of their name, but the Taillerangs have suffered theirs to be corrupted into Talleyrand. The Duchesse de Gontaut said this evening that the Prince before his death spoke often with great pleasure of his early days, passed in the seminary of St. Sulpice, and a fortnight before his decease drew up with his own hand the declaration to be remitted to the Archbishop. This document exists, and is covered with corrections and erasures. The declaration and the letter to the Pope were read a few hours before his death, in the presence of several members of his family, his physicians, &c. The Prince on being asked what date he wished to be appended to these documents said, with a clear voice, "The date of my discourse to the Academy." It has been reported that M. Percy, a secretary of the Prince, who had retained copies of parts of his memoirs, will publish them if not bought off by the family, but that gentleman has since openly contradicted the assertion.

The following character of Talleyrand, evidently written by one acquainted with him in England, has appeared in the "Morning Post," and is worthy of remark:—"Talleyrand is certainly the most extraordinary being of his kind the world has produced since the creation. Take him in his physical conformation alone, and think of his having outlived so long all the great and good of his time.

"Talleyrand was born lame, and his limbs are fastened to his trunk by an iron apparatus, on which he strikes ever and anon his gigantic cane, to the great dismay of those who see him for the first time—an awe not diminished by the look of his piercing grey eyes, peering through his shaggy eyebrows, his unearthly face, marked with deep stains, covered partly by his shock of extraordinary hair, partly by his enormous muslin cravat, which supports a large protruding lip drawn over his upper lip, with a cynical expression no painting could render; add to this apparatus of terror, his dead silence, broken occasionally by the most sepulchral guttural monosyllables. Talleyrand's pulse, which rolls a stream of enormous volume, intermits and pauses at eveyr sixth beat. This he constantly points out triumphantly as a *rest* of nature, giving him at once a superiority over other men. Thus he says, all the missing pulsations are added to the sum total of those of his whole life, and his longevity and strength appear to support this extraordinary theory. He likewise asserts that it is this which enables him to do without sleep. Nature, says he, sleeps and recruits herself at every intermission of my pulse.

And indeed you see him time after time rise at three o'clock in the morning from the whist table, then return home and often wake up one of his secretaries to keep him company or to talk of business.

"At four he will go to bed, sitting nearly bolt upright in his bed, with innumerable nightcaps on his head to keep it warm, as he said, and feed his intellect with blood, but in fact to prevent his injuring the seat of knowledge if he tumbles on the ground; and he sits upright from his tendency to apoplexy, which would no doubt seize him if perfectly recumbent.* We may remember the newspapers stating he was found a few years ago, his head having dropped from his pillow, so drowned in blood that no feature was to be seen. Although he goes to bed so late, at six or seven at latest he wakes and sends for his attendants. He constantly refers to the period when he was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and when this power to live without sleep enabled him to go out and seek information, as well as pleasure. in society, till twelve or one o'clock. At that hour he returned to his office, read over all the letters that had arrived in the day, put marginal indications of the answers to be given, and then on waking again at six, read over all the letters written in consequence of his orders.

"When Talleyrand was engaged in the protocols here, he used to tire out all his younger colleagues;

* Prince Talleyrand's bed was made with a deep slope in the middle, rising equally at the head and at the feet, his nearest approach to lying down. It was his habit to eat nothing until dinner-time. At this, his only meal during the four and twenty hours, his appetite was enormous.

and full well we know by experience that at the time of the Quadruple-Treaty, and on many other occasions, his eyes were wide open while Lord Palmerston slept. When the storm of the three *glorieuses* broke over Paris, too happy to escape from France, Talleyrand came over to England. One cannot refrain from laughing on thinking how he appeared then. He gave his audiences to his countrymen in his salon in Hanover Square with a round hat on his head, on the front of which was a tricoloured cockade six inches square; whilst lying tout au long on the sofas were three young sans culottes of July he had brought with him to give himself an air of Republicanism. Louis-Philippe got settled on his throne, the tricoloured cockade was torn off the round hat and thrown into the fire, and the new-born embryos of Republicanism were sent back to Paris. Talleyrand, freed from all fear of the Republic, gave vent to all his natural despotism. He then had here the whole world at his feet; all the nobility of England sought his society with eagerness; the diplomatists of every nation bowed before him. Lord Palmerston alone resisted Talleyrand, not only in great things, but in the most trifling and childish affairs. Talleyrand then used to settle affairs beforehand with Lord Grey and Lord Holland. Lord Palmerston managed, however, to annoy Talleyrand, who, tired of bickering on trifles, and doubtful what turn affairs would take as regarded the two parties in the State, with both of which he wished to keep on good terms,—Talleyrand, we repeat, took the first opportunity of going on leave to France,

from whence he gave in his resignation. All we shall add further is, that Talleyrand is not a man of imagination nor of invention. He never could make an extempore speech in his life. His forte is his impassibility and his cool and perfect judgment. He is very silent, and is always stimulating those who approach him to talk on the important subjects of the day. He will listen for hours to the opinions of men of mediocrity: and out of all he hears, makes up those webs in which other politicians get involved like giddy flies. To this power of judgment Talleyrand adds that without which neither statesmen nor generals can ever succeed, namely, exceedingly good luck."

Wednesday, 30*th*.—I received a letter from Charles Greville. He says:—"I cannot say how sorry I am for Talleyrand's death. He was one of the last of that great school of politeness and social eminence which is now nearly if not quite extinct; and whatever he may have been in youth and middle age, his declining years have ebbed away with tranquillity, and in the constant exercise of many very admirable qualities, as well as of a conservative wisdom and moderation, becoming to himself, and beneficial to the world. He will be a loss to the King of the French, for his counsels were always prized by him, and he combined in himself a sort of link between the old and new men."

Thursday, 31*st*.—I went in the morning to the Louvre with Fitzharris to see the new Spanish pictures lately collected by Baron Taylor. There are a few fine paintings, but some of the subjects, particu-

larly the "Death of Cato," are too disgusting to be seen even on canvas.

Friday, June 1st.—The Perigord motto of the Talleyrand family, *Rien que Dieu*, brings to mind another no less remarkable, which was to be seen up to the time of the Revolution over the gateway of the Château de Lusignan in the Agenais:—

> "Lous Lusignan soun tan audessus des autres gens,
> Que l'ore est audessus de l'argent."

The trials of Huber, Mademoiselle Grouvelle, and others for an attempt against the King's life, which has been little substantiated, is just terminated, and the condemned are sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

A few years ago Major-General D——, seventy-nine years of age, was summoned before the Correctional Tribunal of Versailles for illegally wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. A letter was read from the Chancellor of the Order, which stated that his name was not inscribed in the registers of the Chancery. The old gentleman answered, with tears in his eyes, that he did not know whether or not he was inscribed, but that he had received the Cross from the hands of Napoleon on the field of Wagram, and that he had received twenty-two wounds in the service of his country. M. Villerot, his counsel, made a long defence, in which he enumerated the services of the gallant veteran, but the Court imposed a fine of 50 frs.

Saturday, 2nd.—I went with Fitzharris to see the artillery, the church of St. Sulpice, and the

Pantheon, over which is written, "Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante." Except Voltaire, Rousseau, and Marshal Lasnes, I saw no names that have figured in history, but there are vaults spacious enough to contain more great men than France will ever produce in future. The time for great men is passed; in the present age of equality there is but slight chance that any individual can raise his head above another. None avows the superiority of his neighbour, for in France all are the equals of their superiors, and the superiors of their equals. A great man in history signifies one who concentrates in himself the rights and importance of many; but at the present day, when society has been individualised by the Charter, and when each has his personal value, which he seeks to render exclusive without merit, it may be readily conceived that the social superiorities, to which the mass formerly served as a pedestal, no longer exist. As equality is founded on selfishness, it gives birth to jealousy and is niggard of praise to others.

Tuesday, 5th.—I went with Fitzharris to the Père la Chaise. The burying-ground consists of 110 acres, in which there are at present assembled about 50,000 tombs, some very magnificent; that which struck me most was an iron railing surrounding two tombstones of a mother and daughter. Over the latter, who died in 1828, was written, "J'attends ma mère."

Over the former, who died in 1832, "Je réjoins ma fille."

The cemetery belongs to the city of Paris, and

the ground sells for enormous prices,—the lowest is 520 frs., but rising according to a regular tariff for additional space to above 40,000 or 50,000 frs. for a simple monument. That of Casimir Perier, which was bought by the nation, contains so much ground that the extraordinary price of 300,000 frs., or 12,000*l.*, was paid for it.

Wednesday, 6th.—A letter from Vienna states that M. de Tatischeff, having learnt that twelve pieces of cannon of large calibre had been sent from Vienna to Prince Milosch, addressed Prince Metternich in these terms:—"You are furnishing your enemies with arms. One day Milosch will arm the Servians, and then you will attribute it to the intrigues of Russia." "Your forget, Sir," replied Metternich, "that these twenty-four pounders are not mountain guns, and are fit only to be used on the plains of Wallachia against the armies of your Sovereign. Besides, England will send arms to Milosch, and Count Molé would do the same if he dared. We may as well, therefore, take Milosch's money as that of anybody else."

Friday, 8th.—Yesterday died Madame Junot, Duchesse d'Abrantes, after a short illness, in her fifty-fourth year. She had written so much on the same subject, that the public at last was surfeited with her never-ending memoirs.

There is a great assemblage of distinguished persons at Berlin. The Emperor and Empress of Russia, King and Queen of Hanover, and various German princes, who seem to have politics as well as pleasure for the object of their visit.

Sunday, 10*th*. — A review of the National Guard by the King, which went off quietly, but the precautions more rigid than ever to keep the people removed from the spot. On the preceding night it was still kept a secret where the review would be held.

The Duchesse d'Abrantes died at a *maison de santé* in Chaillot, in very indigent circumstances.

Thursday, 14*th*. — Fitzharris went to England. When the Prince of Orange harangued the mob at Portsmouth on his arrival in England, to succeed James II., he said, "We are come for your good, for all your goods."

A universal principle, said Swift, of all governments; but, like most other truths, only told by mistake.

Friday, 22*nd*. — Lord —— has fought a duel with Grisi's *soi-disant* husband, M. Melzy, who took offence at his writing to her a letter. He was wounded in the wrist. M. is little better than a chevalier d'industrie, who wishes to obtain some *éclat* in the world by calling out a nobleman.

Monday, 25*th*. — Lord Willoughby having written to ask me to send him a cook from Paris, I have had various candidates for the office, and among them some who have served in the kitchen of the late M. de Talleyrand, which was always modelled upon that of the old French noblesse before the Revolution. Those who have not been initiated in those esculent mysteries, would be surprised at the expense and luxury which reigned in that department. There were four *chefs*, — the *rotisseur*, the *saucier*, the

patissier, and the *officier*,—this latter superintending the dessert, the ices, and the confitures. In all, there were ten men regularly employed in producing the Prince's dinner, which was not only exquisite in its kind, but also adapted to his state of health, comprising the essence of everything nutritious in the garb most light and digestible for an infirm stomach. The Prince was always a great eater, but only once a day, and generally tasted of every dish, following each mouthful with a sip of wine to humour the palate. The expense of his table was unlimited, his cook had *carte blanche*, and he often remarked, "Why does not he spend more?" He was an epicure in the widest sense of the term, and those who were about him have assured me that the talents of his cook had assisted more in the prolongation of his lengthened existence, than the skill of the physician who always attended him. It was the only regular table of the old school kept up in France: fortunes are so diminished, that none of the nobility could bear the expense; and the *parvenus* of the day, though rolling in wealth, have neither the taste nor the refinement necessary to form such an establishment. Thus M. de Talleyrand, with his reminiscences of the old Court, and the enjoyment of an immense income, stood alone in society as the representative of the luxurious French noble of former days. His fortune was at times subject to vicissitudes, but his losses were never of a nature to curtail the constant indulgence of all his pleasures. His wealth under the Empire was enormous, but Napoleon latterly deprived him of a part, by taxing him with

the support of the Spanish Royal family at Valençay. Although he was possessor already of a princely fortune, his income had been increased since the Revolution of July by a yearly pension of 100,000 francs regularly paid to him by King Louis-Philippe, in remembrance of his services.

Tuesday, 26th.—Yesterday morning died General Haxo, the first engineer officer in Europe. He served for many years under Napoleon, and directed the siege of Antwerp in 1833; he has since lived in the retirement of private life. His favourite amusement was chess, in which he was a great proficient, and his predominant feeling was hatred to the English nation. He was a man of rough exterior and simple habits.

The project for the reduction of the 5 per cents. was thrown out in the Chamber of Peers by a large majority,—124 to 34.

The Duc de Nemours is arrived in England for the Coronation, as also the following extraordinary Ambassadors from the foreign powers:—Prince Schwartzenburg (Austria), Count Strogonoff (Russia), Prince Putbus (Prussia), Marshal Soult (France), Duke de Palmella (Portugal), Baron Van de Capellan (Holland), Marquis de Miraflores (Spain), Prince de Ligne (Belgium), Marquis de Brignole (Sardinia), Count Lowenhelm (Sweden). All prepared to emulate each other in magnificence and fêtes. The concourse of foreigners will bring a great influx of money into the country. Strogonoff's establishment is so large, that he has hired the contiguous houses of Lord Caledon and Lord Stuart de Rothe-

say on Carlton Terrace, and made a communication between them, for which he pays 2,500*l.* for six weeks.

* * * * *

Mr. Fox very often used to say, "I wonder what Lord Z. will think of this." Lord Z. happened to be very stupid, and the curiosity of Mr. Fox's friends was naturally excited to know why he attached so much importance to the opinion of such an ordinary commonplace person. "His opinion," said Mr. Fox, "is of much more importance than you are aware of. He is an exact representation of all commonplace English prejudices; and what Lord Z. thinks of any measure, the great majority of English people will also think. It would be a good thing if every Cabinet of philosophers had a Lord Z. among them."

Wednesday, 27th. — The hospital of the Quinze-Vingts was founded by St. Louis as an infirmary for the blind, and derived its name from the number of 300 knights left by him as hostages with the Soldan of Egypt during the wars, and sent back to France by the Soldan after he had caused their eyes to be put out. They were first received into this charitable establishment, and in process of time it was opened for the reception of the lower orders. A certain number of members of both sexes are admitted who are not deprived of sight, that they may aid, lead, and take care of the blind.

Thursday, 28th. — The day appointed for the Coronation of Queen Victoria; and if the weather is the same as in Paris, incessant rain will make it a dreary sight. The demon of discontent prevails in the

French Embassy. Marshal Soult, who was determined not to arrive till after the celebration of Waterloo, is placed last of the extraordinary Ambassadors, who are classed in precedence according to the date of their arrival in England; and, as the Queen gave a concert on that evening to all the foreigners, the French construe it into an affront. Louis-Philippe is in a peck of troubles about it, and wishing to keep well with all parties, *i. e.*, with England and with his Ambassadors, *ne sait pas à quel saint se vouer!*

The following new Peerages are announced in the Gazette:—

The Earl of Kintore . .	Baron Kintore.
Viscount Lismore . .	Baron Lismore.
Lord Rossmore . . .	Baron Rossmore.
Lord Carew . . .	Baron Carew.
Hon. W. C. Ponsonby .	Baron de Mauley.
Charles Hanbury Tracey .	Baron Sudeley.
Paul Methuen . . .	Baron Methuen.
Sir John Wrottesley . .	Baron Wrottesley.

The following elevations also are announced:—

Earl of Mulgrave . .	Marquis of Normanby.
Lord Dundas . . .	Earl of Zetland.
Lord King	Earl of Lovelace, Viscount Ockham.

The following specimen of oratory was exhibited yesterday, before the President of the Police Office, by M. Maugni. M. Maugni is the Chevalier Bayard of his *quartier;* he is the protector of his friends, the avenger of damsels in distress,—in other words, he is for ever interfering in the quarrels of others. This time, it was his friend Martin, whose cause he sup-

ported against the Municipal Guard, who were leading him to prison for making a riot in a public-house: he rescued him, carried him off in his arms, when the guard being reinforced, took them both into custody.

"Martin, c'est un chiffe, une poule mouillée, une vraie drogue, une femme, quoi! Un verre de vin, et plus d'homme! 'Ne bois donc pas, malheureux! puisque tu ne t'y connois pas.' Il étoit bû comme on n'est pas; on le bouscule, on le pulverise. Je vois ça, je connois les lois. On ne doit pas abuser de la force publique. Je dis aux municipaux, 'Mes amis, laissez moi faire, je vais mettre le camarade dans ma poche, et il ne troublera plus la société.' Là-dessus je prends mon Martin, et nous voilà partis. Il faisoit bien des évolutions, il voulait jouer des bras, des jambes, mais connu, j'étois maître du camarade. Un joueur de violon, vous comprenez, ça n'est pas lourd! Ç'est pas de gratter le boyau avec un archet, qui peut donner du physique à un homme. Voilà que tout étoit fini quand la grêle arriva. Trois patrouilles, nom d'un petit bon homme, une armée en règle! Ils m'ont étranglé, M. le President, en voici les marques; ils m'ont serré la *rue au pain*, que j'étois bleu comme un soldat du centre.' (Se tournant vers les témoins), 'Vous avez abusé du nombre, soldats français, et ce n'est pas français, c'est moi qui vous le dis. J'avois de bonnes intentions, je voulois defendre l'homme faible, et incapable de vous nuire, et vous m'avez traité comme un Bedouin. Soldats français! je suis votre frère, pourquoi m'avez-vous assassiné!"

The cause was heard with indulgence, and Martin and Maugni had only twenty-four hours of prison.

Friday, 29th.—The wish to avoid capital punishment in France has been carried to such a pitch, that in some instances the crime of parricide has been found to have *extenuating circumstances*, for no other purpose than to supersede the penalty of death.

At the Court of Assize at Nantes, on the 26th inst., Réné Daudin, not only convicted of the murder of his father, but proved to have previously beaten him and threatened his life, was found guilty by the jury on all the counts, but with *les circonstances attenuantes*, which saved his life: he was sentenced to perpetual hard labour.

The Court was astonished, and the "Gazette des Tribunaux" prints the words of the verdict in capital letters.

Saturday, 30th.—It appears that the weather on Thursday was fair in London, and the Coronation went off with considerable success. The modes of conveyance are now so rapid and so easy of access, in England, that the crowds, who were assembled in the metropolis to witness this public show, were beyond all calculation.

Monday, July 2nd.—Glengall writes to me that Soult was so much cheered, both in and out of the Abbey, that he was completely overcome. He has since publicly said, "C'est le plus beau jour de ma vie, il prouve que les Anglais pensent que j'ai toujours fait la guerre en loyal homme." When in the Abbey he seized the arm of his aide-de-camp,

quite overpowered, and said, "Ah! vraiment, c'est un brave peuple."

Hume and O'Connell were hooted in the streets.

Tuesday, 3rd.—This day the hotel of the late Prince Talleyrand was sold by auction for 1,181,000 francs—about 45,000*l.*

Wednesday, 4th.—There is only one voice about ——'s conduct in bringing out his article in the "Quarterly Review" about Soult and the battle of Toulouse at this moment, in defiance of the Duke's wishes, and his impertinent rejection of the Duke's earnest request to him by letter not to do it; and this after getting from the Duke an account of the battle, which they say he has likewise altered. Much of the marked reception given to the Marshal in London may be traced to a wish of palliating this inhospitable tirade.

The French papers of the Liberal party speak of the pageant of the Coronation with the weak spite that betrays a sore place,—the consciousness that their monarchy of July dares not, by such a step, proclaim its existence.

Monday, 9th.—I met the other day at Versailles Madame de Balbi, now grown old, but formerly well known by the long attachment which she inspired in Louis XVIII. when Comte de Provence. Her irregularities during the emigration, particularly at Rotterdam, with the Duc de Talleyrand, came to the ears of the royal lover, who broke off the intercourse by letter, saying, "La femme de César ne doit pas être soupçonnée." She wrote the following

reply:—"Je ne suis pas votre femme, et vous n'avez aucun rapport avec César."

Tuesday, 10*th*.—The Chamber of Peers has lately been assembled to try M. Laity for publishing a pamphlet descriptive of the late conspiracy at Strasbourg. He has been found guilty of an attempt against the safety of the State, and condemned to five years' imprisonment, a fine of 10,000 francs, and placed under the surveillance of the police for the rest of his life. It is not only a harsh and severe sentence, but the conduct of the Government itself is reprobated generally in bringing such a trumpery cause before the Peers, while the actors in this very conspiracy had been tried before a common jury, and acquitted. It shows the restless and suspicious feeling which actuates the monarchy of July.

Friday, 13*th*.—The Russians have taken Teheran, the capital of Persia, and our Minister, Macneill, is said to have left the place.

The Emperor seems to be inclined to cajole Louis-Philippe. He met Horace Vernet at Berlin, and launched out into such praise of the King's conduct, that Vernet asked if he might repeat them to his sovereign, which the other readily permitted.

The Rue des Mauvais-Garçons, in the faubourg St.-Germain, was formerly the Rue de Craon in the reign of Charles VI. In it was the hotel of Pierre de Craon, who, with his followers, attempted to assassinate the Connétable Clisson, as he was returning home at night from the palace. In consequence of which crime he was condemned to death, and his house was razed to the ground. The

Cimetière St. Jean now occupies the spot where it stood.

Saturday, 14*th*.—A trial for murder took place yesterday in the Criminal Court, when Jadin was found guilty of robbery and murdering a maid-servant, named Hermance, in the Rue des Petites Ecuries. The avocat-général, in his address to the jury, adverted to the abuse that had been made on former occasions of the term *circonstances attenuantes:* he ended with saying, "Il faut un verdict complet, énergique, et non pas adouci, amolli par cet accessoire, dont on a fait tant d'abus." It created much sensation. Jadin was condemned to death.

Thursday, 19*th*.—At three o'clock this morning I left Paris with Yarmouth for the Carlsbad waters. We breakfasted at eight at Laferté, dined at Epernay at six o'clock, and as, in travelling, it is always right to drink the wine grown in the country, we drank two bottles of champagne, and resumed our journey through the night.

Friday, 20*th*.—Arrived at Metz, where we staid four hours, to dress and dine. Travelled again through the night, and on Saturday, 21st, found ourselves, at eight in the evening, at Mayence, where we supped, and retired to rest.

Sunday, 22*th*.—After viewing the Cathedral, a parade of the Prussian troops, and taking a walk round the town, we resumed our journey at one, P.M., and arrived at Frankfort to dinner at the Römische Kaiser. Here I found Sir Andrew Barnard returning from his eastern expedition, looking very well, notwithstanding the current report of his death

which had been circulated two months ago. After a dinner, not at all corresponding with the fame of this city for good living, we set off at nine o'clock, and journeying through an uninteresting country, ut by good roads, during Monday, we arrived on

Tuesday, 24th, at night, at Wissenstadt, a wretched nn, where we slept, and quitting it as early as we could, on

Wednesday, 25th, we arrived at Carlsbad, at ten o'clock, and took up our quarters at the Hôtel du Paradis.

Thursday, 26th.—The inns here are bad, and ours corresponds little with its name. The beds are so narrow and so short, that they seem made for a smaller race of beings. The fare is very simple as ordered by the physicians, and wretchedly dressed.

We have found here many acquaintance,—Matuscewitz, Delamarre, Prince Labanoff, and of English—Tisdale and Haye, Mr. and Madame Graham. The place is full of Russians and Poles. At night arrived Lady W. Russell, with her family, from Berlin.

According to the usual form, I had an interview with Dr. Meisner, one of the physicians established here. He prescribed, to begin with, the spring of Marie-Therese; to get up at half-past five, and take one tumbler soon after six, and three more in the three following quarters, walking about between the potations; then an hour's walk before breakfast, which is to consist of nothing but dry bread and milk coffee. The simplest food at dinner, with a quarter of a bottle of wine: to bed at 10 o'clock at

latest. Then the next day an additional tumbler, till we get to ten.

Friday, 27*th*.—We began *this new* life; but the weather has set in cold and rainy, which much impedes the effect of these waters. In our evening walk, we were literally drenched with a storm, till we took refuge at Madame Graham's house on the Wiese (or meadow).

Saturday, 28*th*.—We met Madame Delphine Potocka at the spring, who has been here some weeks, and Chas. Kemble with his daughter, who has a fine and very powerful voice, and is preparing for the stage. We went to their house in the evening to hear some music.

Sunday, 29*th*.—I met Madame Falck* on the public walk. Her husband is here, but laid up with the gout. I passed the evening at Madame Graham's, where I found Madame Delphine, Hay, and Tisdale.

Monday, 30*th*.—I called on Lady W. Russell, who is looking very well, and who mentioned a story of Talleyrand. When he was at Valençay with a large party, the little Pauline came into the drawingroom where they were assembled, and the Prince said to her, "Ma chêre, où avez-vous été?" She replied, "J'ai été à la messe prier le bon Dieu pour qu'il vous donne de meilleurs sentimens!" "Petite bête!" said the Prince. She was brought up very religiously.

Tuesday, 31*st*.—After the potations to-day, I walked with Delamarre and Tisdale up the heights to the Temple of Finlater, built by Lord F—— in

* M. Falck, formerly Dutch Minister in England.

1801, from whence there is a fine prospect. From thence we went to the Hirsch Sprung, supposed to be the spot from whence the stag leaped when pursued by the Emperor Charles IV. into the Sprudel source, which was the origin of the discovery of these mineral springs.

In the evening, a concert was given for the poor, at which Madame Delphine Potocka and Miss Kemble sang; afterwards, there was a ball for the company, among whom were several pretty women. Countess Boleslas Potocka, Countess Branicka and her two daughters, handsome young women with fortunes of seven millions of roubles, Princess Radzivil and her daughter the Princess Micheline, Princess Narischkin, sister to Labanoff, Duchesse de Rauzan, and her two daughters, &c. &c. There has been lately a schism between the Prussian and Austrian ladies here, about the important article of toilette; in consequence of which the latter have left the field, and established a rival watering-place at Keitringen.

The Russians do not seem to be generally popular, as they put on a haughty air to make up for their humble position at home; but the women have really a very distinguished manner, and dress with much taste.

This is a curious place, the entrepôt for visitors from every nation in Europe, but few English.

Wednesday, August 1st.—I called this morning on M. Falcke, whom I had not seen since he was Dutch Minister in London. I found him, though more infirm, as agreeable and clever as formerly.

Thursday, 2nd.—Madame Potocka gave a concert at the Sachriscke Saal, which kept us up later than the medical ordinances allowed. Madame Boleslas, Radzivils, Grahams, and Prince Wolkonsky, were there. I remember the latter at Petersburg. He is grown old, and has a dreadful complaint. Miss Kemble sang.

Carlsbad numbers among her medical professors one man who is the bore par excellence. His name is the Chevalier del Carro. His tongue is inexhaustible, whatever may be the theme; and when he seizes your button to ensure your attention, you are almost irresistibly impelled to leave your coat in his possession and fly from his persecutions. His cheval de bataille now is the case of M. de Naundorff, or, as he styles himself, the Duc de Normandie, whose rights he most strenuously advocates at Carlsbad. He called on me this morning, bringing me, of his own accord, the documents which he left for my perusal. It is a curious case, and certainly might induce a strong supposition that he was the Dauphin, son of Louis XVI., privately removed from the Temple, and replaced by another child, who died there, for him; that he then was brought up in Prussia, married the daughter of a sergeant in the Prussian army, by whom he had several children, and at first gained his living as a watchmaker. He has been examined by Madame Rambaud, who was one of the Dauphin's governesses, and who is declared to have found on his person marks known to herself, and to have been convinced of his identity by his relation of particular facts known only to themselves. M. Geoffroy, ancien

Secrétaire de la Maison des Pages, M. and Madame St.-Hilaire, old servants of Louis XVI., M. Bumond, ancien Secrétaire-Général du Ministre de l'Intérieur, —all bear testimony to the correctness of his replies. When his claims were stated to Louis XVIII. and the Dauphine, they would never hear of them, and privately caused him to be proscribed and persecuted wherever he went. The most curious case is that of the casket. He asserts that Louis XVI., in his presence, deposited in a secret place in the Tuileries, during the troubles, a casket, containing valuable jewels and papers, which no one can find but himself; that he had written to Louis XVIII. for a permission to take it away as his property, who replied, that he might have that permission, and retain the jewels, but not the papers, which was refused. He has since written to Louis-Philippe to the same effect, who sent M. de la Borde to him with the following message, —that he would recognise his birth, and give him leave to take away the casket, if he would resign his claim to the throne in his favour; for which he would engage to give him one million down, and one million per annum for his life. This proposal was refused with the same indignation.

He is now living in affluent circumstances at Dresden; and the banker Cascell there, told Del Carro that he might draw on him for any sum he pleased. These funds are supplied by Carlists in France, who are convinced of his identity. Louis XVIII., it is asserted, on his death-bed wished Charles X. to recognise the claim, though he himself had strenuously denied it during his life, and the Duc de Berry

supported him from conviction, but the Dauphine has always been most inveterately opposed to him.

Friday, 3*rd*.—There are three principal springs here. The hottest, and, consequently, the most violent in its effects, is the Sprudel, which spouts up from the ground at a boiling heat. This sometimes flies to the head, and produces apoplexy if taken indiscreetly, and without advice, by those of a plethoric habit; the next is the Mühlbrunnen; then the Marie-Therese, considered the most mild, though all, on analysis, are found to contain nearly the same proportions of mineral substances differing as to heat.

We dined to-day at the Saxon Saloon, with De la Marre, Walewski, and Morny, who are just arrived from Paris. In the evening we went to Madame Delphine, where we met Radzivils, Grahams, Walewski, and Count Esterhazy.

Saturday, 4*th*.—Walewski and Morny dined with us at our inn. I took a long walk on the Mount with Madame Delphine Potocka, and passed the evening with Lady W. Russell and her mother Mrs. Rawdon.

Sunday, 5*th*.—A ball given at the Saxon Saloon by twelve gentlemen, which was a very pretty sight. A mazourka, danced by Poles, was a perfect performance. Princess Radzivil and Lady W. Russell did the honours of the *fête* in receiving the ladies, and with much grace. There was a mad Englishman of the name of Reid, whom no one knew, who introduced himself to les Demoiselles Branicka; and I could not but admire their manner, full of dignity, and at the same time perfectly civil.

Monday, 6th.—We both dined at the Saxon Saloon with a party consisting of Mde. D. Potocka, Princess Radzivil, and her daughter, Walewski, Morny, and Count Esterhazy: the dinner was very bad as usual. In the evening we drove to a delightful spot called *les Trois Chênes*, which are of a stupendous size; the views from hence are picturesque and beautiful. We walked about for above an hour, playing at various games, *Chat et Souris*, &c., to amuse the ladies, and returned to pass the evening at Lady W. Russell's, where there was music and singing. Here we found Count d'Aglie, formerly Sardinian Minister in London, Harcourt, who had just come from Marienbad, the Grahams, and Madame d'Hogguer, the mother of Madame Meyendorff.

"Wüsstest du wie ich mich sehne
Nur nach dir, mein Lebens Licht,
Fühltest du die heisse Thräne
Die aus meinem Herzen bricht.

"Nein, du würdest mich nicht fliehen,
Würdest mild und gütig seyn,
Mich an deinen Busen ziehen,
Liebend, lispelnd, ich bin dein.

"Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen,
Wir haben einander so lieb,
Wir heitern einander das Leben,
Ach! wenn es nur immer so blieb."

German Carlsbad Ditties.

Tuesday, 7th.—A very small party at Princess Radzivil's.

Wednesday, 8th.—The husband of Princess Radzivil was one of the chiefs in the late revolution in

Poland, and, after the success of the Russian army, he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in a fortress, and all his fortune was confiscated. He has since been pardoned, but his property was not restored; fortunately his wife had been a rich heiress, and brought him on her side eight or ten millions of roubles, which were saved from the wreck, and still enable them to live in great splendour. Her constant residence is in Volhynia, where she has two fine châteaux sumptuously furnished. She has never been in Paris or Italy, only once at Vienna, and once before at Carlsbad; she goes frequently to Cracow or Warsaw; that has been hitherto the extent of her travels, yet she speaks French like a native, and has the high-bred manners of a *très-grande dame* in the greatest perfection.

Constant heavy rain. Madame Kisseleff arrived from Paris. Passed the evening with Lady W. Russell.

Thursday, 9th. — Weather cold as in November. Dined at the Golden Shield with Walewski and Morny. Passed the evening at Princess Radzivil's, where Madame Delphine sang admirably, a M. Dessauer accompanied; he has a most extraordinary talent on the piano, is a perfect Paganini in his way on that instrument. Lady Sandwich and Miss Galway came from Marienbaden for a few days.

Friday, 10th. — After dinner we went to Madame Graham, and found Lady W. Russell, Lady Sandwich, and Miss Galway; then passed the evening with Madame D. Potocka, where were the usual set. General Count de Witt came in, and announced

that the Emperor of Russia had just passed through the town, changing horses at the bridge in the strictest incog. He had only two *calèches;* two others of his suite had passed unobserved in the morning, and others by a different route. It is said that he used these precautions out of fear of assassination from the Poles, who abound in these districts, and are outrageous at the chastisement they have received from him. Count de Witt is half-brother to the husband of Madame Delphine and to Madame Boleslas. He is colonel-general of the military colonies in Russia, and is constantly employed in visiting those establishments at the most distant points of the Empire. He told me that he passed at least 150 days and nights of the year in his carriage, that he always travelled at the rate of fifteen wersts an hour, and that every year he went over 25,000 wersts of country. His *idée fixe* seems to be travelling at speed. The Kembles go away to-morrow, and the town gave Miss K. a serenade this night before her windows, in return for her singing at the concert for the poor, which realised 1000 florins.

Saturday, 11*th.*—Baron Kleist, a judge from Berlin, was to-day at Lady W. Russell's. The Society in the Prussian capital would appear to be very insipid: by their confessions politics are avoided, religious controversies are prevalent, and the Hereditary Prince* is a firm absolutist and strict Protestant. He would advocate war if he came to the throne.

* The present King.

Monday, 13*th*. — This morning at the spring; walked for a long time with Mr. Abro, an Egyptian, who gave me much information as to the Pacha's plans. He is certainly decided on declaring his independence. Abro is nephew of the chief Minister in Egypt, Bogos; he speaks eight different languages, and is really well informed on every subject. He had acted as interpreter to Yarmouth when he was in the East, at eighteen, and was introduced to Mehemet Ali, and both recognised each other. He agrees in everything I have written in my late book, and looks forward to a war of opinion as inevitable, though it will be deferred as long as possible. The double policy of Louis-Philippe will come out when it is seen that he encourages Mehemet Ali, though he is an ally of the Porte. He says the revenue of the Pacha is forty millions of talaris, his fleet twelve sail of the line, besides frigates, much superior to the Turkish. He will consent to pay his tribute, which is but trifling, as the purses which were formerly equal to fifty guineas are now depreciated in value to five guineas; but, in point of policy he will be independent. If the Sultan should agree to this, which he has hardly the power to resist, then there will be no war. He agrees with me in every thing about Russia and Constantinople. Lady William says that Bresson, who is now French Minister at Berlin, has been made a Count by Louis-Philippe, and is treated by him with great favour. The fact is, that he owes this to his conduct in Belgium eight years ago. When intrigues were afloat for the throne of that

new kingdom, it is well known that great efforts were made by Louis-Philippe to put forward his son, the Duc de Nemours, but when it was known that England would not hear of that nomination, he pretended that he had never entertained such an idea, and laid it all on Bresson, who was rewarded in this manner for taking the obloquy on himself.

Tuesday, 14*th*.—A large evening party at Lady Sandwich's: Countess Branicka and her two daughters, Lady W. Russell, and Mrs. Rawdon, Mesdames Delphine, and Boleslas Potocka, sundry men, and M. Dessauer. There was music and singing from the ladies, and Morny sang some French romances.

Wednesday, 15*th*.—The weather changed again to cold and rain. To give an idea of the strictness with which the Emperor scrutinises all the most trifling events in the empire, Count de Witt related that on looking over the military returns from the most distant provinces, he observed that three or four men in a regiment quartered at Aratschieff were reported as drowned when bathing. He had some suspicion that this report was only a cloak to cover the loss of these men by some misconduct of the chief. He sent for De Witt, who was his aide-de-camp in waiting, and ordered him to repair to the place, which was distant 5000 wersts, and report to him the truth. He was obliged to set off on this immense journey at a minute's warning, and travelled night and day without stopping. When he arrived at Aratschieff his unexpected appearance created a great sensation; every one thought some heads were in danger. De Witt merely ordered the

regiment to be under arms at seven in the morning, and asked the men in the ranks what had become of their missing comrades; when they, without any embarrassment, declared publicly that they were drowned when bathing. He saw that all was right, and returned with the same speed to the Emperor.

Abro says there is now much luxury introduced into Egypt. The Pacha lives in great magnificence, has French cooks, and drinks champagne in great quantities. His son Ibrahim bought the state carriage of Charles X. at the sale in Paris, and has had one made for himself which cost 3000 guineas, with harness for six horses, covered with gold and trappings.

Thursday, 16*th*. — Yarmouth and I dined with Lady Sandwich, and met Morny and Walewski. We walked to the Three Crosses in the evening, and went to Lady William Russell's, where I met Baroness D'Utrechs and her daughter, who sings very well, and is a most amiable unaffected young person. Her husband is Saxon Minister at Vienna. Among other guests was Madame d'Hogguer, the mother of Madame de Meyendorff; her husband was formerly Dutch Minister at Petersburg, and she herself is a Russian and Dame du Palais. The old lady said to young Hastings Russell, "Ces eaux de Carlsbad me conviennent parfaitement, j'ai mangé aujurd'hui des champignons, qui ont très bien passé." When Yarmouth went away, and she asked me, "Est-il parti?" I replied, "Oui, Madame, il a passé comme un champignon."

Friday, 17*th*.—Baron Kleist told us an instance

of Russian honesty. The Emperor when at Berlin was anxious to give a Prussian nobleman, who had been placed about his person, a present, and sent him a snuff-box with his picture set in diamonds. The nobleman wished to ascertain the value, and gave it to a jeweller for his opinion, who returned for answer that three days before he would have given for it 7000 florins, but in its present state he could only give 700 florins for it, as the diamonds had been changed.

Went on a party to Elnbogen, which is distant about eight miles, and famous for the romantic scenery. Count de Witt, who has twenty horses here, brought from Russia, supplied three carriages. We travelled at the Russian pace, full gallop, and reached our point in half an hour. The view is delightful from the balcony of the inn. The town is very ancient, but a new suspension bridge has been erected over the Eger, which forms a contrast with the old castle. Servants had been sent forward to prepare a dinner at the inn, which was served in a great balcony, fifty feet long, fitted up as a coffee-room for guests, overlooking a most splendid view of mountain scenery, covered with woods, and studded with ruins and rocks, while the river winds through the valley beneath.

The letters here are all subject to be opened at the Post-office, and many are so in fact without disguise. There are also spies about, particularly from the Russian Government, to watch the Poles.

Saturday, 18*th*.—The baths are visibly thinning. Madame Delphine is gone to Ischel, Hay to Prague,

and Count Metroffsky, whom I have seen much here, took leave on his departure for Vienna. He is an agreeable man, aide-de-camp to one of the Archdukes.

We dined at our hotel, as usual; in the evening I went to Madame Boleslas Potocka. She was a Princess Soltikoff, and married very early B. Potocki. There afterwards came in Madame Bashmacoff (her cousin) with her children, then Count de Witt, and Capo d'Istrias, brother to him who was murdered in Greece, in 1833. Madame Schuvaloff, sister to Madame Boleslas, is living with her, but in wretched health.

Sunday, 19*th.* — Lady Sandwich went. I began the waters of the Sprudel. Went to Walewski's rooms, where M. de Sures played on the piano for an hour or two: we then all went to a bourgeois ball in the Böh mische Hof, where the tradespeople and grisettes were waltzing and galloping with great animation.

Monday, 20*th.* — Went to Walewski's and Lady William Russell.

Tuesday, 21*st.* — The Grahams, and Walewski, and Morny, went this morning.

Thursday, 23*rd.* — I went with Yarmouth to the German theatre, to see the "Miller and his Child," which was very well acted. The weather was so cold that when we got home to drink tea, we positively sat in our great coats to keep ourselves warm.

Saturday, 25*th.* — Madame Schuvaloff left Carlsbad.

Sunday, 26*th.* — After our evening walk, in which

we were joined by a gentlemanlike old Pole, Count Grabowsky, a proposal was made to go to a bourgeois ball at the Post Hof, which was amusing enough.

I saw about the town to-day various figures in purple frock-coats, or green, or brown, with high varnished Hessian boots, all made alike. I understood it was a bishop and sundry clergymen from the neighbouring diocese.

As I was walking on the Wiese with De Witt, he began to talk politics, and owned his conviction that there would soon be war, for which Russia was already well prepared and ready to begin. Then, in his rhodomontade manner he added, "I shall have 20,000 cavalry and sixty pieces of cannon under my command. On the day of the engagement, I shall say to the Emperor, 'Sire, oubliez moi pendant quelques heures;' and when the decided moment is come, I shall sweep forward with my troops at full gallop, and decide the fortune of the day."

Thursday, 30*th*. — Set off at three o'clock, when, travelling through the night, we arrived, on

Friday, 31*st*., at Wernberg to breakfast; from thence through a pretty country, where the peasantry all looked very happy, we arrived, at nine at night, at Ratisbon, being a distance of twenty-four German miles.

Saturday, September 1*st*. — We visited the Cathedral, a fine Gothic building, with splendid painted glass; but the workmen were repairing the interior, and little was to be seen. From thence we proceeded to the Rath Haus, where the Emperor for-

merly convened the Diet: the Imperial chair still remains in the great hall as a souvenir of the past.

Below are the State prisons,—a sickly sight to view.

There are in all sixty dungeons, only four feet high, little wider than a grave, with no furniture save a log of wood for a pillow, and deprived of light, —I might almost say, of air. Here the sufferings of man must have been intense, but could not have been long. On the same floor are seen the chamber of torture, with all the implements of cruelty, used even as late as the time of Maria Theresa. Pullies, wheels, and weights remain to attest the fact, that human beings were racked with sufferings a thousand times worse than any death. In one instance the arms were bound behind to a stake, the feet fastened to stone weights which I could not lift from the ground, and, at a certain signal, the victim was raised towards the ceiling by a pulley, which drew every limb from its socket. Another instrument was the "Spanish ass,"—a sharp ridge of wood, on which the victim was placed seated astride, with weights to his feet, till his body was cut through by his own weight.

There was a seat with wooden points, for tearing away the flesh, and a pointed roller that was drawn under his back while he lay bound to a wooden bench. We both left this record of misery with feelings of horror, which no narrative in books could have produced.

We pursued our walk through the town, and came to a pretty garden in the suburbs, kept in good

order, and left open to the public. It belongs to the Prince of Tour and Taxis, and adjoins his château, which is a considerable pile of buildings, not in good repair, but forming a fine façade with towers at each end, and handsome staircases with iron balustrades from the first story into the garden. We got into the carriage at nine o'clock, and, travelling all night through a level country, arrived, at two o'clock, on

Sunday, 2nd, at Munich. We dined at the Golden Cross, and went out in the evening. This is a beautiful town, and much enriched by the present King with works of art; but it is quiet and dull. We walked through the park or public promenade, which is well laid out as English scenery; the river Isar traverses it in various directions, forming streams and lakes with its singularly blue waters. The inns are full of foreigners, as the Empress of Russia left Munich this morning. The imperial couple appear to be travelling at present in every direction through Germany, which would seem to corroborate the suspicion that something was brewing in politics for the coming winter. It is singular that a sovereign, on whose sole will and energy the government of so vast an empire entirely depends, can afford time to be absent from his capital for such a long period.

Monday, 3rd.—We saw the Cathedral, or Frauen Kirche, which is worthy of notice. There is a beautiful carved pulpit in white and gold, and a monument in bronze to the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, which surpasses all description; it is a tomb of that metal, all the figures on which are as large as life, and exquisitely chiselled; around it are six other

figures of the same dimensions, those at the four corners being dressed in the gorgeous armour of that time. From thence to the Nicholas Church, which has a splendid altar-piece, and a pulpit finely carved in oak; there is also a fine monument in marble to the memory of Eugene Beauharnais. We drove round the Park, which is of considerable extent. At three o'clock we visited the Royal Palace: although spacious, and the rooms well proportioned, the effect of the painting in arabesque by modern hands, is trivial and gaudy, this Etruscan style being ill suited to give an idea of dignity. The furniture of these rooms is scanty, with gilt chairs and sofas, in the style of the Empire in France. In front of the palace is a bronze statue of the late King in a sitting posture, very well executed; it was erected by the citizens of Munich to his memory.

The Bavarian army amounts to 25,000 in peace, and 60,000 in war time; but the King's guards alone have a fine military appearance.

After dinner, during our walk, we saw the Queen set off in her coach and six from the palace to her country seat at Nymphenburg; at ten at night we set out for Innsbruck.

Tuesday, 4th.—We travelled all night, and this morning arrived at Benedictbenerm, from which point commences all the superb beauty of the Tyrolean scenery. Our drive during the whole day after the great ascent of about two miles in length, which required four additional horses, was amongst ridges of mountains partly covered with forest trees, partly abounding in fine lakes and rivers, whose blue waters

improve and diversify the scene. The eye is lost in the grandeur and immensity of these rocky mountains, while the valleys beneath are studded with cottages, cattle, and all the tranquil comforts of rural life. The cascades, which nature forms on the heights, burst into rapid waterfalls, which almost render the spectator dizzy, while the noise and the foam increase his awe and admiration. The distance from Munich hither is twenty German miles, comprising every feature of grand and sublime scenery which the mind can imagine. The roads, it should be observed, are excellent. We arrived at Innsbruck at nine at night: the inn (Golden Eagle) is bad, and very dear.

Wednesday, 5th. — We have lately fallen in occasionally with some parties of English tourists, who are travelling about with Galignani's guide in their hands, climbing every mountain, staring at all they can see, filling *le livre des étrangers* at every inn with their impertinent comments on the fare and the servants, and exposing themselves to public ridicule by writing facetious remarks on each other. They never see the natives or know anything of the society and manners of the Continent, except what they can observe in the kitchens of the inns.

Innsbruck is a fine old town, which you enter by a bridge over the Inn, from whence its name. We are now again in the Austrian territory, but the high beaver hats of the women, and their stockings without feet, give them a different air from the Austrian peasants. They have fine intelligent countenances, and seem, from the intermediate position, to combine

in their characters the German sentimental mysticity with the Italian vivacity.

We strolled out first to the Hof Kirche, where is to be seen the tomb of the Emperor Maximilian in bronze, round which are twenty-eight compartments of marble bas-reliefs, detailing the principal events of his life, carved by a Fleming named Collina, which are of the highest beauty. Around the principal aisle are stationed twenty-eight figures in bronze of the House of Hapsburg, large as life, and cast 300 years ago, which are of inimitable workmanship; the drapery of the women, and the embossed armour of the men, are represented with a truth and accuracy which defy competition.

These treasures of art had nearly been lost to the town of Innsbruck, as during the French Revolution Marshal Ney had packed them up, as well as a silver altar-piece in the chapel, to be sent to Paris; but fortunately the spoilers were forced to decamp.

Here is also a fine marble tomb erected to the memory of the patriot Andrew Hofer, and another by Collina, to that of Prince Ferdinand, uncle to Charles V.

In the Jacobi Kirche is a magnificent pulpit in gold and silver, which has a dazzling appearance. In all these churches it is disgusting to view the votive offerings of arms, legs, hearts, ears, &c. in wax, which are carefully preserved to commemorate the cures of different disorders. The palace is a fine ancient building in good preservation. There are also some fine hotels, but the town seems quite inanimate.

A public walk is open for general recreation, but the range of mountains which enclose Innsbruck in the bosom of a valley form the most imposing part of the scenery.

Through the whole of Bavaria and this part of the Austrian states, there are crucifixes and images in every direction; the houses, too, in these old towns are painted on the outside with fresques, representing scenes from the life of our Saviour; and the churches which are distant from the villages are always approached by a long line of little chapels, or images of saints, where a few wandering pilgrims are occasionally seen at their orisons in the road; indeed, large wooden crucifixes are in some places erected in the public drinking-rooms of the inns. We are now in the Tyrol, surrounded by mountains of a prodigious height, which enclose this singular town, once so important and famous in the time of Charles V.

Monday, 6th.—We left Innsbruck at five in the morning, before the sun was up, and pursued our way amongst a ridge of mountains varying in scenery at every turn. The river Isar, which we knew at Munich, follows us hither in a strong but shallow stream of blue, which, dashing against the rocky bottom and shore, seems to be a boiling torrent roaring like the sea. Occasional remains of the old feudal fortresses of former times are seen perched on eminences which would defy the approach of man; but just before we arrived at Brixen, broke upon our view the immense citadel lately constructed by the

Austrians to command this important pass from their Italian dominions.

It is a double erection on each side of the road, situated on tremendous heights, and not only strong in bomb-proof masonry work, but the rock itself has been incorporated with the breastwork on the glacis, and forms an impenetrable front to the attack of an enemy.

This position seems intended not only to check any future French invasion, but also to keep their Italian provinces in order. This fortress was lately inspected by the Emperor on his way to Milan; but all accounts agree in relating his extreme imbecility of mind, which could take no interest in such a sight. His daily occupation at Vienna is said to consist in looking out of the window of his palace and counting the hackney coaches which pass during the day, having acquainted himself with the names of the various proprietors.

From Brixen we went on to Botzen, where the view is on the same scale of grandeur above, and bounded by the river below, over which the occasional bridges have this peculiarity, that they are roofed in like houses or barns. The women in the Tyrol are plain, disfigured by their beaver hats, and hardly to be distinguished from the men in their appearance. Bullocks are the principal beasts of burden in agriculture, as best adapted to the mountain traffic. Both these and the horses are of a fine and serviceable breed. The living here, as well as throughout Germany, is bad,—the meat tough, the poultry mere skeletons, the whole baked or stewed in grease. All

the poultry is sold at the markets alive to the consumer, which creates a disgusting reflection. From Botzen the road winds through the valley without any deep ascents. The prospect is less grand, but the land more smiling and cultivated, covered with vineyards and plantations of maize. At eleven at night we arrived at Trent.

Friday, 7th.—This is thirty German miles from Innsbruck. Here is a good inn, called the Rose. It is an old neglected town, which now contains little worth remark. We saw the Maria Maggiore church, formerly the seat of the Council of Trent, of which it contains rather an interesting picture, with the Assembly as it met in the sixteenth century. There is also a fine organ-loft, with a sculptured marble gallery well executed. The cathedral has very little to boast, and a wooden bridge over the Adige has no other recommendation than its beautiful prospect. The population here becomes Italian; that language is generally spoken and used in all the public documents. Here, too, the race begins to change; the clumsy German figures give place to the light step and dark eye and brown skin of the Italian race. The ancient name of Trent was Tridentum: it is still inhabited by a few old noble families, but the Imperial family never visit it.

Saturday, 8th.—We renewed our journey through scenes of equal grandeur with the preceding day. The road still runs through a valley hedged by gigantic mountains, whose bases are covered with stones of enormous size which have crumbled away from their sides, and seem to threaten the traveller with

destruction; rivers and torrents flow beneath; small towns, villages, and châlets are studded about in every direction. This scene is proverbial in Europe, but must be seen to be appreciated. At eight o'clock in the evening we arrived at the town of Bassano, which was illuminated with paper lanthorns, not for our arrival, but for the fête of the Madonna.

Here we dined and resumed our way; but from this point the face of the country changes. We had passed the Tyrol, and nature, as if weary of her late gigantic efforts, seemed to relapse into a more ordinary exhibition of her local dispensations. We drove through a level plain, bounded with hedges like an English road, occasionally enlivened by country houses adorned with gardens and statues, or the plainer residence of the farmer. It rained hard, but we made our way through the night with much expedition, and arrived early in the morning at Mestre, after another journey of 24 miles (120 English.)

Sunday, 9th. — We stopped to dress and unload the baggage from the carriage, which is to be left here during our stay at Venice. We then proceeded in a large gondola or post-boat for about six leagues through the Lagunes to Venice. Here, then, we have performed 1,200 English miles since we left Paris, without the slightest accident or mishap. On looking over the list of travellers we noticed more of those flat and insignificant remarks with which the English alone think it necessary to perpetuate their memory in the inns which they inhabit. Among the first we read was the following: —

"Q. D——, M. P., 19th Oct. 1833. La cuisine

est vilaine à l'hôtel du Lion Blanc." As we did not understand what was meant by an ugly kitchen, Yarmouth said M. P. must certainly stand for *mauvais parleur.*

At twelve o'clock the weather cleared up, and we got into the bark just as a regiment of Austrian cuirassiers passed through the town on their way to Milan. We had already accomplished half our voyage, when we were struck by the new military works erected by that government to keep her Venetian subjects in awe. The banks of the Lagune are now enclosed with masonry work, cannon planted at every interval, and an immense barrack erected to menace the city in case of any disturbance.

We worked our way through the different canals, and landed at the hotel called Albergo Reale, where we found already settled there the Princess Radzivil and her daughter, Count Esterhazy, and Madame Delphine Potocka. This hotel is beautifully situated on the Great Quay, near the Place St. Mark.

Here, then, is *Venezia la Bella,* the sight of which has long been the favourite object of my wishes; and as I look now on the lovely prospect before me, I feel that no description can equal the reality. Still rich in the works of art, and built as it were by miracle, Venice, notwithstanding her misfortunes, presents all the traces of her former dignity and grandeur.

Her palaces, her churches, her galleries of pictures, and her noble monuments render her still the wonder of the traveller, who can only lament her fallen state. We all read with indifference the

occupation by Austria of her Italian provinces; but it is only when we see with our own eyes the humbling degradation of this once proud Queen of the Seas, now garrisoned by German troops and menaced with cannon from her own shores, her revenues engrossed by the foreigner, and her citizens kept in bondage, that we cannot restrain a strong feeling of sympathy for her fate, though the pusillanimity and weakness of the Italian character is still an object of disgust.

We walked out to see the cathedral Church of St. Mark, in which the evening service had just begun; the loud peal of the organ gave an additional solemnity to our view of this majestic structure, built of the finest marble, and the interior covered with mosaic designs of the most splendid workmanship. The rain falling heavily in the evening, limited our walks to the Place St. Marc, where the *cafés* were thinly attended. Philippe Egalité must have had these galleries in his eye, when he destroyed the noble garden of the Cardinal Richelieu, and erected those which disgraced his own royal residence.

Monday, 10*th*.—What a splendid scene greets my sight as I rise from my bed! how busy and yet how still are all the living objects! here is the busy hum of men *alone*, no din of carriages, no trampling of horses, no rumbling of carts and waggons. The light gondola glides through the wave guided by a single oar, the ships at anchor lay unmoved by a ripple on the water, while heavy barges loaded with troops are conveying in every direction the different

sentries to their various posts. All is calm and solemn, but the quays are animated by foot-passengers, minstrels, sailors, and peasants, who seem glad to stretch their legs on the little space of ground not invaded by lagunes and canals.

Yarmouth and I went in a gondola to the Church of Sta. Maria Maggiore. We walked in the evening on the Place St. Marc with Princess Radzivil and Madame Potocka, where we met the Duchesse d'Albufuera and M. and Madame de la Redorte from Paris. Our hotel is very good, and the proprietor, Danielli, extremely attentive.

The famed gondola, which so many poets have sung, is perhaps the most delightful conveyance that ever was invented. The quiet progressive movement, the wonderful address with which the boatmen conduct their charge through the narrow canals, amidst crowds of barges, boats, &c., which are constantly obstructing your route, the nicety with which they measure distances in the most intricate situations, turning the sharp corners, and paddling through apertures which you think impracticable, without ever touching the objects that seem to oppose your passage, gives you the most agreeable sensations of pleasure and security. The price of a gondola with two men is only five francs a day; they are not, indeed, now dressed in the picturesque garb of former days, but their ordinary attire is well compensated by their utility, which, in the present humbled days of Venetian fortunes, is more important. These men act as servants in your house, perform every act of household duty, and are famed for their honesty, fidelity, and diligence.

Tuesday, 11*th*. — A pelting storm with thunder and lightning during the night, which is a rare occurrence here; I rose to witness it. The lambent flame dancing through the masts of the shipping reflected in the blue lake, and at moments lighting up to view the marble palaces and monuments around me, was a fine and awful sight, which vanished again in a moment, and left the world in darkness.

I strolled out before breakfast into the Church of St. Zacharie, which is richly adorned with marbles. We then visited together the Ducal Palace, which is so curious that it must be taken in detail at various times.

From hence we proceeded in gondola to the Church of St. Jean and Paul, one of the most sumptuous in Venice. And afterwards to the Church of the Jesuits, a building so curious and so different from any other that I shall always recollect it with delight. It astonishes the mind to reflect on the immense sums and labour which such an erection must have cost, and is a striking instance of the enormous wealth the Order of the Jesuits had at one time appropriated to itself.

The more I proceed — and I have hardly begun the series of wonders contained in this city — the more I feel astonished at the enormous wealth in which it still abounds. In the meantime the fine hotels of the once proud Venetians are gradually falling to decay, and the impoverished families were ready to sell the costly materials to the best bidder, when an imperial mandate came out forbidding the destruction of these ancient monuments of past glory, which

put a stop at once to the sales, as the foreigners had no other object in view than to transport them away to their own homes; but as the families will not or cannot repair them, their ruin now seems inevitable.

We went to the opera, which is very mediocre.

Wednesday, 12th. — I went this morning with Madame Potocka to the top of the tower, from whence the view commands the whole city and surrounding waters: it is surprising to see the extent of Venice, but the houses are so high, and the canals so narrow in the interior, that even from that height it looks like an inland city.

From thence we walked into the great Church of St. Mark, to admire the wonderful picture of that saint in mosaic over the principal entrance; here every visit discovers some new beauty.

We went to the Church of the Scalze (Carmes déchaussés), also ornamented with fine marbles sculptured in scrolls and altar-pieces, where are few pictures, but many statues, among which is that of St. Therese, well executed. Our next visit was to that of Maria di Rosario, celebrated for a rich tabernacle, in columns of lapis lazuli, with an altar-piece of the Crucifixion by Tintoretto.

We went to a magazine of curiosities, kept by Sanquirico, in a fine old hotel: he has a very large collection of antiquities, particularly some splendid missals with Nesles, one alone cost 150*l.*; from the highest to the lowest articles, all were exorbitantly dear. Madame Delphine and myself each bought an old Genoese fan for 25 fr., which were the only reasonable purchases to be made.

We passed the evening in our hotel with Princess Radzivil.

Prince Jablonowsky, who is settled here, told me that the living at Venice was wonderfully cheap;—he has an hotel, tolerably furnished, with a suite of fifteen rooms, for 60*l.* per annum. The character of the people, he says, is mild and inoffensive; no riots or quarrels in the streets, and no murders as in other parts of Italy.

There is something in the air of Venice which disposes the mind to meditation. The tranquil beauty of the scene; the solitude; the absence of those idlers in pursuit of pleasure who swarm in every large city, the quiet modest demeanour of the women, who occasionally cross your path in the narrow and ill-frequented lanes; and, above all, the frequent visits which a traveller must inevitably make to those splendid churches, and which, indeed, form his principal occupation,—all tend to soften the mind, and abstract it from worldly feelings. The splendour with which Religion is here surrounded, the noble and costly pictures in which her history is commemorated, create a combination of feelings, in which the love of the Arts is blended with respect for the Divinity, and though, perhaps, commencing by an appeal to the senses, cannot fail to produce a beneficial effect on the worldly mind, and gradually lead it to the contemplation of better things. We are all by nature worldly; some, more or less hardened by habit in worldly pursuits, perhaps, become inaccessible to the ordinary modes of conversion: if, then, such minds can be touched by

impressions more suited to their state of feeling; if instead of being led by admonition, they can be awed or persuaded into another and better path, why, if the result be the same, may not the one sort of influence be as admissible as another? I am no advocate for the Catholic religion, — none more attached to the simplicity of our creed, — but the entrance into the Church of St. Marc, and the contemplation of that gorgeous pile, has constantly filled me with sensations of veneration, which the whitewashed walls of a parish church in England could never produce. I have seen its effect on those whose hearts never softened with such ideas before, and, whether lasting or not, they still must leave a trace behind, which may turn to good.

Another circumstance, also, has never failed to strike me with peculiar force, as coming immediately home to my own feelings on the subject. These churches, splendid as they are, remain open at all hours; here, when a real impulse guides the penitent sinner or the afflicted mourner, he may come and seek that consolation which the world cannot give; here he may sit alone and commune with himself, or prostrate himself before that Being who has said, "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Contrast this with the stated hours, the well-dressed crowds, the vacant faces, and the long formal routine of an English church, where some few, perhaps, can keep up their attention, and are really intent on the duties of the day, but where many are only fulfilling a form before the world, in which their heart is little interested.

Thursday, 13*th*.—This morning, after my usual visit to St. Mark's, where every day discovers some fresh beauty or object worthy of reflection, I again visited with Yarmouth the Ducal Palace, and its splendid apartments, stored with their rich ceilings, and fine pictures by the best Italian masters.

The gondola next carried us to the *Church of the Redeemer*, which is of a more unassuming order. From thence we went to the Palais Barberini, now falling entirely to ruin, while the noble proprietor lives on the second story.

We saw there on sale thirty-one marble busts, of the Grecian and Roman school, which were valued at 300*l*., and would probably be sold for half that sum.

After dinner I went to visit Madame de Thurm, to whom I had brought a small parcel and letter from Lady William Russell. She is the wife of Count de Thurm, Austrian Delegado here, who is at present at Milan. It appears to be a very agreeable family.

Friday, 14*th*.—I went to the Académie des Beaux Arts, which is stored with pictures of the Venetian school.

Princess Radzivil had procured a band of barcarole singers to accompany us this evening on the water, but the weather was so unfavourable that we could not stir out of the house.

Saturday, 15*th*.—Yarmouth and I went to see the Church of St. Sebastian, which is filled with paintings by Paul Veronese, of which the history is well known.

We went to a gallery of antiquities, kept by a Marquis de Sivry, a Frenchman, where there are some fine furniture, bronzes, pictures, and marbles on sale, but held at very high prices.

Sunday, 16th.—I went with Madame Delphine to High Mass at St. Mark's. Breakfasted with her and Madame Radzivil at the Café Florian, on the Piazza, and went again with them to the Academy, where we sat for some time admiring the Presentation of the Virgin, when a child, at the Temple, which is one of the most interesting works of Titian. The figures of the high priest, the beggar woman, and the two females in the foreground are inimitable. Among the views of Venice is one of a miracle, which is supposed to have occurred during a sacred procession near the Grand Canal. The priest bearing the cross accidentally fell into the canal. He is seen quietly walking through the water, while various priests and friars are swimming after him to offer an assistance, which the holy emblem renders unnecessary.

All our party at the Albergo dined together. In the evening we were joined by Count and Countess Pahlen; and the Princess, as the night was fine, had her party on the water, accompanied by the gondoliers in a bark, singing their favourite barcarole airs. Thus we rowed about the canals till twelve o'clock, leaving behind us in our course the echo of sweet sounds, which interrupted the stillness of the night, rousing many of the descendants of the Foscari and Pisani from their early sleep.

Monday, 17*th*.—The first real fine day we have seen at Venice. Our little party of five dined again together, and went at five o'clock to the Lido, to see the farce of a Venetian guinguette, which was even less amusing than the Chaumière at the Mont Parnasse in Paris. We were joined there by the Pahlens; and on our return Princess Radzivil and her daughter, the Princess Micheline, took leave of us, and went on board the steamboat for Trieste, on their way to Vienna and Warsaw, where they are going to winter, and which their late journey to these civilised regions will only render more unsatisfactory.

Tuesday, 18*th*.—I went with Madame Potocka to St. Mark's this morning, where she attended Mass. On our return, the gondola was ready, and she embarked for Mestre, on her way to Naples. We resumed our researches by going to the Church of St. Roch, and from thence to the Confrererie of St. Roch, a building remarkable for its magnificence. We next saw the Church of Sta. Maria dei Frati, which contains more fine monuments than any church in Venice, and where lie the ancestors of some of the noblest and most distinguished Venetian families. They correspond with the grandeur of the age, and prove to posterity that if the members of this wonderful Republic were surrounded with magnificence when living, they were not less lavish in providing costly receptacles for their dead.

We crossed the water to the island of St. Lazare, and passing the hospital for mad patients, we arrived

at the convent of the Armenians, where we were received with great civility by one of the order. They have a rich library, a cabinet of natural history and electricity, with a printing-office, from which they issue very fine editions of works in the oriental languages. It is expected that you should purchase a specimen of their art, in a book containing twenty-four living languages.

In the evening I went to Madame de Thurm's, where I found the Count just arrived from the fêtes at Milan, who mentioned to me the sudden melancholy death of Lady Elizabeth Harcourt.

Wednesday, 19*th*.—Awoke by the drum of Austrian troops in a barge going their rounds on the lakes. The steamboat, just arrived from Trieste, lies before my windows, surrounded by the busy gondolas, anxious to convey the eager passengers on shore, while the police-boat arrives to check their ardour, and detain them for a tedious scrutiny of passports. The man-of-war is at anchor by her side, with her yards squared, and her guns pointed at haughty Venice, like a fortress on the placid lake, ready at the slightest mark of insubordination to pour havoc on all these costly monuments, which present their fair faces to the foe. The merchant ships are moored to the quay, and the busy crews are occupied in unloading their various cargoes; the gondolas are skimming like black swans over the wave, with their Roman iron prows in every direction; the boats from the islands, with piled-up baskets of varied fruits, are slowly making their way towards the inland canals,—in short, the whole, en-

livened by a bright sun and an Italian sky, forms a glorious prospect at this moment which can never be forgotten.

We rowed from thence to the bridge of the Rialto, where we examined the range of shops and busy market on its arch. In the evening we sat on the Place St. Marc with Count and Countess Pahlen, as is the general custom here. The Café Florian is the most frequented, and furnishes *gelate, granite,* and *sorbetti.* Minstrels are playing or singing in every direction, and very importunate for charity. There is a well-known character here,—an old man, who was once *primo flauto* of the Venice theatre; he blows a little air at your elbow for two minutes, and then asks alms for his mother, who must be a centenarian, as her son cannot be less than eighty years old. The conversation turned upon Russia and the P—— family. Madame P——, the mother of the present race, was a Greek slave of great and singular beauty; she was bought by Count de W., who fell deeply in love with her, and then married her. By him she had Madame K—— and our Cossack general and acquaintance at Carlsbad, with other children: he must be now about sixty-five. When she became a widow, and still beautiful, the present Duke of H——n, then on his travels, was anxious to marry her, but she was engaged to Count P——, one of the richest seigneurs in Poland. By him she has also several children, Stanislas Boleslas, Micislas, Madame B——a, &c.; and at his death he left them all immense fortunes: the sons had six or seven hundred thousand roubles a year;

the two latter sons married the Princess Solikoff and Madlle. Komar; even Micislas, who adds prodigality to his other vices, has now, after all his excesses, a fortune remaining of 400,000 francs a year. His wife as well as both his sisters had large fortunes.

The Pahlens are going to Russia. She departs with the usual reluctance of those who have travelled and seen better things in Europe, still more embittered by the idea of losing the fêtes which are preparing for the Emperor. He is brother to the Russian ambassador at Paris, and was formerly governor of the Illyrian provinces.

Thursday, 20*th*. — We went to the Manfrini Palace, which gave me the first idea of a splendid Venetian residence; it has, what is singular at Venice, a handsome garden at the back. We next proceeded to the Trevison Palace, which is newly fitted up in the modern style.

Friday, 21*st*. — We went to the Grimani Palace, where, for the first time, we were refused admittance. From thence we inspected the churches of St. Francois de la Vigna, San Giorgio Maggiore, Bragora, and St. Chrysostome, and afterwards concluded our morning's course with the Schiavoni Cabinet. M. Schiavoni, the owner, is a painter himself, and, after showing us his collection, introduced us into his own *atélier*, where he had just finished two pictures of Flora and Pomona, which we much admired. He excels in women, and is called *le peintre des graces à Venise.*

Saturday, 22*nd*. — We made a day of rest, and

did not enter a gondola. We walked over the quays to the public gardens, founded by Napoleon, which border the sea. In the evening we sat with the Pahlens on the Piazza till near twelve o'clock. On the left side of the Church St. Mark is a little votive chapel on high, constantly lighted with two glimmering lamps, as an expiation ordered by the state for a hasty judgment pronounced in former times, by which an innocent man was condemned to death. He was a baker, who, walking near this spot, picked up the sheath of a poniard, and put it in his pocket. The watch soon discovered in the neighbourhood the body of a murdered man, with a dagger sticking in his breast. On searching for the assassin, they lighted on this unfortunate man with the sheath in his possession, which evidently fitted the weapon found on the deceased; and upon this slight evidence, notwithstanding all his assertions of innocence, he was instantly tried, condemned, and executed. The real murderer was afterwards detected, and an expiatory chapel instituted here as a token of retribution to the poor man's soul.

Sunday, 23*rd*.—Weather very sultry. Made my daily visit to the Church of St. Mark, where some new object worthy of remark is always to be found. I met on the Piazza Admiral Paullucci, the commander of the Austrian fleet, who took Yarmouth and myself on board his gondola to see the details of the frigate, which is in a high state of order and discipline. He was early in life in the English service, then served under Napoleon, whom he still adores, and is now chief of the Austrian navy, and,

as he says himself, "Le plus grand amiral de la plus petite flotte en Europe." Alexander wished to enlist him in his service in 1814, which he declined, though his brother was formerly Governor of Riga, as I remember in 1829, and is now Governor-General of Genoa for the King of Sardinia. He then took us over his house, which is spacious and well furnished. Some idea may be formed of the cheapness of houses here, when this cost him only 24,000 fr., but the repairs and furniture 84,000 fr.

Monday, 24th. — I dined at Count de Thurm's, where there was a small party, all Austrians. A singular lady arrived in the evening,—a Miss Talbot, who has lived many years at Vienna. She is of the Irish Malahide family, of a very independent character. Without any introduction she approached me and coolly asked me my name, and shortly after requested me to convey her home in my gondola, which I accordingly did, in defiance of all scandalous comments.

Tuesday, 25th. — We went to the Palais Pesaro, which is one of the finest buildings in Venice, magnificently sculptured without in the old Italian style, and containing numerous suites of noble rooms within. This family, like many others, is extinct, and the hotel is now occupied by a branch of the Armenian College at the Isle St. Lazare. We were received with great civility by the monks, who showed us the pupils at their studies. These are Armenian youth, brought up here in the path of science, to forward the march of civilisation in their own country, on their return home. The finest palace on the

Grand Canal as a specimen of the old Saracenic architecture is incontestably the Palais Foscari; but this is uninhabited, daily falling to ruins; and as no friendly hand attempts to prop it up, will soon fall to rise no more. This once noble family is now only represented by two old maids, who have a trifling pittance of two zwanzegers per day to support their wretched existence. They are proud of their birth, even in this state of poverty, and are pleased when curiosity draws any strangers to visit them as a record of the past.

The Venetian waiter's idea of a *bonissima famiglia* here is, that they travel with three carriages and eight servants.

The weather now is sultry, and our evenings are passed in the Place St. Marc before the Café Florian, but the buzz of human beings still echoes on the quays before my windows long after I have retired to rest; and I believe there are many of the gondoliers and lazzaroni who lie in the streets, and never go to bed at all.

Wednesday, 26th, was a religious fête in Venice. The Austrian authorities arrived in a gilded barge in state at the Church of St. Mark, to hear divine service. There was a public exhibition of relics in one of the chapels, and a cupboard full of precious gems, cups of agate, and curious works of Benvenuto Cellini. On each side were displayed two gold candelabra, the rich sword of state formerly carried before the Doges, and the crozier of the Archbishop, both in gold set with precious stones. The three standards were hoisted on the Piazza with the Austrian colours.

These costly red poles, with splendid bronzes at the base, were, in the proud days of Venice, erected to commemorate the three great conquests of the Republic, — Candia, Morea, and Cyprus. Lately, the idea was started by the Government of painting these poles in the Austrian colours, black and yellow; but no sooner was it known, than a general ferment took place in the city, and had it not been abandoned, an insurrection would have infallibly taken place. These humbled Venetians, who truckled to slavery without an effort to resist the conqueror, would have shed their blood to maintain the colour of a stick. Such is the force of prejudice!

Opposite to the entrance of the Ducal Palace is a small building of rare marble and beautiful architecture, which was formerly used as the guard-house. In front are two small bronze gates of the most exquisite workmanship, executed by Sansovino, which would be a fit ornament for any drawing-room.

Thursday, 27th. — We were surprised this morning by the arrival of the Duc de Richelieu, who came home and dined with us. He announces many other friends and acquaintances coming to the fêtes for the coronation of the Emperor, some of whom I have not seen for five years.

Friday, 28th. — The mosaics in front of the Basilique are now cleaned for the fêtes, and the colours of these pictures are come out so bright and vivid that they surpass any oil-painting. We paid another visit to the Academy, to gaze once more on the works of Titian. We dined with Richelieu at his hotel, the "Lion Blanc," and went to the Piazza, where

the regimental band of the Hungarian grenadiers played pieces of music for two hours, and attracted a great crowd. This band is composed of fifty performers; and it must be allowed that all military music, when compared to that of the Austrians, sinks very low in the scale. The Countess Pahlen is very sad at the idea of leaving Venice, particularly just at this moment. She is returned from a long tour to Naples and Rome, where she had passed many happy days. She described with much *naïveté* her feelings at quitting scenes of which she had just seen enough to appreciate their beauty and regret their loss. The Russian women, generally speaking, have much frankness and sensibility in their character. A refined education forms their minds to the enjoyment of those scenes both local and social, in which Italy abounds. This feeling is frozen up in their own barren country as soon as it is formed; but when they are allowed to visit foreign lands, it bursts forth at once with redoubled warmth, and only renders them more wretched when fate or the Emperor ordains their return to Russia.

Saturday, 29th.—I went in the evening to the Countess de Thurm, where I met a large assembly, but few Venetians. I found here Count Metrowsky and Baron Hugel.

Sunday, 30th. — A stranger is surprised to see in a populous city the numberless flocks of pigeons which are constantly flying about the Piazza St. Marc and the neighbourhood. They are regularly fed by the inhabitants at a stated hour, though the property of no one, and are become so tame that they

may almost be taken by the hand. They carelessly brush close to your head in their flight, and when in search of food on the ground, will hardly take the trouble of moving from under your feet, so unconcerned are they at your approach. They seem to be sacred birds, whom no one thinks of molesting. The origin of this peculiarity is as follows:—

In former times, on the election of a doge, public distributions of provisions were made to the people, both of live and dead stock: among the former, flocks of pigeons, whose wings were confined by paper and string, to prevent them from flying away, were (cruelly, it must be owned) precipitated from the dome of St. Mark as a scramble to the populace. Some of these poor victims got rid of their shackles, and took refuge in the Gothic fretwork of the palace or the steeples of the church, where they remained safe from the grasp of the populace, and were allowed to live unmolested. They bred and became at last so numerous, that the Government, regarding their preservation in the light of a miracle, allowed a sum for their maintenance; but when the French got possession of Venice, this act of charity was forgotten or repealed. The poor birds then drooped from hunger and want; but the inhabitants, accustomed to the sight of their favourites, pitied their lot, and voluntarily took upon themselves their maintenance. They are now regularly fed on the Piazza, as objects of public charity, at nine and two o'clock in the day. There they assemble in such numbers that they really darken the air with their flapping wings.

Sunday, 30*th*.—This evening the Duke and

Duchess of Beaufort, with their daughter Lady Augusta, arrived at the Leone Bianco, and I received a letter from Alvanley, who is unluckily detained by illness at Milan.

Monday, October 1st.—I called on the Beauforts, and went with them to view the Ducal Palace, where we admired those massive gilded ceilings and the other treasures of art, which can never be seen enough. I met on the Piazza General Lagrange and his nephew, arrived from Paris. Here I took leave of Count and Countess Pahlen, who embarked this night with a heavy heart on board the steam-boat for Trieste.

Tuesday, 2nd.—The preparations are busily going on for the reception of the Emperor, who has left Milan after his coronation, and is making a triumphal visit to the other Italian cities in his dominions.

I dined with the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, and met Richelieu and Lord Alexander Russell. We all went to the San Benedetto Theatre in the evening.

Wednesday, 3rd.—Though the palace is not open to the public, Richelieu and I obtained entrance this morning. After dinner we went to the San Benedetto to hear the concert of M. Alma's band, which is inferior to Strauss or Labitzky.

The English papers announce the death of Lord Carington, aged eighty-six.

Thursday, 4th.—The arrivals increase: Sir Frederick Lamb*, our Ambassador at Vienna, the Damers, and a host of English, with Prince Metternich and

* Afterwards Lord Beauvale, and Lord Melbourne.

the Austrian Court. I received a letter from Alvanley, still at Milan, in which he says, "Lord Hertford is ill." We mean to go there from hence.

Friday, 5th.—A beautiful day. The scene before my windows this morning presents the ships of war *pavoisés de toutes les couleurs*, splendid galleys ornamented with the gayest silks and streamers, and manned with mariners in the old Venetian costumes; gondolas covered with silks and satins of the most varied colours, gliding up and down the lagunes; while the quays are crowded with troops and passengers.

I went to the Beauforts' apartment on the Grand Canal, to view the splendid entry of the Emperor. All the windows and balconies of the surrounding houses are hung with damask and tapestry, human heads are piled above each other in endless variety, and the stream offers a living mass of spectators in every species of bark, to view the gay procession. At two o'clock it appeared under the Rialto, coming from Fusina. Words cannot paint the gay and splendid scene: gondolas covered with silk drapery, and the boatmen in fancy dresses, opened the line of march; painted barges with music, gilded galleys, boats in which temples were erected with fluted columns and glittering cornices, flags and feathers, formed the escort; in these were the great officers of State, the Ambassadors, and the Imperial family of Archdukes, then came the Emperor and Empress in a floating temple, both of whom stood up in front bowing graciously to the huzzas of the crowded spectators. Their boatmen were dressed in the old Venetian costume; two blacks were stationed at the stern in

Moorish dresses, while bands of military music played that beautiful national air, *Viva il Imperatore e Re.* This stream of gold and silver, and silk brocade floated majestically down the waters of the *canale grande* till it reached the lagune, where a new scene awaited the Royal visitors. On one side, the ships of war, with their yards manned, and flags of every hue, fired repeated salutes, while on the other, a triple line of troops, marshalled along the quay, shook the air with their cheers and a triple round of cartridges to honour the sovereign. When this stunning salute was over, and the cloud of smoke had dispersed, the Imperial flotilla advanced to the shore, and the floating temple was moored to a temporary landing-place covered with scarlet cloth, upon which the Royal family gained the Piazza, and proceeded under a baldaquin to the great church, where service was performed. It was indeed a scene not to be forgotten. Not so much a gorgeous spectacle as a fairy vision: unlike the heavy tramping procession upon earth, with its rumbling cars, and their dust, its cloth of gold and sweaty brows, it glided over the blue waters of the lagune as a celestial pageant; its form was so fanciful, its tints were so soft, and its whole texture so airy, that it might have passed for a revel of Queen Mab, or the offspring of Aladdin's wonderful lamp. I went to dine with Sir Frederick Lamb—a London party—the Duke of Beaufort and his son, and Lady Augusta, Col. and Mrs. Damer, Lord and Lady Canning, Lord Stuart de Rothesay, Lord A. Russell, Richelieu, Neumann, and two or three other foreigners.

In the evening we all went on the water to see the illuminations, which were general. I went with Stuart, and the *coup d'œil* from the *canale* was beautiful. The Dogana, the Salute, and other public buildings on the quays and islands, were brilliantly lighted up with coloured lamps by the Government, the inhabitants limited themselves to a mere display of candles. In the midst of the crowd of boats, as thickly spread as carriages at a birthday, we were overtaken by two gondolas with embroidered liveries, who preceded another rowed by servants in plain clothes, where were seated the Emperor and Empress in incognito, who were kept by the pressure some time close to our boat. He was dressed in uniform, she in a plain undress; they were followed by some of the ladies and officers of their suite, and though not wishing to attract notice, were cheered as they passed by the public.

The imbecility of the Emperor's character does not seem to have struck the Italians very forcibly. His manners are simple and kind, and the late act of amnesty at Milan has prepossessed them in his favour. He has not much to do in his part, and that little is done with ease and good-nature. The Empress is a handsome woman, with very good manners. She is greatly admired, and, they say, is really fond of her weak husband, who is not much gifted with personal attractions. She was originally destined for the Church if she had not married. The Emperor, in fact, is nearly akin to an idiot, occupied with the merest trifles, and it is extraordinary to see, in this age of reasoning and scepticism, when kings

and princes are so severely judged, an immense population like that of Austria quietly submitting to the sway of one so inferior in intellect to his lowest subject.

On returning to the Piazza at night, we found it still crowded with visitors, and the squares illuminated with wax candles, which were with difficulty protected from the light breeze. On this occasion the great clock was an object of remark, as all the secret springs were put in motion, and at every successive hour the train of magi in their splendid robes came out at one door to make their obeisance before the Virgin, and retired at the other.

At twelve o'clock the crowd was dispersed, the canals were cleared, and the expiring lights proclaimed the end of the first day's performance.

Saturday, 6th. — This morning was devoted by the Court to etiquette and presentations. It was a curious sight, after having seen a masquerade on the water, to see, as it were, a birthday on the same element, as the canals were now crowded with ladies in their full dress feathers and silks repairing in their gondolas to the drawing-room at the palace; it was only another feature in this national picture, which differs so widely from that of another country. It was Venice, *ça suffit.*

At two o'clock the Emperor went in his gondola on board the frigate, where he inspected the ship's crew, and was received with music and cheers. He then rowed round his little fleet, and returned to the palace, opposite to which is now moored Lord Canning's yacht, in which he and Lord Stuart, his

father-in-law, lately arrived from Gibraltar; which circumstance entailed upon them a short quarantine. Richelieu dined with us, and in the evening the Théâtre Fenice was brilliantly illuminated, and attended by the whole Court in full dress; but the performances were not of a very attractive nature. Mrs. Augustus Craven * arrived at our hotel.

Sunday, 7th.—This morning a military mass was performed at the church of St. Marc, for which purpose all the jewels lately brought to the sacristy, as well as the golden shrine for the altar, were exhibited.

The ceremony was grand. The Emperor, accompanied by a brilliant staff, afterwards passed in review the troops of this garrison in the Piazza, which was crowded with spectators, while every window in the Quadrant was filled with ladies, whose bright eyes enlivened the scene.

Three military bands of music made the air resound with martial airs and the national hymn.

On the Emperor's return to the palace he appeared at a window to salute the crowd, who raised a few faint cries of applause; but there was not, as may well be supposed, any real enthusiasm.

A foreign yoke, however mild, can never excite any stirring signs of loyalty: the times are gone by when even legitimate sovereigns, whose families spring from the same soil, and are endeared by the recollections of ages, can expect any such marks of affection; much less can a foreigner expect to be

* Now Duchesse de la Force.

greeted with a spontaneous welcome from those who have been allotted to him by the mandates of a Congress, and parcelled out like a flock of sheep to become an heir-loom in his family. Here is not even the dazzling glory of Napoleon to flatter their vanity, or gild the chain with the prestige of participation in his laurels; and all recollections of former national grandeur can only tend to embitter their present mortifying degradation.

I went to the Beauforts' rooms at three o'clock, to see the regatta. A balcony in one of the deserted and neglected palaces on the Grand Canal, was fitted up with scarlet draperies and chairs of state for the accommodation of the imperial family. These gorgeous trappings seemed to mock the time-worn edifice in the rear, whose mouldering cornices and shattered casements contrasted mournfully with the splendid decorations in front. Every window, every quay, every battlement where foot could rest, was crowded with a dense mass of human heads, intermingled with the tapestried balconies and Saracenic architecture of these old majestic palaces, which still attest the grandeur of former days. The silken hangings, the gilded bark, the decorated gondola, the feathers, the flags, the banderolles of Venice, were again there to celebrate the day. Perhaps the same thoughtless love of pleasure, the same idle curiosity, prevailed at this moment as in her former days of magnificence. But the gaudy galley of a foreigner had usurped the place of the glorious Bucentaurs, and the Austrian flag had trampled into shreds the triple standard of Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea.

Where were the proud Doge and his robed senators—where the stern nobles once enrolled in the golden book, whose deeds of fame are still registered on the marble tablets of their sumptuous tombs? Ask their vacant palaces, those records of departed grandeur, whose glassless casements, mouldering ogives, and deserted chambers attest the fall of glorious Venice, and see their crumbling ruins now reflected in the blue waters of their native element. Turn from this sad sight, and view the gay scene before us. The course is marked out from the public gardens on the Lagune, passing up the Grand Canal before the Emperor, then under the Rialto bridge to a post at a certain distance, from whence the rival barks return and strive for victory under the balcony of the Emperor. The boats of the police are in attendance to clear the course, while various gondolas glittering with silk and gold hover round the candidates, and encourage them with cheers and acclamations.

Six light skiffs, thin and taper like race-horses, simple and devoid of ornament, each rowed by two men in slight and simple garb, started for the prize. To the lovers of sport this contest afforded little interest. The race was soon decided, as the victors had an easy conquest. The Emperor then departed with his suite. Next came the crash of gondolas and boats in every direction, making their way towards the open waters; the whole canal was one great bridge of barks jammed and fixed together, each striving to advance, till all became fast and immovable as in a sea of ice. The mildness of the people was here very apparent: there were no

quarrels, no invectives, each was intent on his own object, but never losing courage or patience; they showed also the greatest dexterity, and not a single accident occurred to mar the pleasure of the day. In the evening the Piazza was crowded with company.

Monday, 8*th*.—This morning the Lagune was gay, the ships of war decked with 1000 flags. At nine o'clock the Imperial family and a large suite went from the palace in their gilded barges on board the frigate, and from thence to the Arsenal to see the public establishments. I dined with the Damers, so did the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, Richelieu, Alvanley, Lord Walpole, &c.

Tuesday, 9*th*. — This morning the Emperor was to have gone to view the Morazzi (the old wall of Venice), which are five leagues off, but the weather was rainy and it was deferred. We walked about, heard the military bands on the Piazza, and saw the guard escort the dishes to the Imperial table, according to the old Spanish custom.

Wednesday, 10*th*.—I received a few lines from Lord Hertford, which tell me that he is better.

Thursday, 11*th*.—To-day was the Tombola, and all Venice was assembled in and round the Piazza, to see the lottery drawn for the benefit of the poor. Two temporary buildings were erected, one under the Emperor's windows, a pavilion for those employed in drawing the tickets, another in the centre of the place being a pyramid, crowded with artificial flowers, on the four sides of which the numbers drawn were, by a mechanical process within, immediately held up to public view. It was a meagre

sight, though giving a good idea of the scene represented in Canaletti's picture, barring the characteristic dresses of that day. There were only three prizes of small value to be obtained.

I dined with Sir Frederick Lamb, and met the same party as usual, with two or three foreigners.

I went with Alvanley, in his gondola, to enjoy the fresh breeze towards the Lido, when we talked over old times and old friends, who have vanished from the scene. He said that poor Brummell is still at Caen, but his intellect is impaired, and he hardly recognizes any one. *Quelle fin!*

We both went with Yarmouth to a masqued ball at the Malibran Theatre, which was filled with men and no women, not five masks in the *Salle*, but the boxes filled with well-dressed spectators, who must have been grievously disappointed. It was so much the more singular, as Venice, from old recollections, is really the *pays des masques;* but a masquerade out of the Carnival season is considered inadmissible.

Friday, 12*th*. — At nine o'clock this morning I was at the Arsenal, where the Imperial family had just arrived to witness the launch of a corvette from those dry docks which had formerly produced the famed galleys of the Venetian Republic. They were seated in a handsome tribune lined with crimson and gold, and all around the basin were erected boxes to accommodate the company. The launch went off without any difficulty, the scene was gay and the weather propitious.

I went with the Beauforts, Damers, and Alvanley to see the glass manufactory at the Morana, where

all the beads and Venetian ornaments are fabricated. The process, which was minutely detailed to us, is curious; opposite to the entrance is a triumphal arch, made the other day, of this brittle material, through which the Emperor passed on his arrival at Venice. Dined with the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, with Damers, Richelieu, and Mr. Mallet. We all went on the water to see the fireworks, which were a miserable failure. From thence with Beaufort and Alvanley to the Fenice Theatre, which was crowded with company, to hear Moriani in Lucrece Borgia.

Saturday, 13*th*.—The Emperor this morning went to the Morazzi. On walking round the Basilique of St. Marc, I observed on one of the balconies near the steeple a little marble head, which seems placed there by accident. It is that of General Carmagnoli, in the time of the Republic, who had gained a victory against the Turks, but not so successfully as the jealous Government had wished. On his return he was invited to a splendid banquet at the Ducal Palace, but when he retired from the feast, and was going to descend the great staircase, the guards told him that was not the way to his home; they compelled him to go through an opposite door, when he was immediately seized by the executioner and beheaded in the adjoining room. Whoever remarks the splendid Gothic balcony in front of this palace will observe that all the marble columns are white except two, which are of red marble. It was between these two red columns that the Grand Judge formerly read aloud to the people below the edicts of the Doge and the laws enacted by the Senate.

I went with the Vice-Consul, Mr. Jatom, to the Church of St. Salvador, near the Rialto, to see a fine picture of "Christ at Emmaus," by John Bellini: it is the best performance of that painter, and so valuable that the Emperor of Russia has offered a very large sum for it, which has been refused. Bellini has introduced a Turk sitting with our Saviour at table, which is the representation of his own brother, Gentil Bellini. He was an artist at the Court of the Sultan, and was ordered by him to paint the decapitation of a criminal, which did not give satisfaction to the master. In order to improve his taste, the Sultan ordered a slave into the room and had him beheaded on the spot, that he might be enabled to give a more correct representation on canvas.

This night the scene of the illuminations exceeded all description. The Piazza and the Piazzetta were one glowing mass of lamps, designing in flames all the architectural beauties of the surrounding buildings. The great church, the Ducal Palace, the Imperial Palace, with their columns, doors, architraves, and cornices, seemed to be on fire and glittering with diamonds, while the ships and the churches on the opposite shore were equally illuminated, and reflected their splendid lights on the bosom of the Adriatic. It was a scene of fairy splendour, never to be viewed again.

The weather has been delightfully fine till eleven o'clock, and the varied crowds moved to and fro, while the whole space was as light as day; the coffee-houses were thronged with guests, while the

military bands executed martial airs; at length a few drops of rain warned the company that a change was at hand. This was at once the signal of retreat, and before the spectators could reach their homes the deluge was complete. Then were the brilliant lamps seen gradually expiring, and the sparkling fabrics vanishing from the sight. A sudden extinguisher was placed on the scene. We retired to our hotel, paid our bills, and at two o'clock were in the post-boat, working our tedious way through wind and rain and darkness to the shores of Mestre. The sailors had not even taken the precaution to have a lanthorn on board; a storm arose, and at one time the waves had so nearly mastered all the efforts of our conductors, that we were really in very considerable danger. At last, after passing through the different lakes, and feeling at times that our boat was turned round by sudden gusts of wind, we happily arrived safe at our destination.

Sunday, 14th. — Without retiring to rest, we got into the carriage at four o'clock, and resumed our journey through Padua to Vicenza, where we breakfasted. Here is a great hall for public meetings. At nine in the evening we got to Verona, where we dined, and could just obtain a glimpse of the famous amphitheatre built by the Romans; travelling through the night, we arrived at eight o'clock in the morning of

Monday, 15th, at Brescia, a very pretty town, where, after breakfast, we walked to see the Musée. This building is highly curious, as it stands on the site, and the front still comprises a part of the façade

and the lofty columns of the Temple of Hercules built by the Emperor Vespasian. There have been some interesting excavations made in the neighbourhood, which are here exhibited, and throw great light on the ancient customs of the Romans. There are numerous statues, monuments, and altars, but the most attractive object is a bronze statue of Victory, larger than life, of the most consummate workmanship; it places the Roman science in sculpture far above the moderns, and is a real *chef-d'œuvre.* The wings and drapery of the figure are of inconceivable delicacy, and the form itself is matchless.

We resumed our journey through various stages, making in all thirty-five French posts, and arrived at Milan at eight o'clock in the evening, where we put up at the Cross of Malta, and on looking over the list of strangers were at once struck with the name of Lady E. Harcourt, who died in this house.

Tuesday, 16th.—We went to see Lord Hertford, who appeared much better. After leaving him to take his morning drive, we visited the Duomo, which is a magnificent piece of architecture; each steeple, of which there are two or three hundred, being crowned with a marble statue larger than life. The decorations for the late coronation still remained unremoved, which, though tawdry on a near approach, would have had a grand effect at a distance. We saw the treasure in the Sacristy, among which are silver statues valued at two millions of francs. We dined with Lord Hertford, and met Prince Bentheim, General Zichy, Baron D'Asperg, and Lord Lowther. We then went to his box at the Scala, where the

ballet was brilliant in decorations, but feeble in dancing. The singing wretched.

Wednesday, 17*th*.—I sat some time in the morning with Lord Hertford, who is far from well. Madame Zichy and her husband returned from Venice: we met them and Lowther at dinner. We went to the Scala in the evening, and saw the opera of the "Prigione di Edinborgo," and the ballet of "Les Enfans d'Edouard." We now learn from the Zichys that our voyage to Mestre on Saturday night was considered there a very rash undertaking.

Thursday, 18*th*.—We dined with Lord Hertford, and met Count Hartig, the Governor of Milan. In the evening went to the opera.

Friday, 19*th*.—Lord Hertford was taken very ill, but refused to send for further advice, having only a German physician. We passed the whole day with him, and dined there with Lowther. In the evening he was rather better, and we left him composed for sleep.

Saturday, 20*th*.—We walked to the Arch of Triumph, built in commemoration of peace, and then to the Arena, or Circus, built by Napoleon after the Roman models. We dined at Lord H.'s with the Zichys and Lowther, and when he was composed to sleep, we went to the opera.

Sunday, 21*st*.—Lord Hertford much better. In the evening we went up stairs to drink tea with Lady Cadogan and her daughter, who are just arrived at this hotel from Como.

Monday, 22*nd*.—The Duke of Devonshire is here, and Lord and Lady Robert Grosvenor arrived

here to-day. We called upon the Governor, Count Hartig, to return his visit. We dined at Lord Hertford's with the Zichys, and went to the Girolamo Theatre, or fantoccini, which was inimitably executed. The dearth of news in this place is grievous; all letters are opened by the police, and there are no means of getting any parcels from France except by a private hand; an English newspaper is never seen. All these disadvantages are hardly compensated by the meridian sky, the classical monuments, and the *far-niente* life of Italy. Milan seems to be the temple of darkness. No town is so difficult to understand, and we are constantly losing our way in the streets, The natives are peculiarly civil, and always ready to set a stranger right in his road; gentlemen will often insist upon accompanying you, and join readily in conversation. I ascribed this to their natural civility, but Baron D'Orfrey said that it might rather be traced to the great dearth of news and information, which rendered every stranger an object of momentary interest. He mentioned an instance of this nature in a stranger who had lost his way, and was immediately accompanied by a gentleman who offered to conduct him. After taking him a tour of two hours round the town, and gaining all the information which the other could impart, he at last said, "à-propos, Où allez-vous?" When the other told him again what was his object, he said, "Ma foi, je ne connais pas cette rue;" and, making a bow, left him further from his point than ever.

Tuesday, 23*rd*.—Lord Hertford quite convalescent. We dined there with the two Zichys, and, having taken our leave, went to the Scala, where was given

a new ballet, called the Veneziani in Constantinople, taken from the picture in the Ducal Palace at Venice, of that siege by the Doge Dandolo. The decorations were really splendid. This theatre contains 250 boxes, including the great Imperial, and is remarkable for its size, symmetry, and architectural beauty. The whole is white and gold.

Wednesday, 24th. — We left Milan at one o'clock, and reached Novara at eight. A good inn; dinner, with Piedmontese truffles and Asti wine; travelled through the night, and arrived at Turin on

Thursday, 25th, at seven o'clock in the morning, where we breakfasted. The Palace was opposite to our hotel, and we saw the King go out on horseback with his staff to review two regiments of his troops on the Place d'Armes. They had a good appearance, and were dressed in the French manner.

I walked into a church near the Place Carignan, where I saw a funeral, and the dead body exposed to public view, — the eyes closed, and the hands bent together to hold a sacramental cup.

Here is a fine opera, and the town is beautiful; but we found great difficulty about passports, owing to the Austrian influence, whose jealousy extends to all foreigners.

We proceeded to Suze, at the foot of Mount Cenis, where we got a bad dinner; and then by a clear moonlight ascended the mountain, which was, perhaps, more picturesque than by day.

We then made our descent, and arrived at St. Michel on

Friday, 26th, at six in the morning. Travelled

through the whole day; passed through Chambéry in the night, then through a tunnel cut in the solid rock for a long distance, and lighted with lamps, to the Echelles de Savoie, till we reached Pont de Beauvoisin, the French frontier.

Saturday, 27th, at eight o'clock.—The Custom-House officers were neither severe nor tedious. We moved on again and reached Lyons, at five o'clock, to a dinner at the Hôtel d'Europe.

Sunday, 28th.—In the morning I walked about Lyons, which is now very tranquil, and will probably remain so for the future, as all the heights around have been garnished with strong forts, commanding the town, which, at a moment's warning, could sweep the principal streets, and lay the whole city in ashes. There is a garrison here of above 10,000 men always on the alert in their barracks.

We set off at two o'clock, dined at Ville Franche, where we found good perch and Tonin wine, and arrived, at twelve o'clock in the morning,

Monday, 29th, at Autun, Talleyrand's early bishoprick. Here are some specimens of Roman architecture, and the remains of a wall which surrounded the town in those days: from thence to Sanlieu.

Tuesday, 30th.—Reached Auxerre at eight in the morning, and continued our route to Sens, where we dined at seven; and, travelling through another night, terminated our long journey of near 2,000 English miles, by reaching Paris on Wednesday, 31st.

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Saturday, November 10th.—A stone has lately

been found at Nerac, bearing an inscription, which has created much speculation among the learned and antiquaries in the surrounding country. There appeared no doubt that it was in the Latin language, but the sense seemed difficult to translate: —

"Similiter causaque ego ambo te fuman cum de suis."

After repeated fruitless attempts to decipher this mystery, it was proposed to refer this piece of antiquity to the Academy at Paris, when an old inhabitant, who traced the stone to a building used by the Russian troops during the invasion of 1814, suddenly rendered the sense thus: —

"Six militaires Cosaques égaux en beauté, fumant comme des Suisses."

Saturday, 17*th*. — Mr. Cutlar Fergusson died yesterday in Paris of a consumption. He was Judge-Advocate General under this government, and had made a large fortune in India. The Duc de Fitzjames has been carried off by an apoplectic fit, at his château in Normandy.

Friday, 23*rd*. — Poor Sefton died on Tuesday last in London, aged sixty-seven. He had been, for the last twelve months, in a state of moral and physical weakness, from which death must have been a happy release. His lively humour and hospitality will long be remembered by a large circle of friends.

Monday, December 3*rd*. — We heard the news of Lord Durham's arrival at Portsmouth from Canada, and that the provinces, immediately after his departure, had broken out in open rebellion.

Tuesday, 4*th.* — Talking to-day at dinner of Prince Labanoff, who is often disputing, and not with much temper, Montrond remarked, "Oui, il faut avouer que pour *un Russe* il est mal élevé."

Wednesday, 5*th.* — The Canadian rebellion seems to have been quelled by Sir R. Colborne.

Wednesday, 19*th.* — Field Marshal Prince Wrede died at Elhingen, in Bavaria, on the 12th inst. According to the directions in his will, his body was opened after his death to extract a ball which he had received twenty-five years ago at the battle of Hanau, and which is to be kept by his family in a sepulchral urn. He was born in 1767.

As a proof of the value of greyhounds in Russia, we may take an announcement of the Odessa Journal, that an estate of 2000 acres with seventy-eight peasants was recently offered by the marshal of the district of Ekaterinoslav in exchange for a white greyhound called Sultan, belonging to another nobleman.

Friday, 21*st.* — Dupin was re-elected President of the Chamber by only a majority of five. He had announced that he would not accept the office again, unless by a great plurality of voices. He will remain.

Madame de Noailles said last night, "Qui est ce qui voudroit voir *Du pain rassis ?*"

The committee for the Address is formed of the hostile party, which will embarrass the Ministry.

Thursday, 27*th.*—This evening at the Vicomtesse de Noailles, Mademoiselle Rachel recited some of her parts in the Horatii of Corneille, and in the Mithridate of Racine. It was a very interesting performance.

1839.

FRIDAY, January 4th. — The Duchess of Würtemberg (Princess Marie) is so dangerously ill at Pisa that Lady Granville's ball was put off. Prince Paul of Würtemberg told me this morning that she was in a galloping consumption, and could not live many days.

Wednesday, 9th. — The news arrived of the death of the Princess Marie at Pisa on the 3rd inst.

Tuesday, 22nd.—M. Molé and his colleagues, dissatisfied with the opposition formed in the Chambers against their amendments to the Radical address proposed by Dupin, Guizot, and Thiers, &c., this morning, at eleven o'clock, went to the King, and gave in their resignations. The Duke of Buckingham is just dead at Stowe, aged sixty-three.

Friday, February 1st. — The news arrived that Lord Granville's sister-in-law, the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland, had died on the 29th, which will cause the Embassy to be closed for six weeks.

There has been so much difficulty in forming a new Administration here, that M. Molé remains, though determined on a dissolution. The Carlist party have joined the Republicans to embarrass the King's Government, and seem to wish for confusion and revolution, which will do no good to their cause,

and may risk their property as well as their existence.

There are those who think the aspect of affairs as ominous as in 1829.

Monday, 11*th*. — Yesterday M. Molé and the Ministers gave in their resignation.

Sunday, 31*st*. — A letter from England announces that De Ros died on Thursday evening. His disorder was a dropsy, which came on gradually, and had confined him to the house for some time; he did not appear sensible of his danger, and kept up his spirits to the last.

Lord Suffield is completely ruined by the most weak and reckless extravagance. Four years ago he came into possession of a fine fortune of 14,000*l*. a year, and now will have only his wife's jointure of 500*l*. a year.

No ministry is formed here. The shuffling intrigues of Thiers to obtain the ascendancy have so *brouillé les cartes*, that no one can agree with him, and the King can form no Cabinet.

Monday, April 1*st*.—Lord Hertford arrived, alone, from Milan. We dined with him, and met Croker, and Lords Lowther and Yarmouth.

In the evening heard at Lady Granville's that a provisional ministry had been formed, for the sake of business, with M. Gasparin at the head. There is no President of the Council, and as neither the *doctrinaires* nor the Thiers party are included, it cannot last long; the object is to wait and see the real intentions of the new Chamber.

On this day the Chambers met, with the Provi-

sional Ministry; there were crowds of ill-looking fellows about the Bridge and the doors of the Assembly, but troops were everywhere on the alert, and in great numbers. At night some attempts were made to rob the gunsmiths' shops, but were soon repressed.

Friday, 5th. — More attempts at disorder this evening near the Porte St. Martin and the Temple, but easily put down. The spirit of discontent prevails.

Tuesday, 9th. — Lords Hertford, Lowther, Fitzgerald, and Lyndhurst, (a snug Conservative party,) have left Paris for the campaign against the Ministry.

Friday, 19th. — No news yet arrived of the division on Monday's debate, which it is supposed will last for four or five days. Lord Leveson writes to his father it will be 21.

Saturday, 20th. — M. Lehon, the Belgian Minister, came in from the Tuileries to Mde. de Segur's this evening, where he told Lord Granville that the division took place this morning at four o'clock, with a majority of 22 for Ministers. The account reached the King by telegraph.

Monday, 22nd. — In the debate in the Chambers to-day, M. Dupin, speaking of Marshal Soult, called him a *palmier* which protected his party with its wide-spreading branches; a Member wrote to him the following note: —

"Mon cher Dupin,

"Votre *palmier* n'est qu'un *platane,—plat-ane.*"

The children here who are born in a regiment, on losing their mother, as their father is seldom known,

are adopted by the corps, live under its protection, and are called *enfans du regiment;* as they advance in age they are taught the military duties, and serve in the ranks as recruits.

> "Quand je vins au monde, ma mère
> Dans un drapeau m'enveloppa,
> J'appelais, n'ayant pas de père,
> Tout le regiment—Mon papa."

Saturday, 27*th.*—No Ministry formed.

Greville writes to me: "There are various elements of danger in greater or less operation, and we have need of a strong government which shall be imbued with a spirit at once liberal and moderate; but above all, which has fixed and definite principles, and firmness and consistency of purpose. The difficulties, however, of forming such a government, and of its being supported when formed, by a party powerful enough to give it free scope and unembarrassed action, are very great. There is an awful spirit abroad, which is daily getting worse, and a vast under-current of disaffection and discontent which it requires infinite sagacity and resolution to check and control; however, if the day ever comes when the Conservative power is obliged to put forth its strength, and shake its terrible locks, I think it will be found far greater than anybody imagines."

Tuesday, 30*th.*—The Duke of Cleveland has got the vacant Garter.

Wednesday, May 1*st.*—The King's fête, celebrated with the usual fooleries for the people in the Champs Elysées.

The robberies and murders continue to increase. The tribunals have lately condemned to death Soufflard and Lesage for the murder of Madame Renaud, Marchande de la Rue du Temple. As the latter was returning to his cell after the pronunciation of his sentence, he found means to swallow a dose of arsenic, which he had previously secreted about his person, and died in great agony. Since this event, Soufflard, who had appealed to the Court of Cassation, without waiting for the result, has strangled himself in prison with his pocket-handkerchief.

Wednesday, 8*th*.—We received the news by telegraph that Ministers, having only a majority of five on the Jamaica Question, had resigned. Ten of their Radical friends voted against them.

Thursday, 9*th*.—The telegraph announced that yesterday at two o'clock the Queen sent for the Duke of Wellington; and at three o'clock received Sir Robert Peel, who accepted the office of forming a Government.

Friday, 10*th*.—At the Embassy this evening. Lady Granville seemed melancholy at the idea of leaving Paris, and every one regretting the event—we particularly.

Saturday, 11*th*.—Some of the appointments declared.

Sunday, 12*th*.—When Sir Robert Peel stated to Her Majesty the necessity of changing the ladies of her household, she positively declined to accede to the proposal; upon which he gave in his resignation, and the Queen sent again for Lord Melbourne.

Monday, 13*th*.—Lord Granville will probably

remain for the present, as Lord Melbourne is trying to reform the Ministry, which the Radicals will now force him to make more democratical, as the condition of supporting him.

A new Ministry has at length been announced here, to replace the Provisional Cabinet. Marshal Soult is President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs, to the complete exclusion of Thiers.

Yesterday, extraordinary tumults broke out in the quarters of St. Denis and Montmartre, the origin of which no one can understand. The mob was previously organised, and seemed to have well taken its precautions. They broke into the armourers' shops, and attacked the troops in their posts, committing much slaughter. The National Guard and the Line behaved very well. Many lives have been lost on both sides.

Tuesday, 14*th*.—Yesterday, the fighting in the streets was continued. Large bodies of troops were brought in from the neighbourhood, and the rebellion was completely put down. The prisoners are to be tried before the Chamber of Peers.

Wednesday, 15*th*.—In addition to the defeat of M. Thiers in the Ministry, he has this day lost the presidence of the Chamber, by a majority of seven in favour of M. Sauzet. It is said that 280 men have been killed on both sides during the late sudden insurrection.

The conspiracy was evidently of Republican origin, and well organised. It was divided into ten sections, of which one only was engaged, as the other

nine, from some misunderstanding of signals, did not rise.

Friday, 17*th*.—Explanations have been given by Sir Robert Peel on Tuesday in the House of Commons, and by the Duke in the Lords, of what passed during their communications with the Queen, and which were delivered in that frank and manly tone which characterises the individuals.

Monday, 20*th*.—I received a letter from ——— with the following account of what passed at the Palace between the Queen and Peel:—

"It is difficult to describe the amazement and excitement into which the town was thrown by the rupture of the negotiations with Peel, and the lies which, in consequence, were immediately circulated *de part et d'autre*. For my own part, I regarded it with the deepest regret; and albeit not an alarmist, but, on the contrary, having always taken the cheerful view of public affairs, and believing in the latent power of our institutions to brave all assaults of their enemies, I have been on this occasion, and still am, deeply alarmed, for I cannot foresee what the consequences may be. I cannot tell you what it is I fear, for my apprehensions are not fixed upon particular and definite objects, but I think clouds and darkness rest upon the future to a degree that is quite appalling. With respect to the origin of this rupture, you may rest assured that it was not the result of any scheme or plot. The conduct of Melbourne and his colleagues amazes me; while they thought (as, in fact, they might think) that the Queen was ill used and harshly treated, they

might have thought themselves bound in honour and gratitude to stand by her; but when they were aware of the whole truth, and that she had stood upon a principle which is not maintainable, and which they knew not to be so, and was not resisting an unfair, oppressive, tyrannical application of the principle, they were bound, in duty to the country, and in duty to the Queen herself, to tell her the truth, and, instead of upholding her in what they knew was indefensible, because it gratified her inclinations, to have instructed her in the nature, scope, and limit of her high functions, and to have advised her to submit, with a good grace and in time, to the personal sacrifice which, in her public capacity, it was incumbent on her to make, and which, after all, would not have been exacted in a manner painful to her feelings, or destructive of her social comforts. Nothing is more curious in this contest than the ground respectively occupied by the Whigs and the Tories, each seeming to be fighting under the old banners of the other. God knows how it is all to end: they mean to try a dissolution if they find they cannot go on, and it remains to be seen what part the country will take, and whether it will espouse the Queen's cause or not. The Court is not popular just now; the Hastings' story is a great drawback; but for that, I have no doubt, the public would sympathise with her. However, you will see the explanations which will, I dare say, be very reserved and respectful to her. Anything is better than having the Crown brought into disrepute; but I must say this last event is a rude shock to our institutions."

Tuesday, 22*nd*.—Lady Charlotte Greville is come over to see her brother, Lord William Bentinck, now dangerously ill of an affection of the heart.

The Epsom races were run last week, when the Derby was won by Mr. Ridsdale's Bloomsbury: 30 to 1 against him.

Friday, 24*th*.—It is the Queen's birthday, and Lady Granville gave a magnificent ball. Part of the garden was converted into a temporary room; and if the weather had been warmer, the fête would have been unrivalled.

Saturday, 25*th*.—In the evening there were some private theatricals at Madame de Noailles, with Mademoiselle Rachel and her young sisters.

Wednesday, 29*th*. — The "France" cites a *mot* of Montrond to Thiers. When the latter was boasting of his power, he added, "Je mettrai la couronne à mes pieds." The other said, "*J'aimerois mieux la voir à vos pieds que sur votre tête.*"

Thursday, 30*th*. — This month has been fatal in the Bonaparte family. Cardinal Fesch is dead at Rome, and the Countess Lipona, formerly Caroline Murat, at Florence.

Sunday, *June* 2*nd*. — Lord W. Bentinck was so ill to-day, that his life is despaired of.

The Common Council have refused to address the Queen in the City. G—— writes: —

"The Grand Duke* goes to-day. It is said he is not satisfied with the Queen, but I cannot find out why, except that she did not ask him to dinner very often. Probably she thought he might amuse him-

* The present Emperor.

self better than by dining at Buckingham House, as I imagine he could. She supplied him with horses and carriages, one of her lords, and gave him two dinners, plenty of balls, and a fête at Windsor. He is very ordinary-looking, scatters money with inconceivable profusion, and it is provoking to hear that he does not know how on earth to get rid of the sum appropriated for his journey (he has 40,000*l.* per month). The principal gainers here by him will have been the hotel-keepers and the jewellers, whose bills, I should guess, would be curiosities. They will not have soon again the plucking of a pigeon with such gaudy plumage. Clarendon is to be married on Tuesday."

Thursday, 6th.—Received a letter from Alvanley, at Naples, pressing me to go and pay him a visit.

Friday, 7th.—The Prefect of the Seine told a friend of mine that they were in constant apprehension of a fresh insurrection; that they had information of the plot which was to break out some day, at two o'clock in the morning, when the National Guard were asleep.

Saturday, 8th.—Incessant rain, lightning, and thunder. A bolt fell on the Rue de Meslay, but did no mischief.

At eight o'clock this evening Lord W. Bentinck died.

Wednesday, 19th.—The result of an autopsy on Lord W. Bentinck is, that his disease was an ossification of the heart, attended with cancer of the aorta. The body is to be sent to England for interment. His end was tranquil, sudden, and without pain.

Friday, 21*st.* — Aulnay, — where we dined to-day with Count and Countess de Girardin, and met Marquis de Jamboni, Walewski, Greffulhe, and Montrond, — is a charming spot; a house in the cottage style, with grounds and shrubberies kept in great order. It is situated near Sceaux, and overlooks the park and grounds formerly belonging to the Duc du Maine, though the château has been pulled down, and only the orangery remains. As an instance how landed property is now subdivided into the hands of small proprietors, M. de Girardin told me that, in his neighbourhood, it is seldom sold by the acre, but by the perch.

Saturday, 22*nd.*—The preparations in the Chamber of Peers for the trial of the prisoners made during the *émeutes*, are now finished, and the Court will open on Monday for that purpose.

Sunday, 23*rd.*—Two days after the death of Lord W. Bentinck, the King, Queen, and Princesses went to his hotel to pay a visit of condolence to the widow. They were admitted into the room where the corpse was lying, and all fell upon their knees round the bed, and prayed for the deceased. Lady W. Bentinck went yesterday to London.

Monday, 24*th.*—The long-standing cause of the Duke of Richmond, concerning the estate of D'Aubigny, has come on again for hearing before the Court of Cassation. The tribunal of Sancerre has decided in favour of the younger children's claim. The Court of Bourges, in 1835, gave a verdict in favour of the Duke. Now the Court of Cassation has annulled that of Bourges.

Wednesday, 26*th*.—I met at dinner, at Mr. and Mrs. Errington's, Sir W. and Lady Becher. She was Miss O'Neill, of theatrical fame, and is very pleasing.

Thursday, 27*th*.—The Government, on the Education Bill, had only a majority of two. Aston is appointed Minister at Madrid, to the great regret of all his friends here.

Monday, *July* 1*st*.—I went to the Luxembourg, to see the trial of the conspirators in the late *émeute* before the Chamber of Peers. The forms of the Court are not very impressive; the only two high law-officers are the Chancellor, as President, and the Procureur-Général. What particularly struck me was the *caducité de la jeune France* in the assembled peers. With a very few exceptions, they were all grey-headed, and many of them mean looking. The gendarmes in the Court were a much finer-looking set of men. Among the prisoners, who were brought into Court and seated each between two gendarmes, Barbés was the only good-looking man: he made use of a singular expression; "Je ne reconnois pas cette cour, c'est une chambre; nous ne sommes pas des assassins; nous n'avons fait qu'une guerre civile, c'est pourquoi nous ne demandons pas votre justice, nous demandons votre générosité, car nous sommes des vaincus." He refuses to answer any questions. The evidence against Mialon was very conclusive that he had shot the Municipal Guard. The rest of the prisoners are young, vulgar lads of the lowest classes.

Tuesday, 2*nd*.—Montrond was taken ill of an attack of erysipelas while on a visit at Versailles.

Prince Labanoff made me a present of a copy of the autograph letters of Mary Queen of Scots, published by himself.

Lord Lucan is dead, in his seventy-fourth year. He was a gay gallant in his time, and married Lady Elizabeth Belasyse, who was separated, on his account, from her first husband, Mr. Howard*, the present Duke of Norfolk. He was father to Lady E. Harcourt, who died last autumn at Milan.

Sunday, 7th. — Pozzo di Borgo is just arrived from England. He is much altered in his appearance, grown very old and thin, and his mind seems evidently on the wane. I talked to him some time this evening at Madame Graham's, but his replies were incoherent and confused. He is now seventy-six years old.

The papers announce the death of Lady Flora Hastings. * * * * *

Monday, 8th. — The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in bringing forward his budget, has proposed that the postage on all single letters should be reduced to one penny. This will increase the number of idle scribblers, be of little benefit to the lower classes, who seldom have occasion to write, and is likely only to advantage the commercial houses and bankers, who can well afford to pay the postage.

Tuesday, 9th. — The Chambers have allowed an annuity of 6000 francs per annum to M. Daguerre for his life, on conceding to the State the process of fixing the objects of the camera obscura.

* The grandfather of the present Duke.

Wednesday, 10*th*.—For the last two days the Peers have been deliberating on the sentence of the prisoners, which will probably be pronounced to-day. Their guilt is evident, at least that of Barbés and Martin Bernard, and Mialon; but how can those who enacted the Revolution of July condemn them for crimes which they have committed themselves? The only difference in their cases is success on one side and defeat on the other.

Friday, 12*th*.—The Peers gave in their decision this evening. Barbés alone is condemned to death. I met Lady Brownlow this evening, just arrived from Nice on her way to England.

Saturday, 13*th*.—I called on Lord and Lady Brownlow. While I was there a large party of students passed through the Place Vendome, marching four a breast, and saluted the statue of Napoleon on their way to the Minister of Justice, to petition for the abolition of capital punishment. The relations of Barbés went to Neuilly to entreat for his pardon of the King, who received them, and replied, that if it only depended on him it should be immediately granted.

Monday, 15*th*.—After some meetings of the Council, in which it is asserted that the Ministers held out strongly for the penalty of death, it is at last announced that the King asserted his prerogative, and commuted the penalty of Barbés's sentence into labour for life at the galleys. The fact is, he lives in constant dread of the Republicans, and dares not go to extremities with them. In this

instance, under the semblance of moderation, he inflicts a punishment far worse than death.*.

Tuesday, 16*th*.—I set out this evening for Chalons sur Saône, on my way to visit Alvanley at Naples. It was a beautiful night. The Boulevards were crowded with multitudes of loungers, and illuminated with cafés, theatres, and concerts, from the Madeleine to the Jardin Turc. From that point the brilliancy of the scene began to subside till the outer Boulevard, when the darker suburbs seemed to be what they really are, the fit abodes for nightly thieves and assassins. Passing the bridge opposite to the Jardin des Plantes, the reflection of the lights in the town on the broad bosom of the river, had a fine effect, but on turning off to the high road to Lyons, all again became dreary and solitary to the view. Unlike the crowded avenues to London, not a carriage was to be seen, except here and there a public diligence or a waggon of the roulage. All the real bustle and splendour of France are centred in the streets of Paris.

Thursday, 18*th*.—Having travelled through the night, I breakfasted at Bligny, and arrived at six o'clock to dinner at Châlons, a neat pretty town, with good warm baths.

Friday, 19*th*.—Embarked on board the steam-

* Barbès was liberated at the Revolution of 1848, was soon afterwards condemned to perpetual imprisonment for attempting to overthrow the Government, and was once more set at liberty in 1854 by the Emperor of the French for the patriotic sentiments he expressed respecting the war with Russia.

boat at five in the morning. A great number of passengers, but, naturally enough, all new faces, and several children, who exhibited the French mother with the usual failing of spoiling and cramming her offspring with everything they cry for, which, as they find the efficacy of crying, is their constant mode of asking. After a tedious passage, getting two or three times aground on account of the river being dried up by the heat, we reached Lyons at six o'clock, and I find myself in the same room, at the Hôtel de l'Europe, which Yarmouth and myself occupied in the end of last October coming from Milan.

Saturday, 20*th*. — At four o'clock precisely I was in the steamboat from Lyons, and as the current was in our favour, we went with great rapidity down the Rhone, where the heat was excessive. The march of intellect is shown here by numerous iron and suspension bridges, which have been built within the last few years, and are for the most part handsome specimens of light and elegant architecture. The company on board was composed of the neighbouring inhabitants going from one station to another of the voyage, and as one party was landed others arrived to fill up their places, the whole giving a fair specimen of provincial dress and manners. We stopped for a short time at the fine old town of Avignon, so marked by its monuments of papal splendour. We thence proceeded to the curious town of Beaucaire. In the evening I walked through the town and saw the preparations for the great commercial fair which takes place here at this

season. The booths were not yet opened, but the low coffee-houses were filled with guests and minstrels, who gave the square some little resemblance to the Place St. Marc at Venice; indeed, the approach to the confines of Italy becomes here strongly marked in the language, manners, and complexion of the people. Hitherto I have met no English on my journey, and as I am not easily recognised for one myself, having lived so much with foreigners, I am afforded as much facility for my observations as I could have if I were one of themselves. And one great justice I must render foreigners. They are infinitely more simple-minded and devoid of affectation than we are. Both men and women of fortune speak as naturally of travelling by the diligence as they would of their carriage and four. None attempt to assume importance by vulgar comments on what is inoffensive in their neighbours or unknown to themselves. Every one does what suits him best, and talks with those from whom he may gain information. Certain upstart English feelings are unknown out of England.

Sunday, 21*st*.—I returned on board the steamboat at six in the morning. The inn where I had slept proved as exorbitant in price as the accommodations were wretched. The rogues availed themselves of the pretext of numerous guests brought thither by the fair, to charge higher for everything than the most extravagant hotel in London or Paris. We proceeded down the Rhone to the town of Arles, which may be called a relic of ancient Rome. The women here are beautiful, and the costume becoming. The

race is fine, but the language unintelligible. Resuming our voyage, anchored in the port of Marseilles, after a delightful sail up the gulf, at half-past two in the day, and went to the Hotel Beauveau. The distance of 519 English miles was performed, notwithstanding stops and impediments, in 113 hours, going always wet to bed at night.

There were some characters on board the steamboat. An officer of Chasseurs, about to join his regiment at Algiers, gave me a miserable account of the colony, which meets with every opposition from the natives. Any one who ventures half a league from the outposts is sure to be murdered; and the more the Government tries to conciliate Abdel Kader and his fierce tribes, the more rancorous he says they become. The town itself is now a little Paris,—fine shops, theatres, coffee-houses and restaurateurs,—every luxury to be had for money; but the duties of the soldier are laborious and unceasing. Garrisoned in small camps and forts, exposed to daily ambush, and suffering severe privations, they are all discontented with the service, and happy to return home. There are many venomous animals,—snakes, vipers, and particularly scorpions, that creep about them at night, and if accidentally touched, speedily retaliate. The numerous force necessary to maintain their present position, without attempting to extend it, will cost so much treasure, that the French must find the colony a constant source of embarrassment instead of an advantage. The Arabs will maintain an unceasing warfare, even in time of apparent peace; and as they hold the life of man very cheap, they will

assassinate any one to commit the most trifling theft. Murders are therefore of constant occurrence.

Sultan Mahmoud died at Constantinople on the 30th ult., and was succeeded by his son, with the approbation of the Divan.

Serious riots have taken place last week at Birmingham, and the Chartists have burnt many houses and demolished much property, for which we may thank the truckling spirit of our rulers, who dare not face the people. I called on the English Consul, Mr. Turnbull, who requested me to take a bag of English dispatches to Genoa. He had just received a letter from the East, with the account of a decided victory gained by the Egyptians over the Turks, which stated the loss of the latter at 27,000 killed, 37,000 prisoners, with all the tents, baggage, and military chest of some millions of piastres. This must be evidently an exaggerated account, though substantially true. So much for the efficacy of English and French intervention to stop hostilities. Our Indian army at Cabul has been successful, but the Burmese have declared war against the British Government.

The grisettes at Marseilles are pretty, and wear a costume partly Parisian, partly of their own fancy; a very small cap, a gown with a long waist, tight sleeves down to the elbow, then full and ample down to the wrist, which gives the appearance of long ruffles, and made very full about the hips, so as to give the effect of a hoop. At a distance they look like the pictures of Madame de Pompadour. The boatmen and porters look like Italian lazzaroni.

Tuesday, 23*rd*.—At five o'clock, P.M., left Marseilles in the "Pharamond" steamer. On quitting the harbour, we passed the lazaret and the forts. We are now again on the Mediterranean, and pursue our course with the land always in view to our left. We passed Toulon and the Hières by moonlight, then retired to rest; and found ourselves in the morning in what is called *la rivière de Gènes*. The whole coast is mountainous, covered with small forests of olive trees, and studded here and there with *bourgs* and villages, some of which are adorned with splendid châteaux, built by the Genoese aristocracy and the high clergy, who have selected this beautiful situation for country residences. The Doria family still possess several. Among these *bourgs* is that of Vintimille, from which the family of Mesdames Girardin and Segur doubtless take their name, as well as that Archbishop of Paris well known for his *gourmandise*. We passed San Remo, where Napoleon confined the Pope a prisoner; then Port Maurice, a pretty town seated on an eminence, and crowning a hill, of which the base is washed by the sea. Some of the buildings in it are very fine, and not the least remarkable is a church, which is, in miniature, the exact model of St. Peter's at Rome. It was a pious donation from some rich Genoese, and of beautiful architecture.

In the bottom, along the sea-shore, winds the road of the Corniche, where the inns are very bad and ill provided with any accommodations for the traveller. Here and there are to be seen religious seminaries of large extent, with their proud turrets; while the

châlets on the mountain's top above, and the fishermen's huts below on the shore, tend to diversify the scene which skirts the blue waters of the Mediterranean, till at last the Bay of Genoa bursts on the sight, with the ancient and picturesque city, surrounded by mountains, which shelter it from the northern breeze. If Venice is a city of palaces on the sea, Genoa is the city of palaces on the land. The most striking object from the harbour is the Doria Palace, with its terraces in front and gardens at the back, where the colossal statue of the great admiral is seen looking to the element which had been the scene of his glory when alive. This spacious building is not kept in good repair, nor does its interior now vie with many palaces of inferior note and size; although Napoleon chose it for his own residence when he was at Genoa.

The Prince of this family, brother to the one who lately married Lady Mary Talbot at Rome, is now about to marry the Marquise Pallavicini, a very rich heiress of Genoa. His heartless conduct last year to a young Roman lady, whom he deserted, and who died of grief in consequence, excited so much indignation at her funeral, that the populace were with difficulty prevented from sacking his hotel, and he dares not return to Rome.

I went ashore to see the Consul, Mr. Stirling, for whom I had brought a bag of dispatches from Marseilles. He is living in a fine hotel belonging to the Spinola family. I got a very good dinner at the Hôtel des Nations, of which ortolans and Cyprus wine did not diminish the merit.

Wednesday, 24th.—I visited the Ducal Palace and different churches. Convents abound in Genoa: it is said there are more monks than soldiers, and they are seen at every corner of the street,—friars, white, brown, and grey; the nuns are not allowed to quit their cloisters.

I went into the Cathedral, where service was being performed and listened to with great attention: there were many women, all well dressed, and the muslin veils, universally worn, gave them a devotional appearance.

Thursday, 25th.—Among the modern palaces is one lately built by Paganini, the eccentric violinist, with the money which he has gained by his concerts in Europe, and particularly in England. His avarice is remarkable; and this new palace is only built on speculation. Two of his lodgers are the brothers Durazzo, who occupy a moderate suite of apartments within a few yards of that costly palace built by their ancestors, which they have alienated from the family for ever: as the *laquais de place* remarked to me, if the old Durazzos could rise from their tombs they would die again of grief, to see this noble heir-loom sold by their descendants. Both here and at Venice, which were favourite residences of Byron, it is pleasing to see the veneration in which they hold the poet's memory, and the exultation with which they show the palaces he inhabited; they consider his poetry, in which Italy is one of his favourite themes, as a source of national pride. It was from hence that he departed on that romantic expedition to Greece where he finished his mortal

career at an early age. At seven o'clock this evening we weighed anchor, with a fine Italian sky and a favourable wind; after another delightful voyage during the night, arrived at Leghorn early in the morning of

Friday, 26th. — This port is open and large, flanked by a fortress on one side, and two watch towers on the other; but the trade of this once great commercial town is on the wane, and Trieste has undermined the sources of its former opulence. The baths of Pisa, which are situated at a distance of three or four leagues from hence, are much visited by the curious. In the harbour were a few American ships, some of them loading Carrara marble for statues and columns, which brought from such a distance must cost the owners dear; it is a proof of the increasing luxury in the United States. Left Leghorn at six P. M., and at ten o'clock passed close to the island of Elba, well known as the temporary retreat of Napoleon, which he quitted in a few months to work out his final doom. Arrived at Cività Vecchia on the morning of

Saturday, 27th. — This town, so celebrated in the old Italian wars, was built by the Emperor Trajan, whose baths are still to be seen at two leagues' distance. It is garrisoned by papal troops, and presents a mass of old ruinous buildings erected chiefly during the middle ages, and which offer no interest to the traveller. I strolled into a chapel that seemed consecrated to Death, as all the images of the saints were skeletons, and the ornaments entirely composed of skulls piled into different shapes. Monks

of all descriptions abound in the streets; and the lazy race, proud of their vicinity to Rome, seem to think themselves the real aristocracy of the country. Here an agreeable fellow-passenger, Signora Barba, left us; she is a Spaniard, married, when she was only thirteen, to an Italian settled at Rome, and she is now under twenty. She had travelled alone in the diligence from Madrid to Marseilles, exposed to all the difficulties and dangers with which those roads are infested during the present civil war in Spain; but her gay and lively character had supported her through all the trials of her journey, and she was now looking forward with pleasure to the meeting with her husband and children, after an absence of three years, which she had just passed with her parents at Madrid. I asked her when this state of things in Spain would cease. "Signor, mai." And she cracked her fan, adjusted her mantilla, and burst out a laughing. She looked the type of what Gil Blas would have termed a nymph of Albarazin, with a dash of Moorish blood in her veins.

Here, in Cività Vecchia, is confined in prison the famous brigand Gasparini, who has committed more murders than any of his profession; and to show his stern impartiality, most of his own kindred have fallen by his hand. The papal troops were many years in search of him without success. He was at last only taken by capitulation, when he surrendered himself to a priest; and it is said that he has offered the government two millions for his own liberation, which the Pope is undecided whether he will accept. We quitted this post in the evening, and passed the

town of Ostia, over which we could just discern with a glass the cupola of St. Peter's, at Rome.

Sunday, 28*th*. — I rose from my hammock this morning at four o'clock, to view the noble spectacle of the sun rising in the horizon, amidst the isles of Istria and Procida, through which we rapidly made our course to Cumæ, then to the Cape of Misenum, to Baiæ, where are the remains of a long bridge built by Caligula, forming a communication with Puzzuoli. It is difficult to describe the effect produced on the mind by the view of places so familiar to our recollection in the study of Roman history, and in the Latin authors, confirming to the eye all the records of the past, and impressing the mind with new convictions of the beauties which nature had lavished on this seat of the Roman empire. Here along this coast were the luxurious retreats of the illustrious Romans, when they quitted the busy scenes of the capital: Cicero, Pliny, Lucullus, Virgil, all seem to revive again amidst these classical shades; and the localities before us give a double stamp of truth to everything we have read. On leaving the island of Capreæ to the right, I could almost fancy that it was still the abode of the sensual Tiberius, with his dissolute crew, as described by Juvenal. Our vessel advancing, Vesuvius rose before us, the blue waters of the bay foamed under the rapid action of the paddles, and we passed in front of the gardens on the Chiaja, and the palace, while the Castle of St. Elmo towers high above. Then doubling the point at the mole, the captain gave the order, "*Arrêtez;*" the wheels stopped as if by magic; and

the remaining impulse was just sufficient to carry the vessel through the still water of the harbour to her usual anchorage — at Naples.

At the Hotel Victoria, where, from the carelessness of the captain of the "Pharamond," who had left my passports in the office at Cività Vecchia, I was forced to wait for my servant and baggage, I found Lord and Lady Southampton, just arrived from Castellamare, having passed two or three days there, on a visit to Alvanley. They are on their return from the East, and in crossing the desert they had met with all sorts of difficulties and privations. Independent of these, the natural accidents of such a journey, Lord Southampton had been attacked with small-pox of the most virulent kind, and laid on a truckle-bed for many days in great danger, without even being able to obtain fresh water to allay his fever.

Monday, 29*th*. — Set off in a sailing boat for Castellamare with a fine wind and weather, and arrived, after a beautiful sail, at three o'clock. Found my hospitable friend sitting in his large balcony surrounded with shrubs, orange, lemon-trees, and the enchantments of a Neapolitan climate, with a magnificent view spread before the sight, of the bay of Naples, Sorrento on one side, and Vesuvius on the other. In the evening, the horses were brought after dinner, and we rode through the shady lanes on the mountain, returning to eat ice and grenata in the balcony till we went to bed.

Tuesday, 30*th*. — I rose at seven, less inconvenienced with the heat than I expected, during the

night; and the refreshing prospect from the terrace, aided by a cool breeze from the sea, and a linen dress, proved a complete antidote to the effects of a burning Neapolitan sun.

The town of Castellamare itself may be described in the same vulgar terms as a certain town in Kent — *long, lazy, lousy Lewisham;* but the situation is beautiful — close to the sea,— and when you quit the narrow streets to ascend the mountain at the back, which is intersected with shady groves and lanes, forming a complete shelter from the sun, fanned by the perfumed air from jessamine, orange, and lemon trees, you then feel the real value of so enchanting a spot in such a climate. Scattered over this mountain, of which the ascent is so steep that no carriage can attempt it, are placed numerous country houses, with terraces overlooking the sea. At this season they are tenanted by all the best society of Naples, who fly from the intolerable heat of the city, and live together on an easy and unceremonious footing.

We dined lightly at two o'clock, as the constant thirst checks the appetite. At five o'clock we descended the mountain on horseback; and then got into the carriage that was waiting to convey us to Pompeii. About one third of this city has been exhumed and laid open to public view. Though now placed nearly four or five miles up the country, Pompeii was formerly a sea-port town; and the road which we travelled to reach it, is a tract of country which the sea has since deserted: it is entirely covered with a black coat of *scoria*, or meteoric dust,

the produce of repeated eruptions from Vesuvius, which promotes rather than checks fertility.

The manners of the Romans are here laid open to inspection as if we had lived with them; and had all their household and toilet implements which were discovered unimpaired, and which are now preserved in the Museum at Naples, been left as they were found, they would have composed the most interesting museum that can be conceived. The mind receives here the astonishing impression of a nation risen from the dead, their daily life actually passing before our eyes, and in a manner that no history could teach or private memoirs unveil. They are before us who were suddenly stopped by the hand of death in the midst of their daily labours and pleasures, surrounded by all the paraphernalia of luxury, the attributes of their various professions, or the circumstances of their diurnal occupations. The storm came, but swept them not away from the face of the earth like other men, who depart and are seen no more, of whose private existence the traces are gradually obliterated; here 1800 years elapse, and all are brought to light again, with their habitations, their temples, their arms, and their implements. Like a watch that has stopped in the night, but still points to the hour when it ceased to vibrate, this city is found fixed by the hand of death in all the varied attitudes of a busied movement: skeletons at dinner, surrounded by the fragments of their feast; skeletons counting that gold which has defied the hand of time, and mocks at the corruption of its owners; skeleton judges and skeleton pri-

soners in the forum; skeleton philosophers lecturing their skeleton disciples in the halls; and skeleton lovers still prostrate at the feet of a skeleton mistress, in the crumbling recesses of the *Œkus Gynæceus.*

Wonderfully curious, the whole scene is a bitter satire on human vanity, and the nothingness of mortal existence. I have seen catacombs and cemeteries in every part of Europe; but no repositories of the dead can arouse such serious reflections on our own inevitable doom as this appalling picture of a populous city suddenly buried in its volcanic grave, and the busy inhabitants ingulphed in one common destruction.

On our return from Pompeii, we paid a visit to the Countess Gourieff, wife of the Russian ambassador, who receives every evening. We met there a few people, among whom were Madame Guerrera (her niece,) Prince San Giacomo, &c.

Madame Gourieff is the daughter of the beautiful Madame Narischkin, who was the mistress of the Emperor Alexander. She had two sisters, one of whom was owned as his child by the Emperor, who left her, on his death bed, by will, three million roubles, but not to be paid to her till after the death of her nominal father Narischkin, the Grand Veneur, and in case of her death to go to her sisters in equal shares. In the course of time both the sisters died; and at the death of Comte Narischkin, Madame Gourieff inherited the whole of the Emperor's bequest.

Wednesday, 31*st.* — Began the *far-niente* life of this climate. Reading and writing in our dressing

gowns on the terrace till two o'clock, when we dressed and dined; rode out at seven with Madame Guerrera and M. and Madame Egglufstein, through the woods. The latter is a Russian of fortune, married to a Prussian officer without one. We went to Madame Gourieff's, where there were a few Italians, and at ten came home.

Thursday, August 1st. — The beautiful view of the bay was this morning enlivened by the arrival of the Neapolitan navy, consisting of a man-of-war and three frigates, which were manœuvring all day before us. The king was on board, who is very fond of these aquatic expeditions; indeed this and the review of his troops form his only amusement, as he has not his father's taste for the chase or the table. Though young, he is weak both in mind and body. The priesthood here are ambitious, worldly, and dissolute in the extreme, like the members of the court of Rome. The pope is frequently intoxicated in his own palace; and indeed his outward appearance corroborates the imputation. Louis-Philippe, who has finesse enough to turn the failings of others to his own advantage, lately sent him, as a present, 1000 bottles of the best champagne, and as many of the best claret, as could be procured in France, in order to secure his interest — rather a curious mode of propitiating a pope. The cardinals, the monsignori, and the prelates are alike notorious for their irregularities, though many of the lower orders in the church, the curates and the working clergy, are decent and regular in their lives and the performance of their duties.

The Duc de San Teodoro came to dine with us. We paid a visit to Madame Obreskoff, a Russian lady whose husband is absent, but who is staying here with her sister and her children. The society seems chiefly composed of Russian women who, like Madame Pahlen, prefer an Italian sky to their own frigid zone. We met in our ride Count Gourieff, who is just returned from Naples; he was previously Russian minister at the Hague, then at Rome, and now at this court.

Alvanley mentioned an anecdote of Talleyrand: — Some one stated before him that Chateaubriand complained he was growing deaf. Talleyrand replied, "Il se croit sourd, parce qu'il n'entend plus parler de lui."

Friday, 2nd. — The government of this country almost reminds me of that of Russia. It is despotic, narrow-minded, and sordid; bribery prevails in every department, and the king himself sets the example. His great object is to collect money, which he remits to foreign countries, as a resource for the future in case of accidents. The prohibitory system is in full force here; and all the rich produce of this country, which, if exchanged with the manufactures of foreign states, might become a source of real wealth, is sacrificed to a narrow-minded jealousy, which forbids any sort of traffic approaching to free trade. The duties levied upon all imports are enormous. Alvanley received lately a box of clothes from England: upon each coat was exacted a duty of 50*s.*, and a waistcoat paid 18*s.*, which was nearly as much as the

first cost; and this in a country where the cloth is so bad that a brush will penetrate it. Some short time ago, an Englishman of the name of Hubbard obtained permission from the government to work the sulphur mines in Sicily, which are in a very neglected state. He went to England to procure the necessary machinery, and having made his arrangements, returned here to commence operations. After incurring considerable expenses, he found that during his absence a French company had supplanted him in all his views; they had given a bribe to the king of 400,000 ducats, and 25,000 to the Minister of the Interior, with other sums to the subordinates, for which they received a grant of the monopoly for a certain number of years; and as a means of raising this enormous outlay, a fresh tax of two ducats per cent. was laid upon all other sulphur raised in the country, which amounted to a total prohibition, and precluded all interference with their speculation.*

To-day we had Prince San Giacomo, Marchese Imperiali, and Marchese Gentilly at dinner, gentlemanlike agreeable men, and very pleasing specimens of good Italian society. They eat very little, and seem to have a horror of a great dinner: in compliance with their habits, only one dish of meat was served; the rest consisted of fish, vegetables, and light aliments, which the Italians cook with much talent. As to wine, one bottle of champagne seemed to

* This circumstance was taken up in the following year by our government, and very nearly provoked a war with Naples for what has been called the sulphur question.

suffice for the whole party, though the iced water was drank in abundance. We all rode out in the woods, joined by the ladies with Count Gourieff and M. Casimir Perrier, the French minister, who is now returned from Naples to Castellamare, where he also has a residence for the summer. We then adjourned to Madame Gourieff's terrace, where we found M. and Madame Kutusof, a very pretty woman, the daughter of M. de Ribeaupierre, so long at Constantinople as Russian ambassador.

Saturday, 3*rd*.—The morals of the modern Neapolitans are much improved; the old custom of cicisbei is generally exploded, and the marriages of the present generation are regular and domestic. Some instances are still found in society of the former system; but when they have ceased, no vestige of the fashion will remain. In former days the domestic union of a new-married couple never lasted more than two or three years at the utmost. A cicisbeo was then selected for the lady, who from that hour was devoted to her service, and attended her to all public places or visits in society—she was never seen without him,— while her husband was occupied with his own pursuits; but as the cicisbeo generally lived in the house and formed part of the family, care was taken in the choice to consult the wishes and comfort of the husband, by adopting one who was most agreeable to him. The chief communication from hence with Naples is by water, across the bay, as the road by land is long and dusty, studded with houses, and passing through the towns of Torre del Greco, and Torre dell' Annunziata, near which the

whole country has been laid waste by streams of lava during the eruption of 1794. There is a small steamboat on this station; and little barks are constantly sailing backwards and forwards, which bring passengers, letters, and news at all hours.

Sunday, 4th. — We had to-day at dinner M. Casimir Perrier, M. and Madame Guerrera, M. and Madame Uxkhühl: he is a Russian, married to a Wallachian lady, daughter of the Prince Ghica, formerly hospodar of that province; she is a singular woman, lively and unceremonious, talks incessantly, and is rather gaudily dressed. We rode out in the evening, a caravan of near thirty on horses and asses, in the woods, to Monte Copolo, then to Madame Gourieff's, whose terrace was filled with the families Ludolf, Razamowsky, and a number of Neapolitans.

Monday, 5th. — At a great dinner to-day at the Duc de San Teodoro. I could not help remarking the variety of nations assembled round his table: himself and the Prince Dentici, *Neapolitans;* Casimir Perrier, and M. and Madame Foy, *French;* Alvanley and myself, *English;* Guerrera, *Portuguese;* Madame Uxkhühl, *Wallachian;* Uxkhühl and Madame Guerrera, *Russian.* M. Foy is the son of the late General Foy.

There are strong reports that the Russians have landed 18,000 men at Constantinople. Gourieff seemed to deny the fact, but not the probability of it.

A M. Behr, who is considered as a *gettatore,* lodges in the house where we dined; and I observed that

San Teodoro's children were all furnished with charms or amulets against his sinister influence (Behr is a man of sense himself, and laughs at the prejudice; but it must be secretly the cause of much annoyance to him). He is supposed to be the cause that San Giacomo's horse broke his knees lately; even some deaths have been laid to his door. The late king, when any *gettatori* among his guards were on duty at the palace, could never be induced to go out.

Tuesday, 6th.—We dined to-day with M. Casimir Perrier, and met nearly the same party.

Wednesday, 7th. — We were in the steamboat at seven o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to Naples. Having ordered breakfast at the Hôtel, we drove first along the Chiaja to the Grotto of Pausilippo, which is a road cut through the solid rock as a tunnel near three quarters of a mile long, and lighted with lamps. It is not known by whom this work was achieved. On the eminence above, and just over the mouth of this grotto, is the tomb of Virgil, which commands an extensive view of the Bay of Naples. We went to call on the Duchesse de Gontaut, with whom are staying the Duc and Duchesse de Rohan with their children, and the Marquise de Jumilhac. After breakfast we went to the Museum, where all the curious objects obtained by the researches at Herculaneum and Pompeii are preserved. The first great hall contains the fresco paintings found in the latter city, which are ranged in order. Some of these are beautifully executed, and represent various classical subjects, as well as scenes in the domestic lives

of the Romans, their theatres and places of amusement.

On passing the great prison, we saw the skulls of Massaniello and his seven followers, which are still exposed to public view on the outer wall.

At five o'clock we left Naples in a carriage, and proceeded through Portici, which has been built over the site of Herculaneum. We thence came to Torre del Greco and Torre dell' Annunziata, and reached Castellamare at seven o'clock.

The palace of the king at Portici stands in the centre of the town; and the high road passes through its principal court. It seems an extraordinary infatuation that this town should have been built so near the crater of Vesuvius, and on the very spot where another had been previously destroyed by the eruption, which might have served as a lesson. Almost all the road from Naples hither is bounded on each side by beautiful villas, for the most part now neglected, which command noble views of the sea from their terraces and gardens, and were the summer residences of the great families. On the right, beyond Portici, is a small lane which leads to the steps conducting underground to Herculaneum; here at the depth of sixty or seventy feet the air is damp and unwholesome. It is supposed that the inhabitants had notice of the approaching ruin, and had time to save most of their portable valuables and their own lives, as few skeletons have been found; but great treasures of art in statuary and architecture are still buried here, the town being of considerable importance, and the seat of a consul; witness the

statue of Balbus found there. Great difficulties attend these excavations.

Thursday, 8th.—This morning the Marquis de Jumilhac arrived from Naples; he dined with us, and Mr. Roskelly, Mr. Sullivan and Uxkhühl. In the evening we rode as usual, and went to Madame Gourieff's.

Friday, 9th.—Jumilhac dined with us; and we three spent the whole evening at Pompeii, looking over the details of this most wonderful relic, which fills the mind with a train of ideas so novel, and so interesting, that it is difficult to quit it.

Sunday, 11th.—We rose at six, breakfasted at seven, and being joined by Count d'Egglufstein, we got into a boat, and after three hours' sail, arrived at the island of Capri, formerly Capreæ, the retreat of the Emperor Tiberius, in which he gave himself up to the indulgence of sensuality and cruelty. There is a small town on the hill, with a few fishermen's huts on the beach beneath. The chief curiosity here is the azure grotto. We then sailed back to Campanella, the extreme point of the mainland which forms the bay of Salerno, where mules were ready to convey us over the mountain to Sorrento. Two hours along a dry desolate country, adorned with myrtles and sweet-smelling plants, brought us, through some scattered villages, to a region the most fertile in Italy, which lets for 8*l.* English per acre. Here are forests of orange and lemon trees loaded with fruit, and olive trees which produce the finest oil in Europe. This tract of country leads to Sorrentum, a capacious town, which

attests still, by the remains of its fortifications, that it must have been a considerable fortress. The streets are very narrow; but vast gardens are contained within the walls, and from the house of Sir Edward. Dering, where we dined, the view, both of land and sea, is unrivalled. We met here Mr. and Mrs. Barwell, and Lady Caroline Greville, who are settled here for the summer; indeed English are to be seen everywhere. After dinner we got into our bark, and rowed home, passing through a curious grotto formed by rocks in the sea, near to Vico.

Monday, 12*th*. — It is singular to observe the similarity which appears between the shops of the present day in Naples and those in the streets of Pompeii — being small square rooms with folding doors in front, which serve the double purpose of window and entrance. The houses are generally built without chimneys even at Naples; and as the climate in winter is really at times very cold, cloaks and mantles in the house, or even a retreat to bed, are the usual resources of the Neapolitans in default of fires. Under this luxurious climate and almost spontaneous vegetation, there is no good fruit, though cheap and abundant; all is gathered from the tree before it is ripe, from an over eagerness in the proprietor to bring it to market. The prison system in Naples is wretchedly conducted. Delinquents of all sorts are confined promiscuously together, and guarded by sentinels; their barred windows look into the public streets; and there they are constantly to be seen in crowds gazing on those who walk about at liberty. Trials are de-

layed; justice is slowly administered; and at length the prisoners (some perhaps innocent), worn out and irritated by a confinement which seems to have no termination either in judgment or acquittal; become fractious, unruly, and rebellious. The prison then resounds with cries of vengeance; and the timid government permits the sentinels to fire at random into the riotous ranks, till order is restored by the shedding of blood. The harbour of Naples resembles a bagne at Toulon or Brest; convicts are everywhere seen, chained to each other, and labouring at the public works.

A young Englishman, Mr. Cochrane, dined with us. He has been a great traveller, and amused us much with his account of his journey over the Pampas on horseback, where he followed the steps of Captain Head. His accounts of Mendoza and the other cities in South America were curious, as well as the conduct of the missionaries in Otaheite, where he had also been.

Thursday, 15*th*. — The fête of the Annunciation, celebrated along the coast of the bay by beating of bells and letting off petards in the streets: here they do not ring the bells; but a man in the steeple hammers upon them, producing a sound like a smith's anvil, which stuns the ears. The day was remarkably hot, as the usual sea breeze had deserted us.

Friday, 16*th*. — The hottest day that we have had since my arrival; the sea, like glass, seems to reflect the rays of the sun, and increases the glare. Perfect idleness, and a book, are the only resource. M. Kutusof, his brother-in-law Ribeaupierre, and Fres-

sari dined with us; the latter gave us some interesting accounts of the government.

Monday, 19*th*.—The Duc de Rohan and his son the Prince de Léon, and M. de Jumilhac came from Naples to dine with us.

This calm and picturesque retreat of Castellamare is still the noisiest place I ever inhabited: the bells are in constant motion, not rung but hammered; petards and *fusées* are let off in the street daily in commemoration of some saint; the ass-drivers make every corner resound with their shrill cries: add to this their discordant singing during the whole night, with a parrot at the next house, and a young German who begins his gamut on the violin every morning at four o'clock.

Tuesday, 20*th*.—We dined with Count and Countess d'Egglufstein and MM. San Teodoro and Imperiali; rode afterwards on the seashore, and went at night to Casimir Perrier's ball. The whole house was adorned with garlands of flowers; the terrace was made into a tent with an orchestra, with the band of the Neapolitan guard; and the garden illuminated with variegated lamps; and the company, consisting of all that I have already mentioned, with many more from Naples, were well dressed, and danced till four in the morning. The Neapolitans are a very agreeable race, very well bred, and very obliging. The prettiest woman was countess Kutusof.

On Sunday two priests officiated at mass in one of the churches at Naples, uncle and nephew; when they returned home the uncle was killed by the nephew, who stabbed him in fourteen places. The

cause of this murder was jealousy of a woman. By the laws here, no priest can be punished with death, as the pope has exacted that condition of the government. A few days before, another murder was committed in the barracks at Naples; a colonel was shot by a private, on the parade, because he had sentenced him to the punishment of the gauntlet. He was a very severe officer, and much disliked. A few years ago an English gentleman of fortune, Mr. Hunt, with his wife, went to stay a few days at Pæstum, to see the curiosities; they stayed at the inn, where his servant displayed on his table the contents of a silver gilt dressing case, which excited the cupidity of the host, who, while they were out, collected two or three friends, met them on their return in their carriage, and shot them both, the same ball going through his body into Mrs. Hunt's breast. They had been lately married.

Wednesday, 21*st*.—For the first time we had a little rain.

Thursday, 22*nd*.—We dined with Count and Countess Uxkhühl, and in the evening rode along the seashore as far as the castle of Rovellano, which is built on a rock in the sea, and is now used as a magazine for gunpowder.

Friday, 23*rd*.—The weather is become cooler; and we therefore rode out at four o'clock to Pompeii, where is always something new to observe; we rode over the arena of the amphitheatre, and through the private passages to the seats; looked into the dens reserved for the wild beasts, where the skeleton of a lion was found in a cage; but what struck me most

to-day was, the bird's-eye view of the town from a short distance, which gives you a clear idea of what the ground was before the exhumation, viz., a great mount covered with shrubs, and every interstice of the buildings filled with earth. The sand of the seashore, and the dust of the roads in all this region, are quite black from the various eruptions. We rode home through a village called Scaffata, which is traversed by the river Sarno. The seasons here are most distinct; autumn is begun, the days are shorter, and this was like an evening in the month of September in England. There are no little birds to be seen here in the woods or in the lanes; you never hear a nightingale at night, or see a robin in the day. The people eat all their *uccelli*, and pursue them with so much vigour that the race is nearly extinct.

Saturday, 24*th*.—This evening the Duc de San Teodoro gave a water-party on the bay, to see the coast by moonlight; fruits and ices were served in the boat. The fish at Naples is very plentiful; but the best in my opinion are the common sorts—the soles, the small dorees, and little fry of red mullets (like our white bait, but much better). The large fish, preferred by the natives, are called *pesci nobili*, and, after their own nobility, are named *Dentici* and *Spinola*; they are woolly and bad eating.

This place was formerly called Stabiæ by the Romans, where were several fine villas, built on account of the beautiful prospect. Pliny the elder expired here during the eruption at Pompeii. He was subject to asthma; and the air, even at this distance, charged with sulphuric vapour suffocated him.

The whole of this country is infested with beggars; the traveller is followed by relays of them, who make the most horrid groans, to excite compassion.

Monday, 26th. — We set off for La Cava, which is about sixteen miles distant, and arrived there at four o'clock.

We met at the inn Mr. Armitt, who is staying there with his children. We dined with him and his friend C. Bowen; and in the evening we walked to see the Convent of the Trinity, which is situated on the mountain at a great height, with a river flowing in a ravine below: the situation is wonderfully striking. Here the monks live, under the direction of their abbot, in a pleasing retirement, surrounded by every comfort, in an excellent house, and possessing an income of 80,000 frs. a year. Foreigners sometimes board and lodge with them at so much per month, and have the enjoyment of their library. This library contains some very scarce and curious manuscripts, among which are shown a bible of the 8th century, beautifully written and illuminated, also a code of laws of Charlemagne, with pictures and the account of the six days of the creation, &c. &c.

There is a church attached to this monastery, which has little to show save two Phrygian columns of marble, and the rock on which it is built, at the back protruding through the walls and forming part of the edifice. La Cava is a pretty town, has porticoes on each side of the High Street like those at Berne or Bologna, and is situated in a beautiful country.

Tuesday, 27th.—We mounted our carriage at six o'clock this morning; and passing through the town of Vietri, built on the side of a mountain with a fine sea view, we came to Salerno, formerly Salernum, built by the Romans, which was on the heights; but the present city is on the seashore. This modern town is embosomed in the Gulf of Salerno, and seated in a valley encompassed by bold, fertile, and picturesque mountains. It has sixteen churches besides the cathedral, and a considerable number of monastic institutions.

We proceeded on our journey to Pæstum, which is situated on a long marshy plain, supposed to be very unwholesome from its *malaria*. A village only now remains; but Pæstum was formerly a large town, as the ruins and one remaining gate now attest. Here we visited the Temple of Ceres and the Temple of Neptune, the most majestic, and apparently the most ancient, here or in any other part of Europe. It was built, according to the received opinion, by the Phrygians; there are thirty-six columns of the Grecian Doric order. In this wild spot is much game, as well as foxes, and some wolves.

Wednesday, 28th.—Mounted our horses at eight o'clock, and set out for Amalfi, of which the situation baffles description: it is of very ancient existence, and boasts not only of a copy of Justinian's Pandects having been found here, but also of the improvement, almost amounting to the discovery, of the mariner's compass, made in 1302 by Flavio Gisia, a citizen. The cathedral is a spacious

handsome edifice, dedicated to St. Andrew, standing on the site of an ancient heathen temple. The hotel is a suppressed Capuchin convent.

Here a bark with six oars awaited us, and we returned by water, enjoying the most magnificent view of the mountainous tracts we had passed on horseback, until Vietri, where we saw the continuation of the Bay of Salerno, the Gulf of Policastra, and the Cape of Palinurus, called after the pilot whose death Virgil describes in the Æneid.

Thursday, 29th. — We left La Cava for Naples, and passing through Scaffata, Torre dell Annunziata, Torre dell Greco, came to Portici, where we stopped to see Herculaneum. The country is covered with crops of flax, Indian corn, and palma christi. It is the fashion for the nobility to pass a month or six weeks at Portici, in October or November; no one knows why, as the distance from Naples is only three miles, and it is not a whit more rural. It is supposed that much treasure, both in works of art and golden ornaments, would be found, if the excavations were continued at Herculaneum, but the government fear the expense itself, and will not allow others to undertake it. We came to Naples to dinner, and in the evening drove on the Chiaja up to the point from whence, turning our back to the Bay of Naples, we get a view of the Bay of Baiæ, Island of Nisida, Cape and Port of Mysenum, where the Roman galleys formerly were kept, and all the coast so celebrated by Virgil in his Æneid.

Virgil's tomb gave birth to the following beautiful

lines. Their author was asked whether he would prefer fame during life or after death: —

"Virgilia ad tumulum divini præmia vatis,
Extendit viridem laurea densa comam.
Quid tibi defuncto hæc prosit? felicior olim
Sub patulæ fagi tegmine vivus erat."

We afterwards paid a visit to Lady Coventry, who spends the autumn here, the winter at Rome, and the summer at Albano.

Friday, 30*th*. — We were so bit with the mosquitoes during the night that not a wink of sleep could either of us get. We therefore changed this morning from the Hotel Victoria to the Hotel de la Grande Bretagne. After breakfast we took a drive round the town, passing through the Strada Nuova, and then the exotic garden of Signor Ricciardi, the Royal Palace and Lady Drummond's Villa. We afterwards walked on the Toledo Street, which is the general resort of the fashionable world. At five o'clock we went to dine with Prince Dentici, who gave us an Italian dinner, and very good of its kind. There were there Duc de St. Angiolo, Count Gourieff, Casimir Perrier, Prince Pignatelli, Count Lebezeltern, the Austrian minister, Uxkhühl, Foy, Guerrera, and two or three others.

In the evening we went to the Duchesse de Gontaut, where we found Madame de Jumilhac and her son, Duc and Duchesse de Rohan, and their son and daughters.

I saw this morning a field day of the Neapolitan troops: all very fine handsome men, and well ac-

coutred; it is difficult to account for their reputation in Europe of being cowards. We passed the palace of the Queen Dowager, who has been married to a Neapolitan nobleman, in order to repress her intrigues. It was mentioned at dinner that a young Zichy had shot himself at Vienna from jealousy. The story is a very sad one.

* * * * *

Saturday, 31*st*.—I returned to the Stadei or Museum to see the bronze sculptures, which are very interesting. To the church of St. Dominique, the Capella di San Severo, and the cathedral called La Chiesa di San Gennario.

We dined to-day with Lady Coventry, and met Prince Carriati and Mr. Aubin; there we passed the evening.

Lady Coventry has a magnificent palazzo, with an immense suite of rooms, a garden, and two long terraces overlooking the whole town of Naples.

Sunday, *September* 1*st*.—We went this morning through the Grotto of Pausilippo, to visit Puteoli, in the Bay of Baiæ. The mole or breakwater, built by the Greeks and repaired by Adrian and Antoninus Pius, still retains thirteen arches out of twenty-five. To this mole Caligula attached his enormous bridge of boats, reaching to Baiæ: and sate there in state to review his galleys; he then crossed his bridge to the land of Baiæ, and from the Temple of Venus on the sea-shore viewed a sea-fight, in which 13,000 men were killed for his day's amusement: as these victims, who were chiefly gladiators selected for the purpose, passed before him, they

exclaimed, "*Morituri te salutamus Cæsar.*"* Further to the right was the Lake of Avernus, the Cave of the Sybil at Cumæa, and all the country sung by Virgil. Here was the Villa of Cicero built on the plan of the Academy of Athens — then so close to the sea-shore, that the Roman Senator might have fished from his own terraces; and the Villa of Cæsar, where died young Marcellus, supposed to be poisoned by Livia.

> "Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis
> prælucet amœnis."

The Lucrine lake and Avernus were overthrown by the earthquake in 1538, which has much altered the mythological and Virgilian aspect of these places.

We went this evening for half an hour to the San Carlo, to view this superb theatre: the singing was detestable.

Monday, 2nd.—Mr. Behr, the *gettatore*, came to breakfast with us: he is very well informed on all subjects, and gave us some interesting details of this country. The king is a bigot, has no taste for any amusements but that of manœuvring his troops, of whom he keeps 60,000; they are well dressed for show, but ill-fed and worse paid; they are harassed with constant promenades, and have the mortification to see 8000 Swiss guards, kept up at double pay and triple nourishment, with a court of justice for themselves. The king's ruling passion is money: he has remitted large sums to England, in case of a revolution here. He sends his hoards to England, where

* Suetonius.

he thinks his property will be less exposed to a catastrophe; instead of affording his own country liberal institutions, where his money would then be secure. The example set by the king is followed by his ministers, by the public contractors and functionaries. The Prince of Salerno, his uncle, Behr mentions as a worthy man in many respects, but ruined by his extravagance.

The country is ruled by the Code Napolćon, as its law on common occasions; but the power of the king is despotic, the police rigid, and throughout the country the yoke is grievous; the law, therefore, here is literally of no use. The ambassadors are miserably paid, and the Duke de Serra Capriola has just been appointed minister to France, with a salary of 80,000 frs. which, as he is a ruined man himself, will hardly maintain him there. The troops have always conducted themselves so ill in the field, that they have a general reputation for cowardice; but Behr says, that they are disheartened by bad treatment, and though personally as brave as other men, prefer, when brought into the field, to run away, and become brigands in the mountains, rather than fight for their country. I was surprised to find that Murat had not corrected the military abuses; he could make nothing of the men. Many of the noble families have immense estates in this fertile country, though so wretchedly managed, that they are themselves in a state of comparative poverty. All are discontented with the government, and are kept under by fear, not only of the armed force, but of Austrian interference, which they have already experienced.

As a little proof of the king's proceedings here: on making out the inventory of his private property, he included in it the Royal Palace, which is of great value; it was afterwards nearly burnt down, when he altered his note, and claimed the amount of the repairs from the state, as public property.

We went this morning to the Museum, having an order to see the *camera reservata*, which is highly curious.

At the pictures at the Museum we gave a cursory look, but they are neither interesting nor valuable. At nine o'clock we quitted Naples. As his Sicilian Majesty has kept up the warlike custom of shutting the gates of Capua during these times of peace at nine in the evening, it was necessary to obtain a permission from the governor to pass through this town at night; the Duc San Teodoro requested the minister of war to give us one: and the said minister *verbally assured* Alvanley, last night, that he had written the necessary orders on the preceding day to the commandant. We therefore proceeded without anxiety to the place, but having once gained admittance, we found that the governor had no orders and refused to let us go out of the town; we therefore were obliged to stop at a miserable inn for three hours, till it was light, when we resumed our journey. Capua is a dirty, but strongly fortified town: it gave me little idea of that luxurious city, which enervated the army of Hannibal, and caused his retreat back to Carthage.*

* The republic of Capua was treated with unheard-of barbarity by the Romans; the senators were beheaded, and the inhabitants sold

We proceeded to Garzliano, where there is a suspension bridge lately erected over that river, and beyond, the remains of a fine aqueduct. We arrived at Mola to breakfast: it stands on a beautiful situation on the Bay of Gaeta, with a picturesque view of that town on a promontory before us. This inn, which was formerly the palace of a Neapolitan noble, stands, it is said, on the spot where Cicero's favourite villa, the Formia, was built; but it was more probably a little further on, where some ruins are still visible, and would prove the great beauty of the spot selected by him. There is a terrace, which looks down on the groves of orange, lemon, and myrtle trees bounded by the sea, and commanding an extensive view of land and ocean. To the right may be seen the beach, by which he attempted to escape in his litter; but when he turned off towards the mountains, meaning to fly to Minturnæ, where he had many friends, he was overtaken by Popilius the centurion, and murdered by order of the Triumviri. This Popilius was a man whose interests Cicero had defended formerly in a great lawsuit, and gained his cause by his eloquence. The remains of a splendid monument, erected by his freedmen to the memory of Cicero near the spot where he fell, forms still a striking object very near the high road. At one o'clock we arrived at Terracina, and found ourselves in the Pope's territories; the chief street has a long colonnade. The road from hence is a straight line for several miles, lined with rows of trees on each side:

as slaves. * The mild Cicero even approved of these horrors, which he attributes "non crudelitati sed consilio."— *Author's note.*

it is very level, and has for its foundation the old *Via Appia* from Rome; a canal flows by the side, which was probably supplied with water from the remnants of that lake or canal on which Horace embarked for his amusing journey to Brundusium, as its situation is the same. We then came to Itre, called by Horace *urbs Mumurrarum*, where he lodged with Murena and supped with Capito.

"Murena præbente domum, Capitone culinam."

During twenty miles we travelled through the Pontine Marshes, known for their insalubrity; and though we were there before sunset, and took the precaution not to sleep, my companion soon afterwards felt a headache, and by the time we arrived at Albano was in a state of considerable fever. Though only eleven o'clock, all at the inn were gone to rest; but we got him to bed, gave him doses of James's powder, and have taken up our quarters here till his recovery. It is a curious effect of this atmosphere, which no attempts at draining these marshes have ever been able to counteract: but as these examples on travellers are not very frequent, there is no doubt that our friends in Naples when they hear of our mishap, will impute it all to the evil influence of poor Behr, the *gettatore*, who had dined with us before our departure. On one occasion, the other day in Naples, Behr was introduced by a friend at some house where there were private theatricals: all who saw him looked at each other, and seemed impressed with the conviction that some evil would happen; scarce had two hours elapsed, when the great lustre

in the middle of the drawing room fell down with a crash, and was shivered to atoms. Not a soul went away that evening without the firm conviction, that the presence of poor Behr had caused this accident. He is a natural son of the Prince Anghri.

Along this road are seen at every interval guard-houses, and sentry-boxes, which were formerly used to repress the brigands, as it was here that so many robberies and murders were committed, and travellers exposed to so much danger; but in 1826 large bodies of troops were sent from Rome and from Naples, in order to surround and exterminate these hordes, and the capitulation of Gasparoni almost entirely put a stop to the system.

Wednesday, 4th. — In addition to our crosses, Alvanley's valet was taken ill this morning, and he himself remains with much fever; we are therefore doomed to linger here, only fourteen miles from Rome. This inn was seven years ago the country-seat of the King of Spain, Charles IV. and his family, during their stay at Rome; the house is large, painted in fresque, and the garden, with its terraces, cascades, and fountains, has a royal appearance. Albano is the Villegiatura (summer retreat) of the Romans. Its two ruins, the tomb of Ascanius, founder of Alba Longa, and the tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii, must have been magnificent mausoleums.

Thursday, 5th. — We left Albano, and proceeded forwards to Rome. We approached this wonderful city, along the new Appian Road, which is laid upon the old Via Appia. On all sides of the Campagna are seen the long ranges of aqueducts, broken indeed at

intervals, but still grand and sublime in their graceful architecture; decayed monuments erected to the memory of the dead, ruinous castles, and crumbling fabrics, of which history has left no details; while in front are the spires of Rome, among which the lofty dome of St. Peter's is proudly preeminent. In the distance are seen Frascati, Tivoli, the great Apennine Mountains, and Soracte, not as Horace represented it,

"Cum nive candidum,"

but in its summer garb of verdure. The gate of Rome is still the same gate, and the wall (though much altered) the same wall, as in the time of the Cæsars. But as the carriage winds slowly on through narrow streets with modern houses on each side of a mean description, the disappointment is for the first few minutes indescribable. A momentary vexation: in another instant the stupendous Coliseum, with its grand and massive architecture, appears in sight, and the remains of the fountain, where the wearied gladiators who had survived the combat, were wont to bathe their bleeding limbs. From thence wonders at each instant succeeded each other, — the arches of Titus, of Trajan, the Forum, the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, the Egyptian Columns; at every step something magnificent meets the eye.

While dinner was preparing at the inn called les Iles Britanniques, which is deservedly reckoned the best in Europe, I walked out and mounted the ascent of the Pincio, a public promenade command-

ing a full view of the city, where people in carriages and on foot are constantly taking the air at this hour. A moment's view of Rome is sufficient to show the predominant Power here: every third person you meet is a priest or a monk. As Petersburg and Berlin swarm with uniforms, so does Rome swarm with the clerical habit. I met a seminary of boys, walking two by two, like the *élèves* of the Polytechnique at Paris; but instead of the military frock, these were all in black. Various carriages passed me in the street, some with parties of ladies, but in all the well-fed priest had found admittance. The red coaches belonging to the Pope, with three footmen behind, contained the ministers of state or of the household; these were all priests: there were the carriages of the cardinals drawn by black horses with plumes of feathers, and two footmen behind holding the red umbrella: the monsignori, with their silk mantles and their red stockings; some of them young and good-looking, with handsome legs and neat shoes, of which they seemed to know the value. Instead of the tame suspicious air of the priests who are to be met in the ungodly streets of Paris, here the clergy walk *tête levée*, secure of their own importance, full of their own dignity, and conscious of their power to support it. This is the present aristocracy of Rome; the old Roman families are nearly extinct: the Corsini, the Orsini, the Frangipani, are names known in history, but have now no influence in the state: monkish foreigners hold all the sway, and enjoy all the offices of emolument, and, though some

few Romans yet enjoy a certain consideration, they owe it not to their genealogy, but to their ecclesiastical rank; precisely as the Russian nobles owe theirs to military rank. The progress of civilisation and general intercourse, which has, during the last twenty years of peace, tended so much to assimilate all countries to each other, that distinctive national traits are gradually vanishing in Europe, has left this extraordinary city different from any other. The hierarchical constitution of the Papal States is so unbending and exclusive, that as long as it exists, Rome must stand alone in the world a solitary phenomenon.

We went out this morning to take a drive.

"*Vidimus flavum Tiberim*," which we passed by the Ponte Elio, and yellow enough it was to justify Horace in his epithet.

Friday, 6th, and Saturday, 7th. — We began our inspection of the innumerable and magnificent works of art in Rome, with St. Peter's,—that mass of precious marbles, paintings, mosaic, splendid sculpture, and vast designs. From hence we drove to the Fontana Paolina, through the Via Sacra, surrounded by those relics of ancient history that have been too often described to need repetition; stopping to observe a beautiful little Temple of Vesta, passing by Trajan's Pillars and his Forum, and viewing the Campidoglio, the Tarpeian Rock, the Mausoleum, erected by the wife of Augustus called the Columbario; the Fountain of Egeria, the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, &c.

Then entering the town again by the Arch of

Drusus, we came to the Baths of Caracalla, and having passed through the Arch of Constantine, arrived at the Coliseum. The cupola of this building, which has long been the wonder of the world, has fulfilled the idea of Bramante, who aspired to erect the highest ever known; it is from the pavement to the highest extremity 616 hands high, and the diameter 190.

To modern ideas it must appear incredible that such monstrous edifices as these relics of Rome's former grandeur now present to our view, should ever have been accomplished by man; but we are not to form our opinions by the mode of building in these days, with architects, paid labourers, and expensive materials. In Rome whole armies of slaves and prisoners were kept at work till they died, a scanty nourishment for each was all the expense for labour, and marbles were brought from Egypt, Mount Athos, and other places with little trouble, while Italy itself produced it in abundance. Titus employed his Jewish prisoners in building the Coliseum, a milder fate than they suffered under Nero. The Romans conquered all the world, and made all the world work for them.

Sunday, 8th.— This morning at ten o'clock the Pope was to celebrate a High Mass at the church of Sta. Maria del Popolo, opposite to our windows; and the square assumed early a busy appearance; a large awning was erected in front of the great door, and the troops were drawn up, both horse and foot, with bands of music, to celebrate his arrival.

At half past nine the Cardinals began to arrive,

each in his state carriage with the footmen in laced liveries, and another following with his attendants. They entered the church to wait for their master; at ten o'clock the ringing of bells and sounds of music announced that the Pope was coming down the Corso; first were detachments of the carabiniers, then of the garde noble, then footmen and priests; the cross-bearer, mounted on a white mule, preceded a state coach of his Holiness, which was covered with crimson velvet, adorned with gilt ornaments, and the roof and carriage gilt and carved; it was drawn by six horses, with two postilions in long robes of crimson damask, red boots, and the hair powdered, hanging on their shoulders, which were uncovered. In the middle sat the Pope himself, in a white robe embroidered with gold, and the mitre on his head, dispensing his blessing with an uplifted finger to all around — he was followed by another gilt carriage with six horses, containing his ecclesiastical suite; both these carriages were surrounded by the Swiss guards, dressed in the old costume of doublet and hose, striped red, black, and yellow, with round hats and plumes, bearing the halberds.

The Pope is an old man, tall and stout, but his countenance is not very prepossessing, nor his aspect dignified.

In an opposite chair was another priest in a mitre also, who I found was the Bishop of Rome; he also officiated at the altar. When the ceremony was over, his Holiness retired in the same state in which he had come.

A very curious sight was the old dresses, liveries,

and forms, which have been preserved intact for so many hundred years without innovation. The magnificence of other courts has dwindled away, and been modernised according to the times; but here is the old Court of Rome on days of gala showing the same pompous exterior, the same dress, the same customs as existed in the time when Charles V. and Francis I. trembled under the fear of excommunication.

I was surprised to observe no crowd in the streets, — not above fifty people were assembled to see the procession; and the church, which was open to all, was by no means filled, except with the actors in the ceremony who, were indeed very numerous. But the Italians are not an inquisitive people; several of our acquaintances at Naples had never seen Pompeii; and though the Pope certainly does not appear often in public, except in the Holy Week, his subjects seemed to show very little anxiety to gain a sight of his person or to share in his benedictions. The march of progress only goes one way, and the spirit of innovation makes war against every thing, good or bad, which bears the sanction of time.

This morning we began by driving through the grounds of the Villa Borghese, which are just without the walls, and laid out with much taste; they are ornamented with fine timber, and have a park-like appearance. There have been shown some instances of bad taste in erecting two sham Egyptian obelisks, and some imitations of ruinous temples, likely to offer no great interest anywhere, but here,

where the realities appear in such profusion, only ridiculous.

The casino in these grounds, which contains a splendid collection of marbles, was not to be seen, as the guardians were asleep, and must be deferred to another visit. All over Italy the siesta is general; they dine at one o'clock, then shut up their shops, and go to bed till four, and no human effort can wake them.

We drove round the city outside the walls to the San Giovanni Gate, nearly the same as it was in the old time of Honorius, and fifty feet high; previous to that time Rome, in her prosperity, had no walls.

We went, after visiting the church of San Giovanni Laterano, to the *Vigna Palatina*, a delightful residence occupied by Mr. Mills, which stands on the site of a part of the palace of the Cæsars: he bought it in 1818, from the Coloccei family, and it may be called the most interesting situation in Rome, from the views which it commands and the classical remembrance of the ground.

Monday, 9th. — We began our researches this morning at nine o'clock; passing the finest of all the fountains in Rome, numerous as they are, the *Fontana de Trevi*, which is supplied by the *Acqua Virgine*, famous for its purity, and brought to Rome by Agrippa, a distance of eight miles, for the service of his baths. We saw the Farnese Palace and others; and lastly the Pantheon, which may be justly termed the finest monument of antiquity in Rome.

In a manuscript relation of the sacking of Rome, preserved in the Vatican, it is told that Charles V., coming to that city in 1536, wished to see the opening at the top of the dome of the Pantheon. A young Roman, Crescenzi, appointed to accompany him on this occasion, afterwards said to his father, that he had been much tempted to push the Emperor down the opening, in order to avenge his country for the sacking of the city. "My son," said the wily Italian, "these are things that are done, but are not talked of."

We had this afternoon the company of Signor Nibby, a celebrated antiquarian here, who has long studied the subject, and is well versed in the localities and history of the Roman Empire. We mounted the highest staircase in the tower of the Campidoglio*, which leads to a balcony, commanding the entire view of Rome and the surrounding country.

M. Nibby explained to us the precise position of the Forum, as it stood in those days; showing the Column of Phocas, the Temples of Fortune, Jupiter Tonans, of which three fine columns remain, and of Concord, which were on the *Via Sacra*, and bounded the Forum. The *Aurea Domus* of Nero stood upon a surface of ground three miles long. The word Forum is derived from *forendum*, or the place where business was to be transacted: this was in the origin the point of communication between the Romans and Sabines: it served as a market, but as the city became more extensive and peopled, other forums

* The Capitol is called Campidoglio — from Campo d'Olio, field of oil.

were erected for different trades; such as the cattle market, worthy of remark; the fish market, and various others: this original forum then was no longer used for the purpose of barter, but became dedicated to literary pursuits, and public speaking, for which the Rostrum was erected. It was then the resort of all literary men and the great scene of public debating.

It appears from M. Nibby's researches, that the population of Rome never amounted to more than 1,600,000, which he calculates by the daily consumption of wheat in the city, as preserved in the annals. The circumstances of Cæsar's death, represented by Shakspeare as happening in the Forum, and indeed by historians, are explained by Nibby in a different manner. Pompey during his prosperity built a magnificent theatre at Rome, and for the convenience of the senators, a *Curia*, where they might retire for their recreation, and here his statue was erected. Brutus and the other conspirators purposely ordered some games at this theatre, to which Cæsar was invited; and when he arrived, Casca and the others rushed in upon him, and murdered him, not at the feet of the statue, but close to it; as the people had previously thrown it on the ground, on account of his defeat at Pharsalia, a treatment which the Romans always reserved for the unfortunate. This may also account for the scar on the neck, as the head was probably broken off by the fall. One difficulty was explained to me, which previously I was unable to comprehend. Whenever I have examined these ruins, they appear to be buried

in the bowels of the earth to a certain extent, and all the curious works of art to have been gained by excavation; as at Pompeii and Herculaneum, where the cause was self-evident. But the fact is, that old Rome, with all its immense buildings, was destroyed partly by an earthquake, and more particularly by the ravages of the barbarian invaders, so as to have been literally buried in its own ruins; then for a long period it was left to decay; roofs fell in, walls crumbled down and increased the mass of rubbish; afterwards the new city was built, and without regard to the splendid wrecks around, the confusion was increased by the erection of houses upon these ruins, till at last during many centuries of inundations from the Tiber, and increasing quagmires, a new surface was formed on the soil, which left the records of the past, as they now are, twelve or fifteen feet under ground. The soil of Rome, whenever occasion requires it to be removed, is found to be not earth, or mould, but a dry compost of mortar, bricks, and rubbish, unfit for the purposes of vegetation.

Italy is the only real sanctuary of the Arts in Europe. In viewing the wonders scattered so profusely on her surface, how do all the other nations appear barbarous and devoid of classical knowledge? France may boast her Versailles, and a few monuments copied from her neighbours; England has really nothing. If both these countries were buried in their own ruins for 1000 years, the antiquary of futurity would not find anything worth the trouble of an excavation. Here the liberty of searching for antiquities is given to every proprietor of the land, under the restriction that nothing shall be carried

out of the City; the government is ready to purchase any valuable object discovered at a fair price.

Tuesday, 10*th*. — We began this morning with the Barberini Palace; and then went on to the church of Sta. Maria Maggiore, San Pietro in Vinculis, and finished our tour to-day with the church of San Stefano Rotondo, supposed to have been either a Temple of Faunus or of Claudius; but it was probably a church of the fifth century, and the pillars were taken from more ancient edifices.

M. de Cambis, attached to the French embassy under Latour Maubourg, and who has been some time in Rome, dined with us to-day: he says that the inhabitants never pay the least attention to foreigners, or invite them to their houses, but will accept invitations from them readily.

In the evening we went to the Opera, which was crowded, though the representation was execrable, as well as the singing. In the boxes were the former Madame Dodwell, now married to Mr. Spaer the Bavarian Minister, and in the stage-box an ecclesiastic, who is the Governor of Rome.

Wednesday, 11*th*. — On the Mount Esquiline was the House of Horace, afterwards the property of Juvenal; Virgil and Propertius also lived here, being the most healthy situation in Rome, as Horace says (Sat. 8. 14.),

"Nunc licet Esquiliis habitare salubribus."

Here was the Forum of Nerva, which is mentioned in history as being the scene of a cruel punishment inflicted by Alexander Severus on one of his favourites, Vetronius Turinus, who promised the favours of his

prince to others for money. He caused him to be suffocated with the smoke of wet straw and green wood, while the public criers repeated, *Fumo punitur qui vendidit fumum.*

There are some remains of the camp of the Prætorian guards, but they are worked into the walls of the city, or form a barrack for the papal troops.

The Theatre of Marcellus, which could hold 30,000 spectators, was dedicated by Augustus to the young Son of Octavia, ten years after his death, so pathetically alluded to by Virgil,

"Tu Marcellus eris."

Its columns and decorations were of the finest designs, Doric and Ionic; part of the circular exterior is still visible to the street, but the great mass of the building is now become a part of the houses, which are crowded together in that quarter, and if they could be pulled down and investigated, it might prove a fine field for the discovery of valuable objects.

This morning we went to the Sixtine Chapel at the Vatican. This chapel is seldom used but during the mysteries of the Holy Week; it is then not easy to gain admittance. We next visited what are called the *Loges de Raphäel:* they have been much exposed to the air, and have suffered from it.

The Museum of the Vatican is the most noble, the most rich, exhibition of rare works of art that ever were collected together in the world; the most celebrated statues are here preserved, and on looking through these numerous galleries filled entirely with the spoils of the ancient Romans, it seems almost incredible that more should be still hidden in their

ruins. The busts of such a multitude of individuals who were already known to us by name, with the numberless inscriptions and records of this people, displayed in every direction, are like a resurrection of antiquity.

The corridor which leads to the Museum is filled with the monuments and epitaphs of the ancient Romans—innumerable, and forming a subject of the highest interest, but little noticed by strangers.

Thursday, 12th. — Our journey this morning commenced with the Doria Palace, on the Corso. You enter a splendid suite of five saloons, furnished in the grand style of Louis XIV. as it is called, but which that monarch only borrowed from Italy: the hangings, porticoes, and furniture are all of that splendid Genoa particoloured velvet, which is now no longer to be obtained; while the walls are covered with innumerable paintings, of which those in the first room are all by Poussin.

From thence we went to the Villa Doria Pamfili, just out of the walls of Rome. We passed through the Place Navone, the largest market at Rome; with an obelisk of granite, and a fountain of colossal figures executed by Bernini, occupying the site of the ancient circus, built by Alexander Severus. When this great fountain was inaugurated, the Pope Innocent X., who had unwillingly committed the execution of it to Bernini, came to visit the completion of his work, and passed two hours in examining its massive details. Still the waters had not played, and on going away the Pope demanded of Bernini, when the supply would be laid on. "That cannot be done

immediately," replied the artist, "it requires time to prepare the conduits and pipes. The Pope, having given his benediction, departed, but before he had reached the first door of the enclosure, the sudden bubbling of the waters induced him to return. Transported with joy at this sight, he said, "Bernini, the pleasure of this surprise will prolong my life for ten years." And he gave instantly 100 pistoles to the workmen.

In driving round the walls, we stopped at the vineyard Lasagno, which is between the *Porta Pai* and the *Porta San Lorenzo*, to look at a cemetery, or, as it is called, columbario, lately excavated; not only very curious in itself, but peculiarly so to us, as showing at once the manner in which these objects lie buried in the earth. It was a fine stone square building of about twelve or fourteen feet, which had lain imbedded on the side of a hill in the vineyard, and the earth being cut away all round, left it standing alone, with the roof about four feet lower than the surface of the ground. The doors, which had formerly been of bronze, had been carried away by some robbers, probably before the building had become invisible. One of the most striking traits in the Roman character seems to have been the lavish expense which they displayed in their cemeteries of the dead, and these durable monuments have very much conduced to the elucidation of their history in the present day.

Friday, 13*th*. — The great fortunes and the splendid palaces which have belonged to the principal Roman families, may with very little exception be

traced to the popes of former times, who have enriched themselves and their relations at the public expense. There is hardly a noble family here which cannot boast of having given at least one Pontiff to the Holy See; and so diligently have all worked in the trade of making money, that one alone has been sufficient to enrich all his consanguinity; from thence came the term nepotism, as these popes were not supposed to have sons. In former times, when all the nations of Europe paid tribute to the Pope, his means of accumulation were enormous; and the inconceivable expense then incurred in churches, palaces, statues, and pictures, which now render Rome the emporium of the fine arts, is thus easily accounted for.

We went this morning to the Palace Borghese: it is a very large building, and a suite of twelve rooms are open to the public for the exhibition of the pictures; some are fine, but in this great number there are many of an inferior description.

From thence to the Campidoglio, we passed through the Piazza de Pietra, where is the façade of a noble temple to Antoninus Pius, which now forms the front of the custom-house.

We drove along the old *Via Appia*, of which a part of the original pavement still exists, and passed the tomb of Cecilia Metella. It still bears a marble slab in front, with the following inscription,—

CÆCILIÆ.
Q. CRETICI F.
METELLÆ, CRASSI.

Along this road, almost at the distance of every five

yards, are the massive ruins of large tombs, of which the interior brickwork only remains, as the marble exterior has long been pillaged by the modern Romans. This custom of placing the monuments of the dead by the side of the public highway, exposed to general observation, may account for the vanity displayed in these expensive structures by the ancients.

We finished by the ancient Church of San Lorenzo, situated out of the city walls, in the Campo Verano. Near to this church is one of the great cemeteries of modern Rome: it contains 365 holes, or ready-made graves, one of which is opened every day in the year, to receive the dead; upon whom quick lime is thrown, and then it is closed up, till all traces of the deposit are burnt away, and not opened again till the following year.

Saturday, 14*th*.—We drove out of Rome to the Monte Mario, from whence there is a magnificent view of the city. On passing the Tiber we were shown the path on its banks where Miss Bathurst met her untimely fate; her horse started, and fell down the steep bank into the river, which is very deep and full of eddies and whirlpools. We passed an agreeable hour in walking about St. Peter's, the grandeur of which becomes more striking every time that you visit it. We had now seen, in other collections, the pictures which had been removed from the cathedral on account of the damp, and replaced by copies excuted in mosaic; they were all *chefs-d'œuvre*, and it is wonderful to see how the art of working mosaic in that time has equalled the originals. We visited the Palace Corsini, one of the

largest and most vaunted in Rome; although more than sufficient for the largest establishment, it still contains within its domain a large pavilion or casino, with an extent of grounds which, being in the town, must be of immense value.

This palace was inhabited by Queen Christina, and here she died: in the library are shown some of her letters; but the greatest sensation at her death was created by her will, in which she omitted to leave anything to her own numerous dependants, who, as her friend Menzini relates, showed little grief at her departure.

The owner of this noble palace is the Prince Corsini, an old man, with an immense fortune, but extremely avaricious. He married a few years ago a Russian lady, supposing that she had a large property; but finding that it was not the case, he takes care to avoid the expense of marriage by allowing little for her maintenance. I saw her at Carlsbad. The rest of the morning was passed in inspecting the old Roman ruins in the town, which are always an object of great interest.

Sunday, 15th. — We sat off this morning at nine o'clock to dine with the Duc de Bracciano at the Villa Conti at Frascati, about twelve miles from Rome. He is the brother of Torlonia, the great banker. The weather was most disagreeable; an extreme case of what the Italians call *scirocco*, — a burning sun, with a violent hot wind, raising the dust at every step, and creating around a hazy atmosphere thick and impenetrable to the eye like the mirage in the Egyptian desert. At times the coach-

man could hardly see his way through the clouds of fine dust which blinded both him and the horses. We went round by Grotta Ferrata to view some fine paintings by Domenichino in the small chapel of St. Nil, its founder. They were done when he was only twenty-nine years old, and are singularly fine. From thence we proceeded to Frascati, called by the Romans Tusculum, where the remains of Cicero's villa are just visible.

This Villa Conti is a large rambling building, very ill furnished, but commanding extensive views over the whole country, even beyond Rome; the air was unfortunately so thick that we could not enjoy them. We were received by the Duke and Duchess de Bracciano, who led us into the pleasure-grounds, which are laid out in terraces with massive stone balustrades and staircases, ornamented with a variety of cascades and fountains in the old taste.

The duke took us from thence to the Villa Aldobrandini, called the Belvedere, a summer residence of the Borghese family, who were at the time assembled under this roof. This superb dwelling seems to be much neglected and out of order; its statues and cascades bear testimony to the economical habits which have succeeded to the boundless extravagance of former days. The Prince Borghese, who married a daughter of Lord Shrewsbury, came down to converse with us for a short time; he is a very handsome young man, with gentlemanlike manners, but he never asked us to see the interior of his palace, or offered to introduce Alvanley, whom he had previously known in Rome, to the Princess.

They seem to live in an irregular way,—no servants to be seen in livery, and even the key of the chapel, which is in constant use, was not to be found; there were twenty horses crowded together in the stable, of which none seemed to be worth twenty pounds: and this is the highest and richest family in Rome, descended from popes, and the present head of the house receives 100,000*l.* portion with his English wife. Within a very short distance are two more splendid villas belonging to this wealthy family,—that of Taverna and that of Mondragone, both falling into decay; but the grounds are beautifully laid out and stocked with valuable timber.

We returned to dine at the Conti Villa, where we met Count and Countess Chinci; she is a beautiful woman, but distant in her manner; indeed M. de Cambis describes all the Roman families as living retired by themselves, avoiding and disliking foreigners.

In the evening, after a drive in the country, which was made disagreeable by a continuation of the scirocco, we stopped at what was formerly called the Palace Odeschalchi, but is now the summer residence of the Propaganda. The principal, who did the honours of the house to us, was a type of the Jesuit; he had a fine commanding countenance, a smiling and insinuating manner, but above all a subtle eye, which showed an intimate knowledge of human nature, and the talent of turning it to his own purposes.

Monday, 16*th*.—We went to the Palazzo Colonna: here, in the centre of a shield, in the vast ante-

room, is a large *column*, the characteristic arms of the *Colonna* family. The great saloon surpasses in magnificence every room in this city. The four great Roman families, who claim to be descendants from the old time, are the Colonna, the Gaetani, the Orsini, and Annibaldi; but their fortunes are vanished, and they only brood over the past in their neglected palaces. On the right is the apartment let to the French Ambassador, which is very extensive, and contains the fine tapestry hangings presented by Louis XIV. to the Constable Colonna, who married Madlle. Mancini.

Driving out of the town, we came to the Villa Albani, and its museum of statues and old records of the Romans, created by the Cardinal Alexander of that name, who made several excavations himself, and purchased considerably from others.

The house is curiously fitted up, contains many rooms commanding a very fine prospect, and is altogether a delightful residence for a private family, as it is on a small scale.

On our return home we called at the studio of an Italian sculptor, Signor Bienaimé, who has lately executed two nymphs in marble, for the Emperor of Russia, just sent to Petersburg; we saw the models in plaster, which are admirable. We saw there a Psyche, a Mercury, and other statues, which he had just finished. The arts here are much improved of late, and seem to be well encouraged, as these pieces appear to cost from 400*l.* to 600*l.*, and even 800*l.*

Tuesday, 17*th.*—We began this morning by walking over the palace of the Cæsars, and the Coliseum,

from whence we went to the Baths of Diocletian, of which only a few walls remain, as a convent of Carthusian friars exists here, and they have a beautiful cloister, built after the design of Michael Angelo. We went next to the Baths of Titus, near the Coliseum, which he built over a part of Nero's palace, and to make the foundation stronger, filled it full of rubbish. The baths have disappeared by time, but the old palace has been brought again to light, and gives a very fair idea of the building. The forms of several rooms, and a part of the garden in which was a fountain, are now visible.

We went to the church of S. Louis des Français, in which there are some fine marbles and pictures by Carravagio.

Among the epitaphs is one erected by Chateaubriand to the memory of Mad. Pauline Montmorin, celebrated for her misfortune in losing all her nearest relations.

There is another to a Duc d'Estrées, who came to Rome in 1686, and died here, when his body was laid in a chapel, in the expectation that his friends in France would send for the corpse: year after year rolled on, and his friends left the Duke's body to lie where it was. When 145 years had expired, M. de St. Aulaire, thinking it high time that it should be placed under ground, gave orders for the interment.

M. de Cambis dined with us, and M. de Stackelberg came in the evening. We went to the theatre of the Marionnettes, which is very diverting and national; the ballet is ludicrous in the extreme.

At eleven o'clock we drove to the Coliseum, to view it by moonlight. The effect was awful and grand; as the beams shone through the arches, and delineated the outline of these majestic ruins, they seemed to increase in height and extent, and their colossal grandeur then was very striking. In the centre of this vast arena, where so much human blood has been wantonly spilt, and where the early Christians were massacred for the amusement of this cruel people, now stands on high the cross of Christ, the sign of that God whose great attribute is mercy, placed there to purify and consecrate the polluted soil. This city, too, which, in the height of its pride and prosperity, was the great source of persecution to the infant religion founded by our Saviour, is now, by a singular retribution, made the chief point of its worship, the seat of its principal and chief, however unworthy some may at times have proved themselves of the distinction.

Is not everywhere compensation silently accomplished?

Wednesday, 18*th*. — We went to the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, now turned into a church, called that of San Lorenzo Miranda: very plain and simple, little corresponding with the fine columns, frieze, and cornice of the ancient temple, which still remains in very good preservation near the Forum. From thence we adjourned to the Temple of Romulus, close by, also converted into a church; but here the simple temple is inferior to the church, which is very beautiful. The church retains the exact shape of the Temple, and has the same

bronze folding doors which existed in the time of the Romans. We then drove to the great circus of Romulus, situated near the tomb of Metella without the walls; and afterwards visited a very curious old church, that of St. Clement, in which there are many rarities,— a marble chandelier inlaid with mosaic, a rail with marble network, and two marble pulpits.

We went again this evening to view the Coliseum by torchlight, and see the effect of light and shade in these immense arches, and along the spacious corridors leading to the seats inside; these were able to contain almost the whole of the audience, when they retreated from their open benches, on account of the rain; there was a velarium of cloth, which was spread over one half of this immense circle, to protect the spectators from the sun.

Thursday, 19th. — We went to the Academie des Arts, where there are a few good pictures by Salvator Rosa and Guido, and a Saint Luke, by Raphael, painting the Virgin, who stands for her picture. Among the modern portraits is one of the Princess Santa Croce, a friend of Talleyrand's, and Thorwaldsen, and a bust of Canova.

We drove to the *Ponte Rotto* of the Romans: a little lower down the river are the remains of the old *Ponte Sulpicio,* which was defended by Horatius Cocles; and near this spot are the Temple of Fortuna Virilis (now a church), and the house of Rienzi. We passed three hours in the statue gallery at the Vatican, admiring all the wonders contained in it. I was struck with the numberless inscriptions

on tombstones, which have been arranged here in order, all bearing token of affectionate feeling to the dead, as in modern days; such as *fratri carissimo, conjugi quam valde dilexit,* and these have now been preserved 1800 or 1900 years.

We went to the church of Sta. Cecilia, an old building formerly a bath. The shrine of the saint is in marble and lapis lazuli, with her statue, lying on her face, as she was found dead in this bath: she was the wife of a senator, and daughter of a noble Roman, who caused her to be assassinated, because she had been converted to the Christian religion. The bath itself is now converted into a chapel, and retains its mosaic designs, and even the flues and stoves used to heat the water and air. We returned to dinner, and at eleven o'clock I set off in a carriage for Cività Vecchia, where, travelling all night, I arrived,

Friday, 20th, at seven in the morning. — It was not long before I heard here, that the steam-boat at Naples had been detained, and would not arrive till to-morrow; which obliged me to pass a dull twenty-four hours at this dirty and noisy inn.

Saturday, 21st. — The steam-boat, Leopold II., arrived at ten o'clock this morning in the harbour. I went on board at two o'clock, and found so many passengers, that I could only get a sofa in the dining room for my night's rest. The only person I knew was Lablache, the bass singer, and a lady, who appeared to recognise me. She proved to be Lady Weymouth, the widow, who has since married a young Florentine, named Angriambi, and seems to

be established in Florence. The wind grew very high towards the evening, and I felt during the night that our boat was in troubled waters.

Sunday, 22nd.—With some difficulty we got into the harbour of Leghorn, where the Captain (Olive) says, that if it does not subside this evening, he shall be unable to put to sea for Genoa, and our voyage will be a long one. There is a very fine frigate in the road at anchor, belonging to Ali Pacha, which does credit to the Egyptian Navy. She has brought a cargo of cotton for the Pasha's account.

Monday, 23rd.—Resumed our voyage at four in the evening, and passed a stormy night.

Tuesday, 24th.—After a much more tranquil passage, though the wind was directly against us, we weathered the night in a very satisfactory manner, and arrived at Marseilles about three o'clock in the day. The custom-house officers here were more searching, and more ridiculously vexatious, than any I have seen in all my travels.

Wednesday, 25th.—Passed the day at Marseilles alone.

Thursday, 26th.—Went on board the steam-boat, which only conveyed me the first day as far as Arles; where I arrived at twelve o'clock. After breakfast, I went to see the amphitheatre built by the Romans, which is very like that at Pompeii, but more massive in its structure, though not so large, as it would only hold 27,000 people; the corridors and prisons for the gladiators are well preserved. From thence I went to the Cathedral.

Friday, 27th.—I embarked in another steamer

this morning at eleven, which brought me to Avignon at five in the evening. The direction of these boats is very irregular, and though they agree at the Bureau to convey you to Lyons, you may perhaps wait two or three days at the different stations, before you are forwarded from one to the other.

Saturday, 28th.—This morning I walked out and looked over the town, which is very interesting. I saw the ancient palace of the Popes, when they resided at Avignon; it is a fine building of that period, but now converted into a barrack. Finding by chance at the Hôtel du Palais Royal, that Lord Hertford was here, on his way to Genoa, I put off my journey by the steamer to-day, and stayed to dine with him.

Sunday, 29th.—After breakfast I went to see the Museum, where there are some curious tombs and inscriptions of the time of the Romans, which have been dug up by the government; though, after all that I have seen, not very interesting. There is a singular monument of a Cardinal Lagrange, the great benefactor of the Benedictine Order, who ordered by his will, that his own statue, as he died, should be placed on the tomb: he afterwards died of a consumption, and his body had become so emaciated, that the statue resembles a skeleton.

There is a gallery of pictures, and also a collection of coins, the most numerous and valuable in France, after that of Paris.

There are the remains of a bridge over the Rhone, built by the Romans, one half of which is perfect and solid, like all their constructions; but it was im-

possible to make use of it, as being built when there were no carriages, it is so narrow that it would not do for the present times.

Tuesday, October 1st. — Found myself aboard of the Jupiter, which was to start at five o'clock; but was delayed for the arrival of a great personage, Mr. Le Grand, *directeur des Ponts et Chaussées,* who is making a tour up the Rhone, to inspect the river and order improvements, and who only came on board at nine o'clock.

Thursday, 3rd. — A most disagreeable passage in this dirty steamer. At night I went on deck: the rain was pouring in torrents; the terrible Rhone flowing with a swollen current, which checks our progress, and there is no chance of getting to Lyons this evening. A melancholy accident occurred here yesterday, in the neighbourhood of Valence, with one of these steamers. A boat put out from the shore, bringing some passengers to be taken on board. Whether it was that the steamer did not stop the wheels in time, — for they calculate every minute, — or the boatmen approached in a wrong direction, it happened that the boat got entangled with the paddles, and went down in an instant: a woman and her two children, a lad, and a man, were drowned at once; the boatman alone was saved, by getting hold of a rope which hung from the side. Passed another disagreeable day on board.

Friday, 4th. — At nine this morning we arrived at Lyons; the rain still continuing, which is a novelty, as during the whole time I have been in Italy, we have only once seen a single shower. It

is a satisfaction to be again on land, and the Hôtel d'Europe is an excellent inn.

In the evening I went to the play, which was crowded, notwithstanding the most violent storm I ever saw.

Sunday, 6th. — I went to the cathedral service at Lyons. It is a fine old building in the exterior, but very simple and plain within. The church was crowded with people. Being sick of the dilatory water carriage, (which in Italy had been so easy and agreeable, but now against the stream, and the rivers swollen into torrents by the rain, is so precarious and tiresome,) I determined to make the best of my way to Paris by land, and wished to have the Malle Poste, which is a quick and agreeable conveyance, but the two places were taken for the next week to come; so I got by chance the coupé in the diligence for to-night, and set out for Paris at ten o'clock.

After a most fatiguing journey, without stopping for three days and three nights, I arrived, at near nine o'clock on Wednesday night, in the faubourg St. Honoré, 9th October.

* * * * *

Saturday, 26th. — The deaths of the Duke of Bedford, aged seventy-four, and of the Duke of Argyle, aged seventy-two, are announced from England. The latter I had long intimately known; he was an amiable thoughtless man, who whistled away the cares of life, which he had much increased by his early extravagance. He was at Inverary Castle on the 22nd, at dinner, when he fell dead off his chair, supposed

to be in a fit of apoplexy. He was out and well before dinner, and had taken a ride up Glenang. When the Whigs came in, he was made Lord Steward; the Duchess, late Lady Paget, died two or three years ago.

Sunday, 27th. — I called this morning on Madame Graham, where I found Pozzo de Borgo sitting, who is much changed and broke, and his head does not seem very coherent; he certainly wandered occasionally, though he reminded me of many conversations he had had five years ago here, and did not express himself at all satisfied with the Russian Government.

Monday, November 25th. — On Saturday the Queen announced to her Council at Buckingham House, her intended marriage with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg.

Thursday, December 12th. — The Duchesse de Sagan died this week at Vienna, aged fifty-nine, leaving a fortune of above 12 millions, which goes to the Princess Hohenzollern, her sister. She has left two husbands, having once had three at the same time, — Prince Louis de Rohan, Trubetzkoy, and a German.

Tuesday, 31st. — Count Quelen, the Archbishop of Paris, died.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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